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# PERSIAN POETRY

FOR

ENGLISH READERS:

BEING SPECIMENS OF SIX OF THE GREATEST CLASSICAL  
POETS OF PERSIA:

FERDUSI, NIZAMI, SADI,  
JELAL-AD-DIN RUMI, HAFIZ, AND JAMI

*WITH BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES AND NOTES.*

BY S. ROBINSON.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

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*Impression: 300 Copies.*

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## PREFACE.

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OT many words are needful to preface the following work. Whilst yet in my early days, the life of Sir William Jones fell into my hands. By the reading of that, and his Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry and his other writings on the subject, I was bitten with a taste for Oriental Literature. This naturally led me to wish to read, in the original words, passages which had particularly struck me, and to know something of the languages in which they were written ; especially the Persian, with which I forthwith began to form an acquaintance. Then, for my own pleasure and improvement, I made occasionally versions of what had pleased myself, and might please others also, who had no time or inclination to study the languages themselves, but who might not be sorry to gain some general knowledge of what they contained of interest and information. I was accordingly tempted to print a very small edition of extracts from five or six of the most celebrated Persian poets, with short accounts of the authors, and of the subjects and character of their works.

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These accounts were not printed in a single volume or at once, but in small successive numbers rather than volumes—each author separately. They did not attract much attention at the time of their appearance ; partly from the few which were printed ; partly from the little pains that were taken to advertise them ; and still more so, perhaps, because the number of those who take an interest in a study not generally popular is very few. At all events, from the smallness of the impression, the circulation must have been very limited. More recently they have received some kindly and approving notices in one or two of the weekly journals and a few other publications ; the more pleasing to the Translator because coming from writers to whom he must be, personally, perfectly unknown. This has encouraged me—but not without much doubt and hesitation—to reprint my little books, but in a new form, and with somewhat altered views as to its destination. I have decided not to make my work public ;—I shall retain it in my own hands for private distribution only amongst friends, or for presentation to Free Libraries and other popular institutions, in which it may find some readers to whom it may afford a not unacceptable opportunity of forming an acquaintance with a foreign literature, very different from their own, and to which they might otherwise

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have no access in so compendious and convenient a form.

There is one point upon which I am particularly anxious to be very frank, and to be perfectly understood by any who may be my readers. I make no claim to be regarded as a Persian “scholar,” nor do I wish to be so regarded. My knowledge of the language is very imperfect. The only claim I make is this: that I have done my work—such as it is—laboriously and conscientiously. To repair my own defects I have sought assistance wherever I could find it. I could have done nothing satisfactory to myself without such aid. I have diligently compared my own translations, line by line and word by word, with the best texts which I could obtain, and with such translations as existed in English, French, and German. I trust, therefore, that, as regards the sense of the Persian originals, I am not greatly in error. As to the English garb in which I have clothed them, my readers must judge of that.

It is very much on the score of my want of a scholarly mastery of the language (though combined with other causes) that, as stated above, I have had so much doubt and hesitation about reprinting my work, and I should not improbably have continued to doubt and hesitate, and finally abandon the idea altogether,

had not a somewhat accidental circumstance led me to reconsider the question. A gentleman of great literary ability, Mr W. A. Clouston, of Glasgow, had compiled a very interesting collection of translations from the Arabic, combined with much valuable illustrative matter from his own pen, under the title of *Arabian Poetry for English Readers*, and wrote to me to say how much he had been pleased with my translations from the Persian, a copy of which I had presented to the Library of the Glasgow University. This led us into an epistolary correspondence, in the course of which he urged so warmly his wish to see the work reprinted, most kindly offering at the same time to take upon himself the labour of conducting it through the press—which circumstances would have rendered almost impossible for me to do myself—that I was induced to withdraw my objections, and this volume is the result. The form it has assumed is the counterpart and twin-brother of Mr Clouston's own volume—  
ARABIAN POETRY FOR ENGLISH READERS—and with his name I am glad to associate it, for I cannot easily repay the obligation under which I lie to him for the trouble and care which he has bestowed upon my work.

S. ROBINSON.

*Blackbrook Cottage,  
WILMSLOW, December, 1882.*

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F E R D U S I .

*Praise be to the soul of Ferdusi, that blessed and  
happily endowed nature!*

*He was not our Teacher and we his Disciples; he  
was our Lord and we his slaves!*

UNSARI.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

IT may be proper to state that the substance of the following sketch of the Life and Writings of Ferdusi is a paper which was read in 1823, now many years ago, before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, and is printed in their Transactions. It is now reprinted, with the passages originally selected newly translated and re-arranged, and with additional specimens of Ferdusi's *Shah-Namah*.

S. R.

*Wilmslow, 1876.*





## FERDUSI.

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### I.—BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.



FERDUSI was born at Tūs, a town of Khorasan, a province of Persia, about the middle of the tenth century of our era. He was of respectable parentage, his father being a gardener; some say, in the service of the Governor. His father, according to the legend, had a dream, which made him consult a celebrated interpreter of dreams, who told him that his son would be a great scholar, whose fame would reach the four quarters of the earth. This encouraged him to give his son every advantage of education which he could afford, and the child seconded his efforts by early showing extraordinary talents and

making rapid advances in literature, learning, and poetry. His ardent love of knowledge is said to have attracted the attention of the poet Assadi, who assisted him in his studies, and encouraged his rising genius; and to whose instructions he probably owed his taste for poetry, and that intimate acquaintance with history which led him afterwards to employ his muse in dignifying and embellishing the popular traditions of his country. At this period India was governed by the celebrated Mahmûd, of Ghazni. The poets whom he favoured have sung his praises, and ascribed to him the possession of every virtue. He was certainly, at all events, a warm patron of literature; and learned and ingenious men found a flattering reception at his Court. His chief amusements were poetry and history. Considerable collections had been made by several of the former monarchs of Persia of such legends and historical documents as seemed the most authentic; and in the reign of Yezdejerd, the last king of the dynasty, before the Persian Empire was finally conquered and overthrown by the Mohammedans, that sovereign had assembled the learned Mubids, or Priests of the Fire-worshippers, and commanded them to compose from them a connected history of the country, from the reign of the first king, Kaiumeras, to that of Khosru-Parvis, his immediate predecessor. This volume is said to have been sent, on the defeat of Yezdejerd, to the Khalif Omar, who at first intended to have it translated, but, finding it to consist of what he

deemed fictitious and immoral topics, abandoned the idea. The book was afterwards presented, it is added, to the King of Abyssinia, who had copies made of it and distributed through the East, and so preserved it from destruction. This part of the account, however, in itself very improbable, needs confirmation.

The Vizier of Yakub-ben-Laith, about A.H. 260 (A.D. 873), by order of his sovereign, called together the most learned Mubids, and with their assistance, and, by the offers of valuable rewards to every one who would send him records or documents, formed from them a complete history of Persia down to the death of Yezdejerd.

Mahmūd had considerably added to these collections, and it was his wish to possess a series of heroic poems composed from these materials. This appears to have been a favourite idea with some of the ancient Persian monarchs.

The poet Dukiki was employed for this purpose by one of the princes of the race of Sassan; or, as some say (for the accounts vary), of the family of Saman; but, he dying by the hand of a slave after having written only two thousand verses, the design had been abandoned. It was afterwards resumed by Mahmūd, who wished to add another glory to his reign by procuring the completion of this great work under his own auspices; and he accordingly entertained several poets at his court with this intention.

Ferdusi, conscious of his genius, was inspired with

an ardent desire of enjoying the reputation which would necessarily follow the successful accomplishment of so bold but glorious an undertaking. He communicated his plan to his friends at Tūs, and, encouraged by them, composed a heroic poem on the delivery of Persia by Feridun from the tyranny of Zohāk. This production was received with universal applause, and introduced the poet to Abu Mansar, governor of Tūs, who urged him to proceed with ardour in the noble career on which he had entered, and gave him flattering assurances of success. Ferdusi has gratefully owned his obligations to him, and has elegantly sung his praises at the commencement of his poem.

Confident of his strength, Ferdusi now determined to repair to Ghazni, as to a proper theatre for the display of his genius, and the acquisition of that fame which he felt that he was destined one day to enjoy. As the story is told by Jami in his *Baharistan*, entering the city as a stranger, he saw three persons sitting in a garden, to whom he offered his salutations. These proved to be Ansari, Farrakhi, and Asjadi, three of the court poets, who, when they saw Ferdusi enter and approach them, unwilling to admit him into their society, agreed to repeat each a verse of a tetrastich, and to require the stranger to supply a fourth rhyme, fancying that there was no fourth rhyme in the language, before they would allow him to do so. They accordingly recited each of them one of the following lines :

The moon's mild radiance thy soft looks disclose ;  
Thy blooming cheeks might shame the virgin rose ;  
Thine eye's dark glance the cuirass pierces through ;

to which Ferdusi immediately replied—

Like Poshun's javelin in the fight with Gū.

To add to their mortification, the poets were obliged to confess their ignorance of the story to which he alluded, and which he narrated to them at length.<sup>1</sup>

He soon established himself in the favour of Mahmūd, who allotted to him the honourable task of composing the work which he had projected. Every evening he read to the Sultan what he had written during the day, and Mahmūd was so much delighted with these specimens of his performance that, on one occasion, he promised him a gold dinar for every verse which he should write, but Ferdusi declined receiving any reward till the whole should be finished.

At length, after the unremitted toil of thirty years, and in the seventieth year of his age, Ferdusi brought to a conclusion his immortal Poem, and presented it to the Sultan. But either envy and malice had been too successfully employed in depreciating the value of his labours, or possibly mingled feelings of avarice and bigotry on the part of the monarch induced him to bestow upon the poet a reward very inadequate to his deserts.

According to another account, Hussain Maimandi, who (though not vizier, as some writers have said)

enjoyed much influence at court, and who for some reason had become his personal enemy, changed the promised sum of gold dinars into silver ones. Ferdusi was in the bath when the money was brought to him. The high-minded poet could not brook the insult. He divided the paltry present between the boy who bore it, the servant of the bath, and a vendor of sherbets, and, retiring to his closet, wrote an animated invective against the Sultan, of which the following is a specimen :

Many kings have there been before thee,  
Who were all crowned with the sovereignty of the world ;  
More exalted than thou in rank,  
Richer in treasures and armies, and thrones, and diadems :  
But their acts were those only of justice and goodness ;  
They concerned themselves not about saving and spending ;  
They ruled with equity those under their hand,  
And were pure and pious worshippers of God ;  
They sought from the future only a good name,  
And seeking a good name found a happy ending :  
But those who are bound in the fetters of avarice  
Will be contemptible in the judgment of the wise.

Thou wouldest not look upon this my Book,  
Thou turnedst away to speak evil words of me ;  
But whoever esteemeth my poetry lightly,  
Him will the circling heavens hardly regard with favour.  
I have put forth this Chronicle of Kings,  
Written in mine own beautiful language,  
And when I have come nigh my seventieth year  
My hopes at one stroke have become as the wind.  
Thirty years long in this transitory inn  
I have toiled laboriously in the hope of my reward,

And completed a work of sixty thousand couplets,  
Finished with the beauty and skill of the master ;  
Describing the deeds and weapons of war,  
And plains, and oceans, and deserts, and rivers,  
And wild beasts, and dragons, and monstrous giants,  
And the sorceries of man-wolves, and enchantments of demons,  
Whose yells and howlings reach the heavens ;  
And men of mark in the day of the fight,  
And heroic warriors on the field of battle,  
And men distinguished for their rank and actions,  
As Feridun, and Afrasiab, and the brazen-faced Rustam,  
And Tahmuras, the powerful binder of demons,  
And Manuchaher, and Jamshid, the lofty monarch,  
And Dara, and Sikandar, the King of kings,  
And Kai-Khosru, who wore the imperial crown,  
And Kai-Kaus, Nushirvan, and a crowd of others,  
Champions in the tournament, and lions in the battle—  
Men who all lay dead in the lapse of ages,  
And to whose names my writings have given a new life.

I lived, O King, a life of slavery  
In order to leave some memorial of thee.  
The pleasant dwelling may become ruin,  
Through the force of the rain and the blazing sun ;  
I nourished the desire of building in my verses  
A lofty palace which would defy destruction from wind and rain,  
And pass through generations in this chronicle,  
Which every man of intelligence would read :  
But of this thou broughtest me no good tidings,  
And the King of the earth gave me not a hope.

During these thirty years I bore many anxieties,  
And in my Persian have restored Persia to life :  
And hadst thou, Ruler of the earth, not had the niggardly hand,  
Thou wouldest have led me to the place of honour ;  
And had intelligence come to the aid of the King,

Thou wouldest have seated me on a throne,  
 But when he who wears the diadem is not of noble birth,  
 He amongst crowned heads will receive no mention.

Hadst thou, O King, been the son of a king,  
 Thou wouldest have placed on my head a golden crown ;  
 Had thy mother been a lady of royal birth,  
 Thou wouldest have heaped up gold and silver to my knees.  
 But he whose tribe can show no great man,  
 Ought not to bear the name of the great.

When I had worked painfully on this Book of Kings for thirty years,  
 That the King might give me a reward from his treasury,  
 That he might raise me to independence amongst the people,  
 That he might exalt me amongst the nobles,—  
 He opened the door of his treasure-house, and gave me—  
 My sole reward—a cup of barley-water :  
 With the price of a cup of barley-water from the King's treasury,  
 I bought me a draught of barley-water in the street.

The vilest of things is better than such a King,  
 Who possessth neither honour, nor piety, nor morals !  
 But the son of a slave will never do aught of good,  
 Though he should be father of a line of kings.  
 For to exalt the head of the unworthy,  
 To look for anything of good from them,  
 Is to lose the thread which guideth your purpose,  
 And to nourish a serpent in your bosom.

The tree which is by nature bitter,  
 Though thou shouldst plant it in the garden of Paradise,  
 And spread honey about its roots—yea the purest honey-comb,  
 And water it in its season from the Fountain of Eternity,  
 Would in the end betray its nature,  
 And would still produce bitter fruit.

If thou shouldst pass through the shop of the seller of amber,  
Thy garments will retain its odour ;

If thou shouldst enter the forge of the blacksmith,  
Thou wilt there see nothing but blackness.

That evil should come of an evil disposition is no wonder,  
For thou canst not sponge out the darkness from the night.  
Of the son of the impure man entertain no hope,  
For the Ethiopian by washing will never become white.  
From the evil-eye expect no good ?  
It is only to cast the dust into thine own.

Yet had the King had regard to his reputation,  
He would have deemed it a precious thing to tread the way of  
knowledge.

In the institutes of the Kings, and in the old customs,  
Thou wouldest have found maxims such as these ;  
Thou wouldest have looked on my longings with another eye ;  
Thou wouldest not thus utterly have ruined my fortunes.  
For to this end I composed my lofty verses,  
That the King might draw from them lessons of wisdom ;  
That he might learn what it would be well to treasure in his  
thoughts,  
Of the words and counsels of the aged wise man ;  
And that never should he dare to injure the Poet,  
Nor even regard him with less than reverence :  
For the Poet, when grieved, will speak out his satire,  
And his satire will endure to the Day of Resurrection.

O King Mahmûd, conqueror of kingdoms,  
If thou fearest not man, at least fear God !  
For to the Court of the Holy One will I carry my complaint,  
Bowing down and scattering dust upon my head.

In flying from Ghazni, to escape from the indignation of Mahmûd, Ferdusi passed through Kohistan, where he was kindly received by Nasir ud din

Mohtashm, its governor. Mohtashm had personal obligations to Mahmūd, and finding afterwards that Ferdusi proposed to publish other writings reflecting on the conduct of the Sultan, he besought him to forego his intention, bestowing upon him at the same time a considerable sum of money. To this request Ferdusi acceded in the following verses :

Although I was lacerated to the heart, my friend,  
 By the injustice of that iniquitous King,  
 For he had blighted the labour of thirty years,  
 And my complaint had ascended from earth to heaven ;  
 And though I had purposed to publish my complaint,  
 And to spread the tale of his conduct throughout the world ;  
 And though I could have spoken with scorn of his father and  
     his mother,  
 For I tremble at nothing, save the Throne of God ;  
 And though I could have so blackened his reputation,  
 That no water would ever have washed out the stain ;  
 And, since he hath changed from friend to enemy,  
 Would have laid him bare with the scalpel of my tongue ;—  
 Yet, Mohtashm, thou hast commanded,  
 And I know not how I can withdraw my head from thy com-  
     mand.  
 Therefore have I sent thee all that I still have by me of my  
     writings ;  
 Nothing have I withholden, or kept back for myself.  
 If there be aught improper in the writings,  
 Burn them with fire, wash them out with water.  
 For myself, O generous Prince,  
 I appeal from this to that Higher Court,  
 Where God will listen in mercy to my plea,  
 And at whose judgment-seat I shall receive justice.

From Kohistan Ferdusi proceeded to Mazinderan,

where he spent some time at the court of a prince of that country, occupied principally in the revisal and correction of his great work. Still, however, apprehensive of the effects of the Sultan's displeasure, he quitted this place to take refuge at Baghdad, where, as soon as he had made himself known, he was received with great distinction by Kader Billah Abassi, the reigning Khalif, at whose court he resided some time in tolerable tranquillity. But the fury of Mahmūd still pursued him. He wrote to the Khalif to demand Ferdusi, threatening, in case of a refusal, to lead an army against him. The generous prince, unwilling to give up the man who had sought his protection, and unable to meet the Sultan in the field, was reluctantly obliged to dismiss him. He wrote to Mahmūd, to inform him that Ferdusi had withdrawn himself from his protection; and bestowing on the illustrious wanderer a considerable sum of money, advised him to seek an asylum with the princes of Yaman. To Tūs, however, his native place, not to Yaman, did the poet proceed, where he died, at an advanced age, about the year 1021 of our era.

It is added, that Mahmūd, afterwards relenting in his anger, or perhaps fearing that his conduct would be viewed by posterity in a disgraceful light, sent the stipulated present to Ferdusi, with a conciliatory letter; that it arrived on the very day Ferdusi was buried; but that his daughter, to whom it was offered, refused it, saying that she would not accept

what had been denied to her father. Nasir Khosru, however, in proof that some gift was at last sent, relates in his *Saffer-Namah*, or Book of Travels, that when he was at Tūs, in the year 437 of the Hajira, (A.D. 1045), he saw a splendid public edifice, newly erected, and was informed that it was built by order of Mahmūd, with the money which the daughter of the poet had refused.

It is proper to state that some of the circumstances mentioned in the preceding narrative are taken from a MS. account of the life of Ferdusi, which is prefixed to almost all the copies of his works. It forms a part of the preface to the corrected edition of the *Shah-Namah*, made by the order of Bayasanghar Khan, one of the descendants of the Emperor Timur, and published in the year of the Hajira 829 (A.D. 1425-6), and may be supposed, therefore, to contain all that was then known of the poet; but it is the only detailed account of his life which we have, and as we possess few means of testing its perfect authenticity; and as few Oriental Biographies, especially of their ancient authors, are written in a critical spirit, or with care or discrimination with regard to the collection and verification of the facts narrated, we can never place implicit reliance on their correctness. Ferdusi, however, was so illustrious a character, and his connection with Mahmūd procured him so much notoriety, that probably the main circumstances of his life may be accepted as having been recorded with tolerable truthfulness.

## II.—CHARACTER OF HIS WRITINGS.



IGHT hundred years have now elapsed since the publication of Ferdusi's great work, and it still continues to receive in the East that admiration with which it was hailed on its first appearance.

Whatever, indeed, be the opinion which European readers may form of it, the *Shah-Namah* is confessedly the noblest production of Persian genius; and the applause which has been bestowed upon it by some liberal and enlightened critics of the Western world may incline us to believe that all its merit does not depend upon mere Oriental prejudices. The assertion, indeed, that all the literary productions of the East are a tissue of absurd fictions and ideas, written in a barbarous and bombastic style, with few marks of adherence to truth and nature, is much too loose and general, and proceeds oftentimes from ignorance, or from false principles of judgment. This is not a suitable place for instituting an inquiry into the reality of the existence of a fixed standard of taste, which the varying conclusions of different writers on the subject might almost lead us to suspect; it may not, however, be improper to observe, that the manners, customs, and opinions of

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every nation necessarily impart a peculiar character to its literary productions, and that they ought not to be tried without a reference to those customs and opinions. We may read the classical poets, and enjoy their mythology and ideas, and yet be disgusted with the modern poet, who, on the sanction of classical usage, presents to us the same assembly of the Gods, still controlling mortal events. We may sympathise with the despairing Roman, who invokes a Goddess, in whom he believes, to favour his passion, but shall accuse of affectation and coldness the modern poet, who addresses his vows to the same divinity. To relish thoroughly, therefore, the literature of any nation, we shall have to imbue ourselves with something of the spirit in which it was conceived, and familiarize ourselves with the prevailing ideas of the times which gave it birth. If we do this with regard to the works of Oriental writers, we may find in them, amidst many extravagant notions and false thoughts, not a few also calculated to delight the fancy and fill the mind with pleasing images, and improve it by wise counsels, compressed into pithy apothegms, in Eastern fashion. Why should we disdain to receive from the Persian fictions of a Ferdusi something of the pleasure which we derive from the mediæval superstitions of a Tasso, and the legendary traditions of our own ancient domestic history, and the still more ancient mythological fables of our Scandinavian fore-fathers?

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The SHAH-NAMAH, or Book of Kings, is usually said to have contained 60,000 couplets, or 120,000 lines.<sup>2</sup> It has been called by some an epic poem, by others a series of epic poems, but by neither with much propriety. It is in truth merely a historical poem, similar in many respects to our ancient rhyming chronicles, but highly embellished with all the ornaments of poetry and fable. It embraces the whole period of ancient Persian history, commencing with the reign of Kaiumeras, the first king, and ending with that of Yezdejerd, the monarch who governed Persia when that country was invaded and subjugated by the Arabs. Reign follows reign with undeviating exactness ; the natural order of events is rarely disturbed ; nor are the incidents of the Poem made conducive to the development of one great action, or to the inculcation of any grand moral truth. Sometimes, indeed, we may perceive a kind of action complete within itself, but we may generally trace it rather to the unity of some great historical event in itself, than to the design of the poet. As a work of art, therefore, the *Shah-Namah* is certainly defective ; and it is unjust, in endeavouring to estimate its merits, to bring it into comparison with the more regular and classical models of European invention. We might, indeed, liken it to the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto, to which it bears a considerable resemblance in several respects ; particularly in the irregularities of its structure, the wildness of its incidents, and the neglect of strict method which characterises the muse

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of that poet. Nor ought we to be so unreasonable as to condemn a performance because it is not written precisely on the plan which we should most have desired. It is sufficient, to establish the excellence of a work, that the author has done well what under the circumstances it was in his power to do. The plan of Ferdusi was chalked out for him ; and every one who has read any considerable portion of the *Shah-Namah* must be delighted at the admirable manner in which he has executed the difficult task imposed upon him.

In taking a view of the genius of Ferdusi as a poet, the object which first strikes us is his amazing power of invention. The materials from which he composed the historical part of his work have unfortunately perished, so that we cannot exactly determine to what extent he enjoyed this power ; but that he possessed it in an extraordinary degree, no one who is conversant with his writings can for a moment doubt. The records with which he was furnished consisted, most probably, only of dry facts or fabulous legends. He might draw many of his stories, and the names of some of his principal heroes, from the popular traditions of his country, but the form and character which he has given to the whole must be considered to be the fruit of his own creative genius. On a very narrow basis he has founded a structure, irregular indeed in its design, and unequal in its execution, but of so vast proportions, and, in particular parts, so highly finished, that we cannot contemplate it without sentiments of astonishment and admiration.

He has skilfully interwoven into his poem the whole range of Persian enchantment and fable, and has at the same time enlivened his narrative with so many agreeable episodes and adventures, that the attention of the reader is constantly diverted, and he is led on, generally without weariness or effort, through the pages of this stupendous performance. Whoever, indeed, considers the immense length of the work, the copiousness of the subject, and the variety which reigns throughout it, cannot fail to have a high opinion of the exuberance of the poet's fancy, and the uncommon fertility of his ideas.

The originality of Ferdusi is scarcely to be questioned. He had no one before him from whom to copy, and his excellencies are, therefore, wholly his own. His conceptions are in general lively and vigorous; his thoughts bold and forcible; his descriptions and narratives striking and animated. Everywhere, throughout his Poem, we feel the glow of a rich and ardent imagination. Ferdusi has made but little use of mythology. Events are generally brought about without the intervention of super-human agency; but the extraordinary qualities with which the poet invests some of his heroes, as it places us in a manner among another race of beings, may render the use of machinery an object of less importance.

The minute and perfect delineation of character is rarely the distinguishing excellence of very early poets. In a nation emerging out of barbarism, the

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characters of men are in general sufficiently original and poetical, but they must be viewed in classes rather than as individuals. Those slighter traits which distinguish one individual from another of the same class can be called into existence only with the progress of refinement, or are too evanescent to be observed till men begin to be brought into closer contact by the influence of society. Homer, great as he is in this respect, is inferior to Tasso in the fine discrimination of characters marked by the same general qualities. Ferdusi is still inferior to Homer. Yet the characters of the *Shah-Namah* are, on the whole, well supported, and varied and contrasted with considerable skill, and there are a few which are touched with a delicacy and beauty hardly to have been expected in a poet of his age and country.

The descriptions of Ferdusi are rich and tolerably varied ; and it is in the descriptive parts of his Poem that he will probably be thought by many to have displayed his happiest talent. Born in the favoured country of fiction and romance ; familiar from an early period of his life with the magnificence of the most powerful and splendid court of Asia ; it is not to be doubted that his mind must have been early impressed with scenes and stories, and imbued with associations, admirably calculated to make a deep impression on a naturally ardent and lively imagination. His battles are painted in bold and lively colours ; and when we read of pomps and proces-

sions, and royal banquets, and gardens and palaces, adorned with everything which wealth and power united can command, we have little difficulty in following the poet in his loftier flights, and are scarcely disposed to criticise them as too bold, or the language in which they are conveyed as too luxuriant. His narratives are generally spirited and poetical ; his sentiments just and noble ; his touches of real passion often appeal forcibly to the heart, and convince us that the poet felt the emotions which he describes. The dignity and beauty of the moral reflections which are liberally scattered throughout the work would alone render it highly valuable. The following fine passage may be selected as an example :

One thou exaltest, and givest him dominion,  
Another thou castest as food to the fishes ;  
One thou enrichest with treasure, like Karūn,  
Another thou feedest with the bread of affliction.  
Nor is that a proof of thy love, nor this of thy hatred ;  
For thou, the Creator of the world, knowest what is fit ;  
Thou assignest to each man his high or low estate :  
And how shall I describe thee ?—THOU ART WHAT THOU ART !

We find in his poems many touches of tenderness and pathos, such as :

Crush not yon emmet, at it draggeth along its grain :  
For it hath life, and its sweet life is pleasant to it ;

or, as Sir William Jones renders it :

Crush not yond emmet, rich in hoarded grain ;  
It lives with pleasure, and it dies with pain ;

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for which Sadi, who cites it in the *Bostan*, invokes blessings on his departed spirit.

The diction of Ferdusi is soft and elegant, but at the same time lively and animated ; his versification smooth and polished ; his style easy and natural. The *Shah-Namah* is written in the purest dialect of the old Persian, before it had received much admixture of Arabic words. Mohammed, who admired it for its extreme sweetness, used to declare that it would be the language of Paradise.

Ferdusi is distinguished from all other Persian poets by that simplicity which is almost always the accompaniment of the highest order of genius. In thus speaking of his simplicity, it is not to be understood that many instances of bad taste and exaggeration may not be found in his writings ; but still they show a wonderful freedom from those meretricious ornaments, puerile conceits, and affected forms of expression, which disgrace the best compositions of his countrymen.

It does not consist with the object of the present sketch to enter into a critical detail of the faults of Ferdusi. The *Shah-Namah*, admirable as it is in many respects, is still a Persian poem, and the candour of European critics must be called upon to make large allowances for its imperfections. In so long a performance it is not wonderful that there are passages which are tedious, and that the action sometimes languishes. The minuteness of the poet sometimes degenerates into feebleness, and occa-

sionally becomes ridiculous. He has many weak and faulty verses. His figures are sometimes too gigantic or far-fetched, his thoughts sometimes forced and unnatural. His language occasionally is too inflated, and sometimes borders on extravagance. But these and other blemishes may be traced rather to the age and country in which he lived than to any defect of genius. "Had he been born in Europe," says the laborious editor of the first printed edition of the *Shah-Namah*, "he might have left a work more to our taste; but, born anywhere, he could not fail to impress on his writings the stamp and character of his extraordinary powers. These are accordingly acknowledged and felt throughout the whole extent of the Mohammedan world, and will, I doubt not, be recognised in Europe, amidst all the vices of a Persian taste; with which, indeed, he is much less tinctured, in my opinion, than any Persian poet I have ever read."<sup>3</sup>

In fine, Ferdusi, in whatever light we contemplate him, was certainly a remarkable man; and if genius be estimated, not by the absolute height which it reaches in the scale of excellence, but by the degree to which it has risen by its own unassisted efforts, that of Ferdusi may be thought to rival that of some who have produced more finished works, amidst more favourable opportunities of approaching towards perfection. In the history of Persian literature, at least, the *Shah-Namah* must ever be regarded as a distinguished object. It is a great storehouse whence

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succeeding poets have drawn their images and fables, and it has certainly had a very considerable influence on the literary productions of the country which gave it birth. Ferdusi has the rare merit of having identified himself with the feelings and associations of his countrymen. His poems still continue to form the delight of the Oriental world, and must endure as long as the language in which they are written. To such a man, in the strength of conscious genius, it may, without much imputation of vanity, be permitted to exclaim, as he has done at the conclusion of his great undertaking :

When this famous Book was brought to a conclusion,  
The face of the earth was filled with my renown ;  
And every one, who hath intelligence and wisdom and faith,  
After I am dead, will shower praises upon me.  
Henceforward I shall never die, for I have lived long enough  
To scatter abroad the seeds of eloquence.<sup>4</sup>

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### III.—ZĀL AND RUDABAH.

AN EPISODE FROM THE “SHAH-NAMAH.”



N selecting some specimens of Ferdusi's poetry, it has seemed advisable to the Translator to choose, in treating of a great heroic and narrative Poet, some portion in a sufficiently extended and connected form to exhibit his manner and power of telling a story, and to retain its dramatic character so far as to excite and sustain the interest of the reader. For this purpose he has fixed upon the episode of ZĀL and RUDABAH, acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful portions of the SHAH-NAMAH. Other parts of the Poem might, perhaps, furnish us with passages of greater sublimity, and more varied description, but few or none are marked by more tenderness and feeling, or a deeper knowledge of human passions and affections; qualities which, as they are less frequently found in the compositions of Persia, render the genius of Ferdusi the more admirable. This episode, moreover, possesses the advantage of a certain unity of subject and plan, which renders it in some sort a short complete epic of itself. But to understand it better, it may be

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well to premise that Zāl is the son of Sām Nariman, one of the generals of Manuchahar, King of Persia. Having the misfortune to be born with white hair, he incurs the disgust of his father, who orders him to be exposed on the savage mountain of Elburz, where he is nurtured by the Simurgh, an immense fabulous vulture which figures in the legends of Persia. After a time the affection of the parent is revived towards his child. He is recovered from the care of the Simurgh, and, arrived at manhood, is sent to govern the frontier province of Zabūl ; the adjoining province of Kabūl, though tributary to the Persian empire, being governed by its own king, named Mihrab.

The episode commences with a visit which Mihrab pays to Zāl, who receives him with distinguished honour, entertains him at a sumptuous banquet, and they separate with mutual respect.

Then a chief of the great ones around him  
Said : “ O thou, the hero of the world,  
This Mihrab hath a daughter behind the veil,  
Whose face is more resplendent than the sun ;  
From head to foot pure as ivory,  
With a cheek like the spring, and in stature like the  
teak-tree.

Upon her silver shoulders descend two musky tresses,  
Which, like nooses, fetter the captive ;  
Her lip is like the pomegranate, and her cheek like  
its flower ;

Her eyes resemble the narcissus in the garden ;  
 Her eyelashes have borrowed the blackness of the raven ;

Her eyebrows are arched like a fringed bow.

Wouldst thou behold the mild radiance of the moon ?

Look upon her countenance !

Wouldst thou inhale delightful odours ? She is all fragrance !

She is altogether a paradise of sweets,  
 Decked with all grace, all music, all thou canst desire !  
 She would be fitting for thee, O warrior of the world ;  
 She is as the heavens above to such as we are !”<sup>5</sup>

On hearing this description, Zāl becomes enamoured of the fair unseen.

When Zāl heard this description,  
 His love leaped to the lovely maiden :  
 His heart boiled over with the heat of passion,  
 So that understanding and rest departed from him.  
 Night came, but he sat groaning, and buried in thought,  
 And a prey to sorrow for the not-yet-seen.

Mihrab pays a second visit to Zāl, and as he is returning his wife Sindocht and his daughter Rudabah espy him from a balcony, and stop him to make inquiries about the hero.

“ O beaytiful silver-bosomed cypress,  
 In the wide world not one of the heroes  
 Will come up to the measure of Zāl !

In the pictured palace men will never behold the  
image  
Of a warrior so strong, or so firm in the saddle.

He hath the heart of a lion, the power of an elephant,  
And the strength of his arm is as the rush of the Nile.  
When he sitteth on the throne, he scattereth gold  
before him ;

In the battle, the heads of his enemies.

His cheek is ruddy as the flower of the arghavān ;  
Young in years, all alive, and the favourite of fortune ;  
And though his hair is white as though with age,  
Yet in his bravery he could tear to pieces the water-  
serpent.

He rageth in the conflict with the fury of the crocodile,  
He fighteth in the saddle like a sharp-fanged dragon.  
In his wrath he staineth the earth with blood,  
As he wieldeth his bright scimitar around him.  
And though his hair is as white as is a fawn's,  
In vain would the fault-finder seek another defect !  
Nay, the whiteness of his hair even becometh him ;  
Thou wouldst say that he is born to beguile all  
hearts ! ”

When Rudabah heard this description,  
Her heart was set on fire, and her cheek crimsoned  
like the pomegranate.

Her whole soul was filled with the love of Zā  
And food, and peace, and quietude were driven far  
from her.

After a time Rudabah resolves to reveal her passion to her attendants.

Then she said to her prudent slaves :

" I will discover what I have hitherto concealed ;  
Ye are each of you the depositaries of my secrets,  
My attendants, and the partners of my griefs.  
I am agitated with love like the raging ocean,  
Whose billows are heaved to the sky.

My once bright heart is filled with the love of Zāl ;  
My sleep is broken with thoughts of him.

My soul is perpetually filled with my passion ;  
Night and day my thoughts dwell upon his countenance.

Not one except yourselves knoweth my secret ;  
Ye, my affectionate and faithful servants,  
What remedy now can ye devise for my ease ?  
What will ye do for me ? What promise will ye give  
me ?

Some remedy ye must devise,  
To free my heart and soul from this unhappiness."

Astonishment seized the slaves,  
That dishonour should come nigh the daughter of  
kings.

In the anxiety of their hearts they started from their  
seats,

And all gave answer with one voice :

" O crown of the ladies of the earth !

Maiden pre-eminent amongst the pre-eminent !

Whose praise is spread abroad from Hindustan to  
China ;  
The resplendent ring in the circle of the harem ;  
Whose stature surpasseth every cypress in the garden ;  
Whose cheek rivalleth the lustre of the Pleiades ;  
Whose picture is sent by the ruler of Kanūj  
Even to the distant monarchs of the West—  
Have you ceased to be modest in your own eyes ?  
Have you lost all reverence for your father,  
That whom his own parent cast from his bosom,  
Him you will receive into yours ?  
A man who was nurtured by a bird in the mountains !  
A man who was a by-word amongst the people !  
You—with your roseate countenance and musky  
tresses—  
Seek a man whose hair is already white with age !  
You—who have filled the world with admiration,  
Whose portrait hangeth in every palace,  
And whose beauty, and ringlets, and stature are such  
That you might draw down a husband from the skies !”

To this remonstrance she makes the following indignant answer.

When Rudabah heard their reply,  
Her heart blazed up like fire before the wind.  
She raised her voice in anger against them,  
Her face flushed, but she cast down her eyes.  
After a time, grief and anger mingled in her counten-  
ance,  
And knitting her brows with passion, she exclaimed :

“O unadvised and worthless counsellors,  
 It was not becoming in me to ask your advice !  
 Were my eye dazzled by a star,  
 How could it rejoice to gaze even upon the moon ?  
 He who is formed of worthless clay will not regard  
     the rose,  
 Although the rose is in nature more estimable than  
     clay !

I wish not for Cæsar, nor Emperor of China,<sup>6</sup>  
 Nor for any one of the tiara-crowned monarchs of Irān ;  
 The son of Sām, Zāl, alone is my equal,  
 With his lion-like limbs, and arms, and shoulders.  
 You may call him, as you please, an old man, or a  
     young ;  
 To me, he is in the room of heart and of soul.  
 Except him never shall anyone have a place in my  
     heart ;

Mention not to me any one except him.  
 Him hath my love chosen unseen,  
 Yea, hath chosen him only from description.  
 For him is my affection, not for face or hair ;  
 And I have sought his love in the way of honour.”

Her vehemence overcomes the reluctance of the slaves, and one of them promises, if possible, to contrive an interview.

“ May hundreds of thousands such as we are be a  
     sacrifice for thee ;  
 May the wisdom of the creation be thy worthy  
     portion ;  
 May thy dark narcissus-eye be ever full of modesty ;

May thy cheek be ever tinged with bashfulness !  
If it be necessary to learn the art of the magician,  
To sew up the eyes with the bands of enchantment,  
We will fly till we surpass the enchanter's bird,  
We will run like the deer in search of a remedy.  
Perchance we may draw the King nigh unto his moon,  
And place him securely at thy side."

The vermil lip of Rudabah was filled with smiles ;  
She turned her saffron-tinged countenance toward the  
slave, and said :

" If thou shalt bring this matter to a happy issue,  
Thou hast planted for thyself a stately and fruitful  
tree,  
Which every day shall bear rubies for its fruit,  
And shall pour that fruit into thy lap."

The story proceeds to say how the slaves fulfil their promise. They go forth, and find Zāl practising with the bow. Busying themselves in gathering roses, they attract his attention. He shoots an arrow in that direction, and sends his quiver-bearer to bring it back. The slaves inquire who the hero is who draws the bow with so much strength and skill. The boy answers scornfully : " Do they not know that it is Zāl, the most renowned warrior in the world ? " In reply, they vaunt the superior attractions of Rudabah. The boy reports their account of her to Zāl, who goes to speak to them, receives from them a warm description of her charms, and presses them to procure for him the means of obtaining an interview. This little incident is well imagined : it is Zāl who is made to ask for the meeting, and the honour of Rudabah is not compromised. The slaves return to their mistress and report upon their mission, eulogising the goodly qualities of the hero. Her ironical answer to their former depreciation is animated and natural.

Then said the elegant cypress-formed lady to her maidens :

“Other than this were once your words and your counsel !

Is this then the Zāl, the nursling of a bird ?

This the old man, white-haired and withered ?

Now his cheek is ruddy as the flower of the arghavān ;  
His stature is tall, his face beautiful, his presence lordly !

Ye have exalted my charms before him ;

Ye have spoken, and made me a bargain !”

She said, and her lips were full of smiles,

But her cheek crimsoned like the bloom of pomegranate.

The interview takes place in a private pavilion of the Princess ;  
and the account of it is marked with more than one touch of truth and beauty :

When from a distance the son of the valiant Sām  
Became visible to the illustrious maiden,

She opened her gem-like lips, and exclaimed :

“ Welcome, thou brave and happy youth !

The blessing of the Creator of the world be upon thee ;  
On him who is the father of a son like thee !

May Destiny ever favour thy wishes !

May the vault of heaven be the ground thou walkest on !

The dark night is turned into day by thy countenance ;  
The world is soul-enlivened by the fragrance of thy presence !

Thou hast travelled hither on foot from thy palace ;  
Thou hast pained, to behold me, thy royal footsteps !”

When the hero heard the voice from the battlement.  
He looked up and beheld a face resplendent as the sun,  
Irradiating the terrace like a flashing jewel,  
And brightening the ground like a flaming ruby.

Then he replied : “ O thou who sheddest the mild  
radiance of the moon,  
The blessing of Heaven, and mine, be upon thee !  
How many nights hath cold Arcturus beheld me,  
Uttering my cry to God, the Pure,  
And beseeching the Lord of the universe,  
That he would vouchsafe to unveil my countenance  
before me !

Now I am made joyful in hearing thy voice,  
In listening to thy rich and gracious accents;  
But seek, I pray thee, some way to thy presence;  
For what converse can we hold, I on the ground, and  
thou on the terrace ? ”

The Peri-faced maiden heard the words of the hero ;  
Quickly she unbound her auburn locks,  
Coil upon coil, and serpent on serpent ;  
And she stooped and dropped down the tresses from  
the battlement,  
And cried : “ O hero, child of heroes,  
Take now these tresses, they belong to thee,  
And I have cherished them that they might prove an  
aid to my beloved.”

And Zāl gazed upward at the lovely maiden,  
And stood amazed at the beauty of her hair and of  
her countenance ;  
He covered the musky ringlets with his kisses,  
And his bride heard the kisses from above.  
Then he exclaimed : “ That would not be right—  
May the bright sun never shine on such a day !  
It were to lay my hand on the life of one already  
distracted ;  
It were to plunge the arrow-point into my own  
wounded bosom.”  
Then he took his noose from his boy, and made a  
running knot,  
And threw it, and caught it on the battlement,  
And held his breath, and at one bound  
Sprang from the ground, and reached the summit.  
  
As soon as the hero stood upon the terrace,  
The Peri-faced maiden ran to greet him,  
And took the hand of the hero in her own,  
And they went like those who are overcome with  
wine.

Then he descended from the lofty gallery,  
His hand in the hand of the tall Princess,  
And came to the door of the gold-painted pavilion,  
And entered that royal assembly,  
Which blazed with light like the bowers of Paradise ;  
And the slaves stood like houris before them :  
And Zāl gazed in astonishment

On her face, and her hair, and her stately form, and  
on all that splendour.

And Zāl was seated in royal pomp  
Opposite that mildly-radiant beauty ;  
And Rudabah could not rest from looking towards  
him,

And gazing upon him with all her eyes ;  
On that arm, and shoulder, and that splendid figure,  
On the brightness of that soul-enlightening counten-  
ance ;

So that the more and more she looked  
The more and more was her heart inflamed.

Then he kissed and embraced her, renewing his  
vows—

Can the lion help pursuing the wild ass ?—

And said : “ O sweet and graceful silver-bosomed  
maiden,

It may not be, that, both of noble lineage,  
We should do aught unbecoming our birth ;  
For from Sām Nariman I received an admonition,  
To do no unworthy deed, lest evil should come of it ;  
For better is the seemly than the unseemly,  
That which is lawful than that which is forbidden.

And I fear that Manuchahar, when he shall hear of  
this affair,

Will not be inclined to give it his approval ;  
I fear, too, that Sām will exclaim against it,  
And will boil over with passion, and lay his hand  
upon me.

Yet, though soul and body are precious to all men,  
 Life I will resign, and clothe myself with a shroud—  
 And this I swear by the righteous God—  
 Ere I will break the faith which I have pledged thee.  
 I will bow myself before Him, and offer my adoration,  
 And supplicate Him as those who worship Him in  
 truth,  
 That He will cleanse the heart of Sām, king of the  
 earth,  
 From opposition, and rage, and rancour.  
 Perhaps the Creator of the world may listen to my  
 prayer,  
 And thou mayest yet be publicly proclaimed my wife.”

And Rudabah said : “ And I also, in the presence of  
 the righteous God,  
 Take the same pledge, and swear to thee my faith ;  
 And He who created the world be witness to my  
 words,  
 That no one but the hero of the world,  
 The throned, the crowned, the far-famed Zāl,  
 Will I ever permit to be sovereign over me.”

So their love every moment became greater ;  
 Prudence was afar, and passion was predominant,  
 Till the gray dawn began to show itself,  
 And the drum to be heard from the royal pavilion,  
 Then Zāl bade adieu to the fair one ;  
 His soul was darkened, and his bosom on fire,  
 And the eyes of both were filled with tears ;  
 And they lifted up their voices against the sun :

“O glory of the universe, why come so quick ?  
Couldst thou not wait one little moment ?”

Then Zāl cast his noose on a pinnacle,  
And descended from those happy battlements,  
As the sun was rising redly above the mountains,  
And the bands of warriors were gathering in their  
ranks.

On returning to the camp Zāl assembles his counsellors, and consults them as to what he should do. They advise him to write to his father, and be guided by him. Zāl accordingly writes to Sām. In his letter he recalls to him in an affecting manner all the sufferings he had endured when abandoned by his parents in the mountains, conjures him to consent to his union with Rudabah, and reminds him of his promise, when reclaiming him from the Simurgh, that in all the future circumstances of his life he would endeavour to efface the remembrance of his cruelty by a cheerful compliance with his wishes. Sām is greatly embarrassed by this letter. On the one hand he fears the reproaches of his son, on the other the anger of the King. He convenes the sages, and bids them declare what will be the result of the union. After the intense study of many days, they prophesy the birth of the famous Rustam.

The astrologers came to Sām Nariman and said :  
“ O Warrior of the Golden Belt,  
Joy will be to thee from the union of Zāl and of the  
daughter of Mihrab.  
For they are two fortune-favoured equals,  
And from them shall be born a hero, in strength an  
elephant,  
Who shall gird his loins in manliness ;  
Who shall bear dominion on his sword,

And shall exalt the throne of the King above the clouds.

The evil-minded he will cut off from the land,  
Nor shall there remain a den on the face of the earth.  
He will leave neither monster nor Demon of Mazin-  
deran,

And will sweep the earth with his mighty mace.  
From him shall come many woes on Turān,  
And Irān shall enjoy all happiness.  
He will lull to sleep the head of the sufferer,  
And will close the door of sorrow, and the path of  
calamity.

The hope of the Irānians shall be in him,  
And in him the joy and confidence of the warrior.  
His courser will bear the hero proudly in the battle,  
And he will bruise the faces of the tigers of war ;  
And the furious elephants and the fierce lions  
Shall be annihilated beneath the club of the hero ;  
And the monarchs of Hindustan, and Rūm, and Irān  
Will engrave his name on their seals.  
Fortunate will be the King in whose time  
His renown will exalt the royal dignity !”

On hearing this prophecy of the future greatness of his grandson, Sām is reconciled to the marriage, but writes to Zāl to withhold the celebration of it until he has been to the court of Manuchahar, and obtained the sanction of the King. Zāl, transported with joy, immediately sends the letter to Rudabah. The messenger on her return is espied by her mother, and the secret correspondence of the lovers is discovered. The interview which follows between Sindocht and her daughter is thus described :

Then, greatly troubled, she entered the palace,  
Full of pain, and anxiety, and sorrow ;  
She closed upon herself the door of her chamber,  
And was as one distracted by the tumult of her  
thoughts.

She commanded her daughter to appear before her ;  
And she tore her cheeks with her hand,  
And she watered their roses with her tearful eyes,  
Till they became inflamed like the crimson rose.  
She said to Rudabah : “ O precious girl,  
Why hast thou placed thyself on the brink of a  
precipice ?

What is there left worth having in the world,  
Which I have not showed to thee openly and in  
private ?

Why, my beauty, hast thou become so unjust to me ?  
Tell, I beseech thee, all thy secrets to thy mother !  
Who is this woman, and whence doth she come,  
And what is the purpose for which she cometh to  
thee ?

What is the meaning of this message ? And who is  
the man  
For whom is intended this ring, and this beautiful  
turban ? ”

Rudabah looked down to her feet and the ground ;  
She stood abashed in the presence of her mother ;  
The tear of affection gushed from her eyes,  
And her cheeks were crimsoned with the burning  
drops.

Then she said to her mother : " O full of wisdom,  
 Love is chasing my soul before it.  
 Would that my mother had never given me birth !  
 That neither good nor evil had been uttered concerning  
 me !

The warrior-hero came to Kabūl,  
 And so set my heart on fire with his love,  
 That the world became contracted in my sight,  
 And day and night I wept continually.  
 I wish not for life except in his presence :  
 One hair of his head is worth the whole world to me !  
 When at last he saw and conversed with me,  
 We joined hand in hand and plighted our faith ;  
 But, beyond seeing and conversing with one another,  
 The fire of passion hath not inflamed us.  
 A messenger was sent to the mighty Sām,  
 And he returned an answer to the brave Zāl.  
 For a time the chief was distressed and reluctant,  
 But he spoke and heard all that was needful ;  
 And after consulting the aged Mubid,  
 At last he yielded and gave his consent.  
 To the messenger he gave many presents,  
 And I also heard all the answers of Sām.  
 The woman whose hair thou didst rend,  
 Whom thou didst strike to the ground, and whose  
 face thou didst lacerate,  
 Was the messenger who was the bearer of the letter :  
 And this dress was my answer to the message."

Sindocht was confused at her daughter's words,

And in her heart approved of her union with Zāl.  
She replied : “ Here, indeed, there is nothing of littleness !

Amongst the illustrious there is not a hero like Zāl ;  
He is mighty, and the son of the warrior of the world ;  
Wise, and prudent, and of a noble soul.  
All excellencies are his, and but one defect ;  
And, compared with his excellencies, those of others  
are mean.

But I fear that the King of the earth will be enraged  
with him,

And will raise the dust of Kabūl to the sun,  
For never will he suffer one of our seed on earth  
To place his foot in the stirrup.”

To the interview between the mother and daughter succeeds  
one between the wife and the husband.

King Mihrab came joyful from the royal reception-  
hall,

For Zāl had bestowed on him much attention.  
He beheld lying down the illustrious Sindocht,  
Her face pale, and her heart troubled ;  
And he said to her : “ What ailest thou ?  
And wherefore are the roses of thy cheeks faded ? ”  
And Sindocht answered and said :  
“ My heart is disturbed with many cares ;  
This collection of treasures and property,  
These Arabian horses trained and caparisoned,  
This palace and its surrounding gardens,  
This abundance of heart-attached friends,

This band of servants devoted to their master,  
This diadem and this imperial throne,  
Our commanding presence and lofty dignity,  
And all our reputation for wisdom and knowledge,  
The fair face of our tall and elegant cypress [*i.e.*  
their daughter],

All our splendour and all our royalty,  
By little and little are dwindling away ;  
Unwillingly we must resign them to an enemy,  
And count all our care and painstaking but as wind.  
One narrow chest will now suffice us.

The tree which should have been the antidote is  
become the poison :

We planted, cultivated, and watered it with care ;  
We hung a crown and jewels on its branches ;<sup>7</sup>  
But when it had raised itself to the sun, and expanded  
its shade,

It fell to the ground, and my life-stock with it.  
Such is the limit and end of our being ;  
Nor know I where we can find our rest."

And Mihrab said to Sindocht :

"Thou hast only brought up anew the old story.  
This transitory inn is after this fashion :  
One is neglected, and another enjoyeth every comfort ;  
One arriveth and another departeth ;  
And whom see'st thou that Fate hunteth not down ?  
By anxiety of heart thou wilt never drive sorrow to  
the door ;

There is no contending with the just God."

Then said Sindocht : “ How can I conceal from thee  
This secret and these weighty matters ?  
Know then that the son of Sām  
Hath secretly ensnared the affections of Rudabah.  
He hath led her noble soul astray from the right path,  
And now nothing remaineth for us but to find some  
remedy.

Much counsel have I given her, but it availeth no-  
thing ;  
I see her still pale-faced and dejected,  
Her heart still full of pain and sorrow,  
Her parched lips ever breathing the cold sigh.”

When Mihrab heard this, he leaped to his feet :  
He laid his hand on the hilt of his sword,  
. His body trembled, and his face became livid ;  
His bosom filled with wrath, and his lips with deep  
groans.

“ This instant,” he exclaimed, “ the blood of Rudabah  
I will pour out like a river on the ground.”

When Sindocht saw this, she sprang to her feet,  
She seized the belt round his body with both her  
hands,  
And exclaimed : “ Hear one word ;  
Give ear one moment to thine inferior ;  
And afterwards do as thy reason telleth thee,  
As thy heart and thy guiding wisdom shall prompt  
thee.”

He writhed and flung her from him,

He uttered a cry like a furious elephant ;  
 And exclaimed : " When a daughter made her appearance,  
 I ought to have instantly commanded her to be slain !  
 I killed her not ; I walked not in the way of my  
 ancestors,  
 And this now is the trick that she hath played me.  
 But him who departeth from the way of his fathers  
 The brave will not account to have sprung from his  
 loins.  
 If the hero Sām shall join with King Manuchahar,  
 And they prove their power against me in war,  
 The smoke will go up from Kabūl to the sun ;  
 Neither dwelling will be left, nor corn-field, nor voice  
 of salutation."

Sindocht replied : " O defender of the marches,  
 Let not thy tongue utter such wild words,  
 For the warrior Sām is already informed of this affair ;  
 Banish from thy mind this terror, and disquiet, and  
 anxiety."

Mihrab rejoined : " O my mildly-radiant beauty,  
 Say not a word that is spoken deceitfully :  
 My bosom would be free from trouble,  
 If I saw thee secure from injury.  
 Than Zāl a son-in-law more estimable  
 There could not be either amongst the princes or the  
 people :  
 Who might not desire the alliance of Sām,  
 From Ahwāz even to Kandahar ! "

Sindocht answered : “ O exalted chief,  
What occasion for deceitful words ?  
Thy injury is plainly my injury,  
And thy troubled soul is bound up in mine ;  
Therefore didst thou see me so troubled also,  
Sunk down in grief, and all joy gone from my heart !  
But should this come about, why would it be so  
wonderful,  
That thou shouldst take so dark a view of it ?  
Feridun approved of the maidens of Yaman,  
And this hero, who seeks to subdue the world, but  
followeth the same path :  
For from fire, and water, and earth, and air,  
The dark face of the ground is changed to brightness.”

Mihrab gave ear to the words of Sindocht,  
But his head was still full of vengeful thoughts,  
And his heart still boiled over with passion.  
Then he gave his commands to Sindocht :  
“ Rouse up, and bring Rudabah before me.”

But Sindocht was afraid of the lion-hearted man,  
Lest he should strike Rudabah to the earth.  
“ First,” she said, “ thou shalt give me a promise,  
That thou wilt restore her unhurt to my arms ;  
And that that heavenly flower shall not be swept away  
from the garden,  
And the land of Kabūl be emptied of its roses.  
Thou shalt take first a solemn oath,  
That thou hast washed out vengeance from thine heart.”

The warrior gave his word,  
 That Rudabah should suffer no harm :  
 " But," he said, " consider that the Master of the earth  
 Will be full of indignation at what hath been done,  
 And that neither father, nor mother, nor home will be  
 left,  
 And that Rudabah herself will perish in a river of  
 blood."

When Sindocht heard this she bowed down her head,  
 And placed her face on the ground ;  
 And came to her daughter with smiles upon her lips,  
 And a face open as the dawn when it riseth on the  
 night.

She told her the good news, and said : " The furious  
 tiger  
 Hath withdrawn its grasp from the wild-ass ;—  
 The hero Mihrab hath sworn by the righteous God  
 A strong oath, and hath set his name thereto,  
 That he will not touch in anger a braid of thine hair.  
 Now therefore bring forth quickly all thine ornaments,  
 And show thyself before thy father, and lament what  
 hath happened."

" But why," said Rudabah, " with all my ornaments ?  
 Why place the valuable beside the valueless ?  
 My soul is wedded to the son of Sām,  
 And why conceal what is so clear ? "

She appeared before her father like the rising sun,  
 Immersed in a blaze of gold and rubies—

A charming angel from the realms of Paradise,  
Or a glorious sun in the smiling spring.  
When her father beheld her he stood fixed in astonish-  
ment,  
And secretly invoked the Creator of the world.  
“O thou,” he exclaimed, “who hast washed out reason  
from thy brain,  
How is this fulness of jewelry beseeeming thee?  
Is it befitting that a Peri unite herself with Aherman  
[the Evil principle]?  
Rather let my crown and my ring perish!  
If a serpent-charmer from the desert of Khoten should  
show himself as a magician,  
Would it not be right to slay him with an arrow?”

When Rudabah heard these words her heart burnt  
within her,  
And her face was crimsoned with shame in the sight  
of her father;  
Her dark eye-lids fell over her grief-swollen eyes,  
She stood motionless, and drew not a breath.  
Filled, heart and head, with hostility and passion,  
Her father groaned in his rage like a roaring tiger.  
Rudabah returned heart-broken to the house,  
Her pale yellow cheek alternating with red;  
And mother and daughter sought refuge with God.

Meanwhile information of what has happened reaches the ear  
of Manuchahar. He is greatly disturbed by it, and sends to  
summon Sām to his court. Sām obeys the summons, and  
is received by the King with great distinction. He is com-

manded to relate the history of his wars in Mazinderan ; and in answer to the inquiries of the monarch about his battle with the Dives, or demon-inhabitants of the country, he thus replies :

“ O King, live prosperously for ever !  
 Far be from thee the designs of the evil-minded !  
 I came to that city of warlike Dives—  
 Dives !—rather ferocious lions !  
 They are fleetier than Arabian horses,  
 More courageous than the warriors of Irān ;  
 Their soldiers, whom they name Sagsar [Dog-heads],  
 You would think were tigers of war.

When the news of my arrival reached them,  
 And they heard my shout, their brains were bereft of  
 reason ;

They raised a tremendous clamour in their city,  
 And issued forth in mass,  
 And collected an army so immense,  
 That the dust thereof obscured the brightness of the  
 day.

Then they rushed towards me, seeking the battle,  
 Like men insane, hurrying and in confusion.  
 The ground trembled, and the sky was darkened,  
 As they filled the hills and the valleys.

A panic fell upon my army,  
 And I could not but be filled with anxiety  
 At the serious turn which matters had taken ;  
 But I shouted aloud to my dispirited soldiers,

And raised my ponderous club,  
And urged forward my iron-hard charger.  
Then I came and clove the heads of the enemy,  
So that from dread of me they lost their reason :  
At each assault I struck down a hundred bodies ;  
At every blow of my mace I made a Dive rub the  
ground ;  
Like feeble deer before the strong lion,  
They fled affrighted at the ox-headed club.

An aspiring grandson of the bold Salm  
Came on like a wolf to meet me in the battle.  
The name of the ambitious chieftain was Kākavi,  
Beautiful of countenance, and tall as a cypress ;  
By his mother he was of the race of Zohāk.  
The heads of proud warriors were as dust before him :  
His army was as a host of ants or locusts ;  
Its multitude concealed the plain and the slopes of  
the mountains.  
When the dust arose from the approaching squadrons,  
The cheeks of our soldiers turned pale ;  
But I raised my death-dealing mace, and urged them  
forward,  
And led them onward to meet the enemy ;  
I shouted so loud from the saddle of my war-horse,  
That the earth seemed to whirl like a mill about  
them ;  
Courage resumed its place in the breasts of our  
warriors,  
And with one determination they rushed to the battle.

When Kākavi heard my voice,  
And saw the wounds of my head-smashing club,  
He came to meet me like a mad elephant, seeking to  
wound me.

He desired to entangle me with his long noose ;  
But when I saw him I leaped out of way of destruc-  
tion,

And grasping my Kaianian bow,  
And selecting my choicest steel-pointed arrows,  
I darted them upon him like swift eagles,  
And poured them upon him like fiery rain ;  
His head, massive as an anvil,  
I thought to have nailed to his helmet.  
When I saw him through the dust,  
Coming on like a mad elephant, his Indian sword in  
his hand,

It came into my mind, O King,  
That the very hills were about to ask grace for their  
lives.

He in haste, and I slowly,  
I pondered how I might take him in my grasp ;  
And when the warrior rushed down upon me,  
I stretched out my arm from my war-horse,  
Seized the courageous hero by the belt,  
Lifted him up lion-like from the saddle,  
And furious as an elephant dashed him to the ground,  
So that his bones were crushed to atoms.

When their commander was thus laid low,  
His army turned back from the field of battle :

On every side they crowded in bands,  
Filling the heights and the slopes, the plains and the  
mountains.

When we numbered the slain, horse and foot,  
We counted twelve thousand, who had fallen in the  
field;

The soldiers, and town's-people, and valiant horsemen  
Amounted to thirty hundred thousands.

What weight hath the power of the evil-minded  
Against thy fortune and the servants of thy throne ? ”

When Sām had finished his narrative Manuchahar commands him to assemble an army, to march against Mihrab, to devastate his country, and extirpate his family. Sām dares not disobey, and sets off to execute his commission. On the way he encounters his son, who earnestly implores him to suspend his purpose and permit him to go, and himself urge his suit before the King. Sām consents and seconds his request in a letter to Manuchahar, in which he recounts his services, and in particular that of having slain a terrible dragon which had long desolated the country.

“ If I had not appeared in the land,  
The heads would have been cut off even of those who  
bear them the highest,  
When the huge Dragon came up from the river  
Kashaf,  
And made the ground bare as the palm of my hand.  
His length was as the distance from city to city,  
His breadth as the space from mountain to mountain.  
He filled the hearts of all men with terror,  
And kept them all on the watch night and day.

I looked, and saw not a bird in the air,  
Nor a beast of prey on the face of the ground ;  
His flames burnt the feathers of the vulture,  
The grass withered beneath his poison,  
He drew the fierce water-serpent up from its waters,  
And the soaring eagle down from its clouds ;  
The earth was emptied of man and beast,  
And every thing abandoned its habitation to him.

When I saw that there was no one in the land  
Who was able to crush him with the strong hand,  
Relying on the power of the Sovereign of the world,  
God the Pure, I cast all fear from my heart ;  
I girded my loins in the name of the Most High,  
I vaulted into the saddle of my massive war-horse,  
Grasped in my hand the ox-headed mace,  
And, my bow on my arm, and my shield at its neck,  
Rushed forward like a furious crocodile—  
I with the strong wrist, he with his venom ;  
And each one who saw by the mace that I was about  
to encounter the Dragon

Exclaimed to me as I passed, ‘ Farewell ! ’  
I came, I beheld him, huge as a mountain,  
Trailing his cord-like hairs upon the ground.  
His tongue resembled the black-tree [the upas ?],  
His jaws open and stretched out on the way,  
His two eyes were like two basins of blood.  
He saw me, roared, and sprang upon me with fury :  
I thought, O King, so it appeared to me,  
That his inside must be filled with fire.

The world appeared to my eyes like an agitated ocean ;  
A black smoke went up darkly to the clouds,  
The face of the earth trembled at his cry,  
From the venom the ground was like the sea of China.  
But, as was becoming a valiant man,  
I shouted with the voice of a lion,  
Placed without delay in my long cross-bow  
A choice poplar arrow pointed with adamant,  
Aimed the shaft right at his jaws,  
That I might nail his tongue to his palate ;  
I pierced it on one side with the arrow,  
And he lolled it out in utter bewilderment.  
In an instant another arrow like the first  
I aimed at his mouth, and he writhed from the wound.  
A third time I struck him in the midst of his jaws,  
And the boiling blood rushed from his vitals.  
But, as he narrowed the ground before me,  
I upraised the vengeful ox-headed mace,  
In the strength of God, the Master of the Universe,  
Urged on my elephant-bodied charger,  
And battered him in such wise with its blows,  
That you would say the sky was raining down moun-  
tains upon him.  
I pounded his head as though it was the head of a  
mad elephant,  
And from his body streamed the poison like the river  
Nile ;  
Such was the wound that he never rose again,  
And the plain was levelled to the hills with his brains ;  
The river Kashaf became a river of bile :

But the earth was once more an abode of sleep and  
quiet ;  
And the hills were covered with men and women,  
Who called down blessings upon me."

Zāl arrives at the court of Manuchahar. The King is highly pleased with his appearance and the proofs which he gives of his wisdom and courage ; but his fears still make him hesitate to grant his request, and it is not till he has consulted the astrologers, and received from them a favourable answer, that he sanctions it with his approval. Zāl then returns joyously to Kabūl, to communicate the glad tidings to Rudabah. The nuptials are celebrated with great pomp, and the offspring of the marriage is the hero Rustam—the Hercules of Persia—whose deeds and adventures fill many subsequent pages of the *Shah-Namah*.

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## IV.—MISCELLANEOUS SPECIMENS OF THE

*SHAH-NAMAH.*

## THE DEATH OF DARA (DARIUS).

THE Viziers came to Iskandar and said :  
“ O King, crowned with victories and knowledge,  
We have just slain thine enemy.  
Come to an end is his diadem and the throne of  
princes.”

When Janusyar had thus spoken, Iskandar said to  
Mahyar :

“ The enemy ye have cast down—where is he ? Show  
me the nearest road thither.”

They went before him, and the King of the Greeks  
followed,

His heart and his eyes filled with tears of blood.  
When he came near, he saw that the face of Dara  
Was pale as the flower of the fenugreek,  
And his breast clotted with gore.

Having commanded that they should quit their horses  
And keep guard over the two ministers,  
Swift as the wind, Iskandar dismounted from his  
charger,

And placed on his thigh the head of the wounded man.

He looked to see whether Dara was still in a condition to speak,

Passed both his hands over his face,

Withdrew the royal diadem from his head,

Unclasped the warlike breastplate from his breast,

And rained down a flood of tears from his eyes, when he saw the wounded body,

And the physician far away.

" May it go well with thee," he exclaimed,

" And let the heart of the malevolent tremble !

Raise thyself, and seat thyself on this golden cushion,

And, if thou hast strength enough, place thyself in the saddle.

I will bring physicians from Greece and India ;

I will shed tears of blood for thy sufferings ;

I will restore to thee thy kingdom and thy throne,

And we will depart as soon as thou art better.

When, yester-evening, the old men told me what had happened,

My heart swelled with blood, my lips uttered cries.

We are of one branch, one root, one body-garment.

Why, through our ambition, should we extirpate our race ? " <sup>8</sup>

When Dara heard, with a weak voice he replied :

" May wisdom be thy companion for ever !

I believe that from thy God, the just, the holy,

Thou wilt receive a recompence for these thy words.

But for what thou hast said, that Persia shall be mine,

Thine be the throne and the crown of the brave,  
Nearer to me is death than a throne ;  
My fortune is turned upside down ; my throne is at  
an end.

Such is the determination of the lofty sphere ;<sup>9</sup>  
Its delights are sorrows, and its profit is ruin.  
Take heed that thou say not, in the pride of thy valour,  
' I have been superior to this renowned army.'  
Know that good and evil are alike from God,  
And give Him the praise that thyself art still alive.  
I am, myself, a sufficient example of this ;  
And my history is a commentary upon it for every  
one.

For what greatness was mine, and sovereignty, and  
treasure !

And to no one hath suffering ever come through me.  
What arms and armies too were mine !  
And what quantities of horses, and thrones, and  
diadems !

What children and relatives—

Relatives whose hearts were stamped with my mark.  
The earth and the age were as slaves before me.  
So was it as long as Fortune was my friend ;  
But now I am severed from all my happiness,  
And am fallen into the hands of murderers.

I am in despair about my children and my kinsmen ;  
The world is become black, and my eyes are darkened.  
No one of my relatives cometh to my assistance ;  
I have no hope but in the Great Provider, and that is  
enough.

Behold me, wounded and stretched upon the ground !  
Fate hath ensnared me in the net of destruction.  
This is the way of the changeful sphere  
With every one, whether he be king or warrior.  
In the end all greatness passeth away ;  
It is a chase in which man is the quarry, and Death is  
the hunter."

Iskandar rained tears of anguish from his eyes over  
the wounded King,

As he lay stretched upon the ground.

When Dara perceived that the grief was from his heart,  
And saw the torrent of tears which flowed from his  
pale cheek,

He said to him : "All this is of no avail.

From the fire no portion is mine but the smoke ;

This is my gift from the All-giver,

And all that remaineth of my once brilliant fortune.

Now give me thine ear from first to last ;

Receive what I say, and execute it with judgment."

Iskandar replied : "It is for thee to command ;  
Say what thou wilt, thou hast my promise."

Rapidly Dara unbound his tongue ;

Point by point he gave instructions about everything :

"First, illustrious Prince, fear thou God, the Righteous  
Maker,

Who made heaven and earth and time ; who created  
the weak and the strong.

Watch over my children, and my kindred, and my  
beloved veiled women.

Ask of me in marriage my chaste daughter, and make  
 her happy in thy palace ;  
 To whom her mother gave the name of Roshank,  
 And in her made the world contented and joyful.  
 Thou wilt never from my child hear a word of chiding,  
 Nor will her worst enemy utter a calumny against her.  
 As she is the daughter of a line of kings,  
 So in prudence she is the crown of women.  
 Perhaps she will bring thee an illustrious son,  
 Who will revive the name of Isfandyar,  
 Will stir up the fire of Zoroaster,  
 Take in his hand the Zendavesta ;  
 Will observe the auguries and feast of Sadah, and  
 that of the New Year,  
 Renew the splendour of the Fire-temples of Hormuzd,  
 The Sun, the Moon, and Mithra ;  
 Will wash his face and his soul in the waters of  
 wisdom,  
 Re-establish the customs of Lohrasp,  
 Restore the Kaianian rites of Gushtasp ;  
 Will treat the great as great and the little as little,  
 Rekindle religion, and be fortunate.”

Iskandar answered : “ O good-hearted and righteous  
 King,  
 I accept thy injunctions and thy testament ;  
 I will remain in this country only to execute them.  
 I will perform thy excellent intentions ;  
 I will make thy intelligence my guide.”

The Master of the world siezed the hand of Iskandar,  
And wept and lamented bitterly ;  
He placed the palm of it on his lips, and said to him :  
    “ Be God thy refuge !  
I leave thee my throne, and return to the dust ;  
My soul I leave to God the Holy.”

He spoke and his soul quitted his body,  
And all who were about him wept bitterly.  
Iskandar rent all his garments,  
And scattered dust on the crown of the Kaianians.  
He built a tomb for him agreeably to the customs of  
    his country,  
And suitable to his faith and the splendour of his  
rank.  
They washed the blood from his body with precious  
    rose-water,  
Since the time of the eternal sleep had arrived.  
They wrapped it in brocade of Rūm,  
Its surface covered with jewels on a ground of gold.  
They hid it under a coating of camphor,  
And after that no one saw the face of Dara any more.  
In the tomb they placed for him a dais of gold,  
And on his head a crown of musk.  
They laid him in a coffin of gold,  
And rained over him from their eyelids a shower of  
    blood.  
When they raised the coffin from the ground,  
They bore it, turn by turn.  
Iskandar went before it on foot,

And the grandees followed behind, shedding tears of anguish.

So they proceeded to the sepulchre of Dara,  
And placed the coffin on the dais, performing all the ceremony due to kings ;

And when they had completed the magnificent monument,

They erected gibbets before it, and executed the murderers.

#### ISKANDAR'S CONVERSATION WITH THE BRAHMINS.

ISKANDAR asked the Brahmins about their sleep and their food ;

How they enjoyed their days of tranquillity ; and how they supported the dust of the battle :

“ What is your portion of the delights of the world, For Fortune never separateth the poison and the antidote ? ”

One of the sages replied : “ O Conqueror of the world ! No one speaketh here of fame or of battle.

We have no wants as to clothing, reposing, or eating. Since man cometh naked from his mother,

He ought not to be very delicate in the matter of raiment.

Hence he will return naked to the earth,

And here he will find a place of fear, and of sickness,  
and of anxiety.

The ground is our bed, and our covering the sky,  
And our eyes are set upon the road,  
Waiting for that which Time may bring with it.  
The ambitious man laboureth excessively for some-  
thing

Which, after all, is little worth the labour ;  
For when he leaveth this temporary place of refuge,  
He must leave behind him also his crown and his  
treasures.

His sole companions will be his good deeds,  
And he and all that he hath will return to the dust.”

One of the Brahmins said to him : “ O Monarch,  
Close thou for us the door of Death.”

He replied : “ With Death, vain are all petitions !  
What rescue can there be from the sharp claws of that  
dragon ?

For wert thou of iron, from them thou couldst not  
escape.

Youthful as he may be, he who remaineth long here  
will from old age find no deliverance.”

The Brahmin answered : “ Then, King,  
Puissant, and learned, and worthy of empire,  
Since thou knowest that for death there is no remedy,  
And that there is no worse affliction than old age,  
Why give thyself so much pains to win the world ?

Why madly persevere to smell its poisoned flower?  
 The misery thou hast caused will remain after thee;  
 The fruits of thy trouble and thy treasure will go to  
 thine enemies."

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### NUSHIRVAN'S ADDRESS TO THE GRANDEES OF IRĀN.

L EAVE not the business of to-day to be done to-morrow,  
 For who knoweth what to-morrow may be thy condition?  
 The rose-garden which to-day is full of flowers,  
 When to-morrow thou wouldest pluck a rose, may not afford thee one.  
 When thou findest thy body vigorous,  
 Then think of sickness, and pain, and infirmity.  
 Remember that after life cometh the day of death;  
 And that before death we are as leaves before the wind.  
 Whenever thou enterest on a matter sluggishly,  
 Thou wilt execute it feebly.  
 If thou sufferest passion to get the mastery over prudence,  
 Thou wilt need no witness to attest thy folly.  
 The man who talketh much and never acteth  
 Will not be held in reputation by any one.  
 By crookedness thou wilt render thy paths the darker,

But the road towards rectitude is a narrow one.  
Even a matter in which thou hast pre-eminent ability  
will turn to evil,  
If thou doest it with dulness and inactivity.  
If thy tongue allieth itself with falsehood,  
No splendour from the throne of heaven will reach  
thee.  
A crooked word is the resort of weakness,  
And over the weak we can only weep.  
If the King rouseth himself from sleep to mount his  
throne,  
He will enjoy sound health, and be safe from his  
enemy.  
The prudent man will abstain from luxurious living ;  
And all that goes beyond our actual needs proceedeth  
from greediness,  
And is full of pain and anxiety.  
If the King is endowed with justice and liberality,  
The world will be full of ornament and beauty ;  
But if crookedness enter into his counsels,  
His meat will be the bitter gourd, and his water will  
be blood.

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## FROM NUSHIRVAN'S LETTER TO HIS SON HORMUZ.

I HAVE thought it meet to write this serious Letter  
to my child,  
Full of knowledge, and true in the faith :

May God give him happiness and a prosperous fortune !

May the crown and throne of empire be his in perpetuity !

In a fortunate month, and on a day of Khurdad [light-giving],

Under a happy star and brilliant omens,  
We have placed on thine head a crown of gold,  
As we in like manner received it from our father.  
And we remember the blessing which the happy  
Kobad

Conferred on our crown and throne.

Be thou vigilant ; be master of the world ; be  
intelligent ;

Be thou of a generous disposition, and do harm to no  
one.

Increase thy knowledge, and attach thyself to God ;  
And may He be the guide to thy soul.

I inquired of a man whose words were excellent,  
And who was mature in years and in intellect :  
“ Who amongst us is the nearest to God ?  
Whose path towards Him is the clearest ? ”  
He replied : “ Choose knowledge,  
If thou desirest a blessing from the Universal Provider :  
For the ignorant man cannot raise himself above the  
earth ;

And it is by knowledge that thou must render thy  
soul praiseworthy.”

It is by knowledge that the King becometh the orna-  
ment of his throne :

Gain knowledge, therefore, and be thy throne victorious !

Beware thou become not a promise-breaker ;  
For the shroud of the promise-breaker will be the dust.

Be not a punisher of those who are innocent ;  
Lend not thine ear to the words of informers.  
In all thy business let thine orders be strictly just ;  
For it is by justice that thy soul will be rendered cheerful.

Let thy tongue have no concern with a lie,  
If thou desirest that thou shouldst reflect a splendour  
on thy throne.

If any one of thy subjects accumulate a fortune,  
Preserve him from anxiety about his treasure ;  
For to take aught from his treasure is to be the enemy  
of thine own :

Rejoice in that treasure which thou hast gained by  
thine own care.

If the subject shall have amassed wealth,  
The monarch ought to be his sustainer ;  
Every one ought to feel secure in thine asylum,  
However exalted he may be, or however humble.  
Whoever doeth thee a kindness, do him the same ;  
Whoever is the enemy of thy friend, with him do battle.

And if thou comest to honour in the world,  
Bethink thee of pains of body, and sorrow, and calamity.

Wheresoever thou art, it is but a halting-place ;

Thou must not feel secure, when thou sittest down in it.  
Seek, then, to be deserving ; and seat thyself among  
the wise,

If thou desirest the favours of Fortune.

When thou placest on thine head the diadem of  
sovereignty,

Seek ever the better way beyond that which is good.

Be charitable to the wretched ; keep thyself far from  
all that is bad ;

And fear for the calamity which thou permittest.

Sound the secret places of thine own heart,

And never show a magnanimity or justice which is  
only on the surface.

Measure thy favours according to merit ;

And listen to the counsels of those who have seen the  
world.

Be inclined to religion, but keep thine eye on the Faiths,  
For from the Faiths proceed jealousies and anger  
amongst men.

Manage thy treasury in proportion to thy treasure,  
And give thy heart no anxiety about its increase.

Regard the actions of former kings,

And take heed that thou be never otherwise than just.

Where are now the diadems of those Kings of kings ?

Where are those princes, those great ones so favoured  
by Fortune ?

Of their acts they have left nothing behind them but  
the memory :

That is all ; for this transient resting-place remaineth  
to no one.

Give not command recklessly to spill blood,  
Nor lightly engage thine army in war.  
Walk in the ways of the Lord of Sun and Moon,  
And hold thyself afar from the works of demons.  
Keep this Letter before thee night and day,  
And sound reason perpetually in thy heart.  
If thou doest in the world what deserveth remem-  
brance,  
Thy name will not perish for lack of greatness.  
The Lord of Goodness be ever thy refuge ;  
May earth and time be ever favourable to thee ;  
May sorrow have no dominion over thy soul ;  
And may the hand of cheerfulness for thee never be  
shortened !  
May fortune be ever thy slave ;  
And may the heads of those who wish evil to thee be  
abased !  
May the star of thy destiny ascend to the ninth  
heaven ;  
And may the Moon and Jupiter be the protectors of  
thy throne !  
May the world be irradiated from the splendour of  
thy crown ;  
And may kings be servants in thy court !  
When he had written this Letter, he consigned it to  
his treasury,  
And continued to live in this transitory world in fear  
and trembling.

FROM THE MUBID'S QUESTIONS TO NUSHIRVAN, AND  
HIS REPLIES.

I.—CHILDREN AND KINDRED.

**H**E said to him : “ What is the pleasure of having children ?

And why desire to have a family ? ”

He gave answer : “ He who leaveth the world to his children

Will not himself be forgotten.

When he hath children life has a savour,

And its savour will keep vice at a distance ;

And, when he is passing away, his pangs will be lessened,

If a child be looking on his paling countenance.

Even he who liveth to do good will pass away,

And Time will count out his respirations.”

“ Wherefore, then,” he said, “ praise virtue,

Since Death cometh and moweth down alike the good and the evil ? ”

He replied : “ Good deeds

Will obtain their full value in every place :

The man who died doing good actions is not dead—

He is at rest and hath consigned his soul to God ;

But he is not at rest who remaineth behind,

And leaveth in the world a bad report.”

The Mubid said : “ Of evil things there is nothing worse than Death ;

How can we make provision against that?"  
 He answered him : "When thou passest away from  
     this sombre earth,  
 Thou wilt find a brighter abode ;  
 But he who hath lived in fears and remorse  
 Is compelled to weep over a life so spent.  
 Whether thou be king, or whether thou be of the low-  
     born,  
 Thou wilt have passed away from the terrors and the  
     sorrows of the world."

He said : "Of these two things which is the worst,  
 And which will cause us the greatest pain and unhapi-  
     ness?"

He replied : "Be assured that nothing will press upon  
     thee with the weight of a mountain,  
 If it come as a multitude, like Remorse.  
 In the world there is nothing so strong as Remorse !  
 What terror is there, if it be not the terror of  
     Remorse ?"

## II.—DESTINY.

**T**H E Mubid asked : "What are we to think of the  
     action of the heavenly sphere ?  
 Interpret to me its revelations and its mysteries.  
 Are we to accept and approve its operations,  
 Even if its mutations bring with them what seems not  
     salutary ?"

He gave answer : “ This aged sphere,  
 Though it is charged with knowledge and memories ;  
 Though it is great, and powerful, and loftier than  
     aught else ;  
 And though it is lord above all lords,  
 Follow not thou its ordinances, nor approve them ;  
 Look not to it for advantage or disadvantage.  
 Know that evil and good are from Him that hath no  
     partner ;  
 Whose operations have no beginning and have no end.  
 When He says BE ! it is done to His hand ;  
 He Was, and ever Was ; and Is, and ever Is.”

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### III.—HOW WE MAY BEST SERVE GOD.

**S**EAT thyself always in the society of the wise,  
 And strive after those enjoyments which are  
     eternal ;  
 For earthly enjoyments will pass away,  
 And the wise man will not reckon them enjoyments.  
 Incline thine affections to learning and knowledge,  
 For these must show thee thy way towards God.  
 Do not let thy words go beyond measure,  
 For thou art but a young creature, and the world is  
     old.  
 Suffer not thyself to be intoxicated by the revolutions  
     of Fortune,

And let thy companionship not be with evil men.  
Tear away thy heart from that which cannot be,  
And bestow all that it is in thy power to bestow.  
Withhold not whatsoever thou hast from a friend,  
Even if he ask for thine eye, thy brain, or thy skin.  
If a friend would settle an account with a friend,  
Let him not admit an intermediate in the matter.  
If thou must have intercourse with an evil-minded  
man,  
Give him no opportunity of laying his hand upon  
thee.  
If any one would open the path of intimacy,  
Take care that he is a man of virtue, and modesty,  
and gentleness.  
Let not thy tongue go beyond thy merits,  
For the just man will not number false pretences as  
merits :  
He will not hold any one great for his possessions,  
Nor, on the other hand, esteem any one mean for his  
poverty.

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THE RAJA OF INDIA SENDS A CHESSBOARD TO  
NUSHIRVAN.

WHEN this heart-absorbing question was brought  
to an end,  
My narrative must proceed to the subject of Chess.<sup>10</sup>

A Mubid related, how one day the King  
Suspended his crown over the ivory throne,  
All aloes-wood and ivory, and all ivory and aloes ;  
Every pavilion a court, and every court a royal one ;  
All the Hall of Audience crowned with soldiers ;  
Every pavilion filled with Mubids and Wardens of the  
Marches,

From Balkh, and Bokhara, and from every frontier—  
For the King of the world had received advices  
From his vigilant and active emissaries,

That an Ambassador had arrived from a King of India,  
With the parasol, and elephants, and cavalry of Sind,  
And, accompanied by a thousand laden camels,  
Was on his way to visit the Great King.

When the circumspect Monarch heard this news,  
Immediately he despatched an escort to receive him.  
And when the illustrious and dignified Ambassador  
Came into the presence of the Great King,  
According to the manner of the great, he pronounced  
a benediction,

And uttered the praise of the Creator of the world.  
Then he scattered before him abundance of jewels,  
And presented the parasol, the elephants, and the  
ear-rings ;

The Indian parasol embroidered with gold,  
And inwoven with all kinds of precious stones.  
Then he opened the packages in the midst of the  
court,

And displayed each one, article by article, before the  
King.

Within the chest was much silver, and gold,  
And musk, and amber, and fresh wood of aloes,  
Of rubies, and diamonds, and Indian swords,  
Each Indian sword beautifully damascened ;  
Every thing which is produced in Kanūj and Mai  
Hand and foot were busy to put in its place.  
They placed the whole together in front of the throne,  
And the Chief, the favoured of wakeful Fortune,  
Surveyed all that the Raja had painstakingly collected,  
And then commanded that it should be sent to his  
treasury.

Then the Ambassador presented, written on silk,  
The letter which the Raja had addressed to  
Nushirvan ;

And a chessboard, wrought with such exceeding labour,  
That the pains bestowed upon it might have emptied  
a treasury.

And the Indian delivered a message from the Raja :  
“So long as the heavens revolve, may thou be  
established in thy place !

All who have taken pains to excel in knowledge,  
Command to place this chessboard before them,  
And to exert their utmost ingenuity  
To discover the secret of this noble game.  
Let them learn the name of every piece,  
Its proper position, and what is its movement.  
Let them make out the foot-soldier of the army,  
The elephant, the rook, and the horseman,  
The march of the vizier and the procession of the  
king.

If they discover the science of this noble game,  
 They will have surpassed the most able in science.  
 Then the tribute and taxes which the King hath  
 demanded

I will cheerfully send all to his court.

But if the congregated sages, men of Irān,  
 Should prove themselves completely at fault in this  
 science,

Then, since they are not strong enough to compete  
 with us in knowledge,

Neither should they desire taxes or tribute from this  
 land and country :

Rather ought we to receive tribute from you,  
 Since knowledge hath a title beyond all else.”

Khosru gave heart and ear to the speaker,  
 And impressed on his memory the words which he  
 heard.

They placed the chessboard before the King,  
 Who gazed attentively at the pieces a considerable  
 time.

Half the pieces on the board were of brilliant ivory,  
 The other half of finely imaged teak-wood.

The nicely-observant King questioned him much  
 About the figures of the pieces and the beautiful board.  
 The Indian said in answer : “ O thou great Monarch,  
 All the modes and customs of war thou wilt see,  
 When thou shalt have found out the way to the game ;  
 The plans, the marches, the array of the battle-field.”  
 He replied : “ I shall require the space of seven days ;

On the eighth we will encounter thee with a glad mind."

They furnished forthwith a pleasant apartment,  
And assigned it to the Ambassador as his dwelling.

Then the Mubid and the skilful to point out the way  
Repaired with one purpose to the presence of the King.

They placed the chessboard before them,  
And observed it attentively time without measure.

They sought out and tried every method,  
And played against one another in all possible ways.  
One spoke and questioned, and another listened,  
But no one succeeded in making out the game.  
They departed, each one with wrinkles on his brow ;  
And Buzarchamahar went forthwith to the King.

He perceived that he was ruffled and stern about this matter,

And in its beginning foresaw an evil ending.

Then he said to Khosru : "O Sovereign,  
Master of the world, vigilant, and worthy to command,  
I will reduce to practice this noble game ;

All my intelligence will I exert to point out the way."

Then the King said : "This affair is thine affair ;  
Go thou about it with a clear mind and a sound body,  
Otherwise the Raja of Kanūj would say,  
' He hath not one man who can search out the road,'  
And this would bring foul disgrace on my Mubids,  
On my court, on my throne, and on all my wise men."

Then Buzarchamahar made them place the chessboard  
before him,  
And seated himself, full of thought, and expanded his  
countenance.  
He sought out various ways, and moved the pieces to  
the right hand and to the left,  
In order that he might discover the position of every  
piece.  
When, after a whole day and a whole night, he had  
found out the game,  
He hurried from his own pavilion to that of the King,  
And exclaimed : " O King, whom Fortune crowneth  
with victory,  
At last I have made out these figures and this chess-  
board.  
By a happy chance, and by the favour of the Ruler of  
the world,  
The mystery of this game hath found its solution.  
Call before thee the Ambassador and all who care  
about it ;  
But the King of kings ought to be the first to behold it.  
You would say at once, without hesitation,  
It is the exact image of a battle-field."  
The King was right glad to hear this news ;  
He pronounced him the Fortunate, and the bearer of  
good tidings.  
He commanded that the Mubids, and other counse-  
lors,  
And all who were renowned for their wisdom should  
be assembled ;

And ordered that the Ambassador should be summoned to the Presence,  
And that he should be placed on a splendid throne.

Then Buzarchamahar, addressing him, said :  
“ O Mubid, bright in council as the sun,  
Tell us, what said the King about these pieces,  
So may intelligence be coupled with thee for ever ! ”

And this was his answer : “ My Master, prosperous in  
his undertakings,  
When I was summoned and appeared before him,  
Said to me : ‘ These pieces of teak and ivory  
Place before the throne of him who weareth the  
crown,  
And say to him— Assemble thy Mubids and coun-  
sellors,  
And seat them, and place the pieces before them.  
If they succeed in making out the noble game,  
They will win applause and augment enjoyment :  
Then slaves and money, and tribute and taxes,  
I will send to him as far as I have the means ;  
For a monarch is to be esteemed for his wisdom,  
Not for his treasure, or his men, or his lofty throne.  
But if the King and his counsellors are not able to do  
all this,  
And their minds are not bright enough to compre-  
hend it,  
He ought not to desire from us tribute or treasure,  
And his wise soul, alas ! must come to grief ;

And when he seeth our minds and genius to be  
subtler than theirs,  
Rather will he send them to us in greater abundance.””

Then Buzarchamahar brought the chess-men and  
board,  
And placed them before the throne of the watchful  
King,  
And said to the Mubids and counsellors :  
“ O ye illustrious and pure-hearted sages,  
Give ear all of you to the words he hath uttered,  
And to the observations of his prudent Chief.”

Then the knowing-man arranged a battle-field,  
Giving to the King the place in the centre ;  
Right and left he drew up the army,  
Placing the foot-soldiers in front of the battle.  
A prudent vizier he stationed beside the King,  
To give him advice on the plan of the engagement ;  
On each side he set the elephants of war [our bishops],  
To support one another in the midst of the combat.  
Further on he assigned their position to the war-  
steeds [our knights],  
Placing upon each a horseman eager for the battle.  
Lastly, right and left, at the extremities of the field,  
He stationed the heroes [the rooks] as rivals to each  
other.

When Buzarchamahar had thus drawn up the army,  
The whole assembly was lost in astonishment ;  
But the Indian Ambassador was exceedingly grieved,

And stood motionless at the sagacity of that Fortune-favoured man.

Stupefied with amazement, he looked upon him as a magician,

And his whole soul was absorbed in his reflections.

"For never hath he seen," he said, "a chessboard before,

Nor ever hath he heard about it from the experienced men of India.

I have told him nothing of the action of these pieces,  
Not a word have I said about this arrangement and purpose.

How then hath this revelation come down upon him?

No one in the world will ever take his place!"

And Khosru was so proud of Buzarchamahar,  
Thou mightest say that he was looking Fortune in the face.

He was gladdened at his heart, and loaded him with caresses,

And ordered him a more than ordinary dress of honour,

And commanded to be given him a royal cup

Filled to the brim with princely jewels,

And a quantity of money, and a charger and a saddle,

And dismissed him from the Presence overwhelmed with praises.

## ARDASHIR'S ADDRESS TO THE NOBLES OF PERSIA.

WHEN from Greece to China, from Turistan to Hindustan,  
The world had become brilliant as the silk of Rūm,  
And tribute and customs had been gathered in from every province,  
And no one had strength to resist its Lord,  
Ardashir called together all the grandees of Persia,  
And seated them according to their ranks on their princely thrones.

Then the Master of the world stood up and uttered good and righteous words :

“O most illustrious men of your country,  
Who have all of you your portion of intelligence and wisdom,  
Know that the swiftly-revolving sphere is not indulgent through justice,

Nor holdeth out its arms through benevolence.  
Every one whom it willeth, it exalteth to dignity ;  
And whomsoever it willeth, it abaseth to the sombre dust :

Nothing but his name will remain on the earth,  
And all the fruits of his anxiety will pass into oblivion.  
Strive not then for anything except a good name,  
All ye who hope for a good end.  
Turn thou to God !—open thyself to God !

For He it is who possesseth, and can augment thy felicity.

In every evil let the Lord of the universe be thy refuge,  
For He it is who hath the power over good and evil.  
He can make easy to thee every difficulty ;  
From Him cometh heart-cheering and victorious fortune.

First of all, take example from my own affairs ;  
Renew the memory of my own past, good and evil.  
As soon as I made the Ruler of the world my refuge,  
My heart was rejoiced with the crown and royalty ;  
And the lands of the seven zones became my kingdom,  
As He, in His sovereign authority, judged proper.  
Whoever shall offer Him praise worthy of His works,  
Perchance his service He will remember,  
And show to him His greatness and His power.  
Stretch forth all ye your hands towards God ;  
Labour and faint not in your compact with Him.  
For He is the giver, and He is the possessor,  
And He is the painter of the lofty skies.  
To him who hath suffered oppression He will bring assistance.

Glorify not yourselves, any of you, in the face of His glory.

Let each one beware how he setteth his heart upon fraud ;

After the rise followeth the descent.

Hold not any one knowledge in contempt,  
Whether he be subject or king ;

For never doth the word of the wise man become old.  
The dread of committing a fault is more than the  
fetters and prison of the King.

One thing also I will tell you,  
Which is higher than aught that you have seen or  
thought :

Happy he who hath made the world happier,  
And whose secret acts and open ones are all the  
same.

Happy, too, he who has a soft voice, and an intelli-  
gent mind,

And a modest air, and earnest speech.

Watch over thine expenditure, for he who through  
vain glory

Spendeth uselessly what he hath on empty follies  
Will receive neither return nor praise from anyone,  
Nor the approval of him who serveth God.

If thou choose the middle way, thou mayest keep thy  
place,

And men of sense will pronounce thee wise.

To pass quietly through the world four paths lie before  
thee,

Which thou mayest tread in piety and faith ;  
In which thou mayest increase thy health of body and  
peace of mind,

And taste the honey without the poison.

First, through ambition or avarice, attempt not to go  
Beyond what the bounty of the All-giver hath assigned  
thee :

Whoever is contented, he is rich ;

For him the rose-tree of the fresh spring leaveth  
innumerable flowers.

Secondly, court not battles and glory,  
For battles and glory bring with them grief and pain.  
Thirdly, keep thine heart afar from sorrow,  
And be not anxious about the trouble which is not  
yet come.

Fourthly, meddle not in a matter which is not thine :  
Pursue not the game which concerneth not thee.  
O thou who wouldest penetrate to the marrow of the  
subject,

Break off thy heart from this old hostelry,  
For, like you and me, it hath seen many guests,  
Nor will it suffer any one long to rest within it.  
Whether thou be king, or whether thou be servant,  
Thou must pass on, whilst itself remains permanent.  
Whether thou be in sorrow, or whether thou be  
enthroned and crowned,

Thou must at a word bind up thy package.  
If thou art made of iron, Destiny will wear thee down,  
And when thou art aged he will not fondle thee.  
When the heart-delighting cypress is bowed,  
When the sad narcissus is weeping,  
When the rosy cheek is saffron,  
When the head of the joyous man is heavy,  
When the spirit slumbereth, and when what was erect  
is bowed down—

Wouldst thou remain alone, the companions of thy  
journey all departed ?

Whether thou be monarch, or whether thou be subject,

No other resting-place shalt thou have than the dark earth.

Where are the mighty ones with their thrones and crowns ?

Where are the horsemen elated with victory ?

Where those bold and intelligent warriors ?

Where those valiant and exalted chieftains ?

Their only pallet now is the earth and a few bricks—  
Happy, if only they have left a fair fame ! ”

#### LAST WORDS OF ARDASHIR TO HIS SON.

THE foundation of a King’s throne may be shaken  
in three ways :

First, because the King is an unjust one ;

Secondly, because he bringeth forward an unprincipled man,

And exalteth him above the virtuous one ;

Thirdly, when he expendeth his riches on himself,  
Or laboureth only to make his treasure more.

Make thyself conspicuous for justice and liberality,  
And suffer no false person to come nigh unto thee.

Falsehood darkeneth the countenance of a King ;  
An evil-minded man will lose all his splendour.

Take heed that thou guard not thy treasure too closely,  
For men through money fall into affliction.

Whenever the King is seized with the passion of  
avarice,

He exposeth the bodies of his subjects to suffering.

Exert thyself to keep anger at a distance ;

Close thine eye as in sleep to the fault of the misdoer.

If thou yieldest to anger, shame will follow thee.

When he maketh his apology, apply the remedy—  
forgiveness.

When the King abandoneth himself to anger,

The wise man will esteem him of little worth.

Since it is a fault in a King to wish evil to any one,

He should study to fill his heart with kindness.

Such is the action of the revolving sphere,

Sometimes it bringeth pain, and sometimes gladness.

Sometimes Fortune is like a vicious horse,

And in the midst of thy prosperity its caprice involveth  
thee in misfortune.

At another time it is a charger at full speed,

Tossing its head on high in its good will.

Know, my son, that this palace of deception

Will not permit thee to enjoy thyself without terrors.

Watch over thy body and over thy mind,

If thou desirest that thy day should not turn to evil.

When the King payeth homage to religion,

Religion and royalty are brethren ;

Nor can religion be stable without royalty,

Nor can royalty be permanent without religion :

They are two foundations interlaced with one another,

Which intelligence hath combined in one.

Religion cannot do without royalty,  
Neither can royalty be maintained without religion :  
They are like two sentinels keeping guard over one  
another

Under the same tent [or cloak] ;  
Neither can this one do without that,  
Nor can that one do without this :  
Thou wouldest say that they are two partners,  
Associated for the purpose of doing good.

Leave not till to-morrow the business of to-day ;  
Nor place upon a throne one who counseleth to  
evil.

Fear the evil men who contrive evil in secret,  
For from bad men who work in secret cometh the  
misery of the world.

Trust not thy secret to a confidant,  
For he, too, will have his associates and friends,  
And it will be spread abroad through the whole city,  
And men will call thee weak-headed,  
And the wise ones will tell thee that anger becometh  
thee not.

In no wise ask about the faults of others,  
For he who reporteth the faults of others will report  
thine also :

And if passion gaineth the mastery over reason,  
The wise will not count thee amongst men.

The sovereign of the world, who should be benevolent  
to every one,  
Ought to be a man of intelligence ;

And God forbid that one of sharp and arrogant disposition,

Who turneth not away from calumnies and reproaches,  
Should take his place beside thee,  
Or be a counsellor and guide to thee.

If thou desirest that the pure in heart should praise  
thee,

Lay aside anger and vengeance when thou becomest  
King.

Be not a man of many words,  
And parade not thy virtues in the face of others.  
Listen to every word, and remember the best ;  
And look well before thou takest any one to thy  
heart.

Weigh well thy words in the presence of the learned ;  
Show to every one a courteous demeanour and a  
pleasant countenance.

Treat not with contempt the poor petitioner ;  
And seat not the malevolent man upon a throne.  
If any one asketh pardon for his fault, receive it,  
And take not vengeance for a past injury.

Be a just judge and a providence to all :  
Happy the man who is generous and patient !  
When thine enemy feareth thee, he will use flattering  
words ;

But do thou then array thine army, and sound the  
drum,

And throw thyself into the battle,  
Till his hand become weak and he retire.

But if he seek peace, and thou seest that he is sincere,  
And that there is no falsehood in his heart,  
Take tribute from him, and seek not vengeance,  
And have respect to his honour.

Adorn thy mind with knowledge, for knowledge  
maketh thy worth ;

And when thou knowest, practise what thou knowest.  
If thou art generous, thou wilt be beloved ;  
And with justice and knowledge thou wilt become  
illustrious.

Lay to thy soul the injunctions of thy father,  
And preserve them for a memorial to thy children.  
When I have left to my children their rightful heritage,  
I shall have done an injury to no one.  
And thou, do not neglect these my injunctions,  
And do not for an instant pervert my words.  
Turn towards the good, and let the bad be as the wind.  
Grieve not my spirit by any perversity, nor my frail  
body with fire.

Employ not thy power, O my son, to do evil to others,  
And seek not to pain or afflict any one.

Now I am prepared for my departure :  
Commit me to the tomb, and do thou ascend thy  
throne.

I have borne many sorrows in the world,  
Some in public, others in secret ;  
Gladden my spirit by thy justice, and be victorious  
and joyful on thy throne !

## THE GARDENS OF AFRASIAH.

SEEEST thou yonder plain, so red and yellow,  
Which might fill the heart of a brave man with  
delight?—

All grove, and garden, and running waters;  
A place fit for a Court of Heroes!  
The ground pictured silk, and its air fragrant with  
musk;  
Thou mightest almost say, that its streamlets were  
rose-water.

The stalk of the jasmine bendeth beneath its load,  
The rose is the idol, and the nightingale its worshipper.  
The pheasant strutteth about in the midst of flowers;  
The turtle-dove cooeth, and the nightingale warbleth  
from the cypress.

From the present moment to the latest times  
The banks of its rivulets will resemble Paradise.  
Fairy-faced damsels wilt thou see on every hill and in  
every dale,

And seated in gay groups on every side.  
There, Manisha, the daughter of Afrasiab,  
Maketh the whole garden dazzling as the sun!  
There, Sitarah, his second daughter, sitteth in royal  
glory amidst her attendants,  
Adorning the plain and eclipsing the rose and the lily!  
All veiled and lovely maidens, all tall and elegant as  
the cypress,

All graced with musky ringlets,  
All with rosy cheeks and sleepy eyes,  
All with ruby lips, and sweet as rose-water.  
Were we to make a single day's journey,  
And rush suddenly on that palace of delights,  
We might capture some of those fairy-faced damsels,  
And make ourselves precious in the sight of Khosru.

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#### INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF HORMUZ.

THE month Tammuz [July] smiled at the red apples,  
And sportively rallied the apple-tree about its fruit and its leaves :  
Where is that nosegay of roses which in the spring-tide,  
Drunk with joy, thou didst wear in thy bosom—  
Which from its colour breathed a hue of modesty,  
And from its stalk exhaled a perfume of tenderness ?  
What hast thou done with it?—who hath been the purchaser of it ?  
Where didst thou find for it so capital a market ?  
Who hath given thee in exchange for it those corne-lians and emeralds,  
The great weight of which boweth down thy branches ?  
Assuredly, thou must have asked a good price for thy flowers,

And thus adorned thy cheek with those lovely colours !  
A hue of bashfulness tingeth thy neck ;  
Thy garment is scented with a musky fragrance.  
Perchance thou hast stolen the sheen of thy robe from  
Jupiter ;  
Thy pearls thou hast spotted with drops of blood.  
Thy bosom is become emerald, thy skin violet ;  
Thy head is more exalted than the standard of  
Kawa [the standard of Persia].  
With thy garment, become russet, and yellow, and  
white,  
Thou hast rendered me hopeless of the leaves of thy  
blossom.  
O mine idol ! O my spring ! whither art thou gone ?  
Why hast thou hidden the ornament of thy garden ?  
The autumn still exhibiteth the perfume of thy zephyrs.  
In a cup of wine I will renew thy memory ;  
When thy colours shall have become yellow, I will yet  
praise thee ;  
I will still adorn thee as the diadem of Hormuz :  
And if to-day my marketing be successful,  
Thou shalt yet see traces of me after my death.

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## REFLECTIONS OF FERDUSI ON OLD AGE AND DEATH.

WHAT sayeth the ambitious chief of the village,  
my teacher ?

What of the mutations of the revolving spheres ?  
One day we are climbing, another we are descending ;  
Now we are cheerful, and now we are in anxiety.  
Our end is a pillow upon the dark earth ;  
For one in high places, for another in a ditch.  
We have no token from those who are departed,  
Whether they are awake and happy, or whether they  
are asleep.

In this world, however little of happiness hath been  
our portion,

Yet have we no desire for death.

Whether thou be'st a hundred years old, or whether  
thou be'st twenty and five,

It is all one, when the memory cometh to thee of the  
day of anguish.

Whether he can speak of life as cheerful and delicate,  
Or whether he speak of it as full of pain, and anxiety,  
and sorrow,

Never yet have I seen any one who wished to die :  
Whether he was one who had strayed out of the right  
way, or whether he was one of virtuous habits ;  
Whether he was one of the faithful, or whether he was  
an impious adorer of idols,

When Death cometh he will place both hands upon  
his head.

When, old man, thy years shall have passed sixty and one,  
The cup and the wine and repose will have lost their savour ;  
And the man who hath attained sound sense and wisdom  
Will not attach his heart to this transitory resting-place.  
Of thy friends, many will remain behind, and many will have gone before ;  
And thou, with thy cup, wilt have been left alone in the desert.  
If thou dost not well consider in the beginning what thou hast to do,  
Repentance without remedy will be thy portion at the end.  
Rejoice not, if thou hast done evil ;  
For thou wilt have injured thyself, if thou shalt have injured another.  
However many years thou mayest still be here,  
Know that thy departure will come at last ;  
Therefore increase in goodness so long as thou art here,  
That, when thou departest, in that thou mayest still be joyful :  
According to our words and deeds in this life,  
Will be hereafter the remembrance of us in the world.  
For myself, from the revolution of the spheres I ask only,  
That so much time and so much cheerfulness of spirit may be left me,

That these histories and these traditions, which have  
become ancient,  
And over which so may years have passed,  
From the time of Kaiumeras [the first king] to that of  
Yezdejerd [the last],  
I may connect together and disperse abroad by my  
writings ;  
And may clear this garden of its deforming weeds,  
And revive the words and deeds of the King of kings :  
Then will I not grieve to depart,  
And abandon this temporary halting-place.



## N O T E S.

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1 Other accounts say that this encounter took place, not fortuitously at the entrance of Ferdusi into Ghazni, but in a court or garden of the King's palace, and in his presence : a kind of competitive examination. Probably neither account is much to be trusted as absolutely correct, and is to be received only as an illustration of Oriental ideas and feeling about the Poet.

2 This is very likely only an approximative estimate. Mr. Turner Macan, the learned and laborious editor of the printed edition of the *Shah-Namah*, in 4 vols., Calcutta, 1829, says in the Preface, vol. I, page 39 : "Ferdusi himself alludes to this number, but it may be doubted if he did not calculate in a loose and general manner, and without having counted the verses. But whatever number of couplets this poem may have originally contained, I have never seen a manuscript with more than fifty-six thousand six hundred and eighty-five, including doubtful and spurious passages. The present edition contains fifty-five thousand two hundred and four, exclusive of the Appendix." It is not wonderful that, in so long a work, preserved for so many centuries only in MSS., transcribed by so many hands, and in so widely separated countries, many variations of readings and many omissions and discrepancies should have crept into the copies. Rather it is wonderful that they should have maintained such resemblance as still exists.

3 Preface to Lumsden's edition of Ferdusi, Calcutta, 1811, page 3. This, the first attempt at a printed text of the original, was intended to have been produced in eight volumes folio, and

to have comprised the whole of the *Shah-Namah*. But, though the editor received the patronage and aid of the East India Company, he was unhappily obliged to abandon his task, for which great preparation had been made and under most favourable circumstances, on account of the expense of printing, &c.— It may not be unsuitable to mention here, that the magnificent edition of the *Shah-Namah*, undertaken by the late Professor Mohl, at Paris, under royal and imperial authority, with an elegant translation into French on the opposite page, which had slowly reached its fifth volume in folio, is suspended for the present by the death of its lamented author; whether with the materials collected for finishing it, and the intention of doing so under another editor, is not known to the writer. The complete edition, in four octavo volumes, by Turner Macan, is mentioned in Note 2, above; and some Persian students of the *Shah-Namah* may be glad to be informed that the writer of this note has now lying before him the first number of a new edition of the entire work by Professor J. A. Vuller, to be published, at 5s. 4d. the number. *Lug. Bat. sumptibus E. J. Brill, 1876.* [Professor Vuller's edition of the *Shah-Namah* is still (1882) in course of publication, and probably far from being completed, only a number or two besides the first volume having appeared.]

4 Compare Ovid :

Jamque opus, exegi, &c.;

and Horace :

Exegi monumentum ære perennius, &c.

Is there not rather something fine in this proud consciousness of genius, relying on its own internal strength, not on the weak and mutable opinion of others, in these confident anticipations of immortal fame, the richest reward of the poet? Who, that has read the pathetic complaint of Camoens, at the end of the 5th Canto of the *Lusiad*, does not rejoice to know that, amidst poverty and neglect, he was yet cheered with the hope that justice would one day be done to his injured merit?

5 As it may throw light on this and some other passages, it may, perhaps, not be unimportant briefly to notice that a great and essential difference lies between our writers and those of the East, in the use of comparisons and similitudes. We require the thing compared to agree with the object of comparison in the major part, or, at least, in a considerable number of its points ; whereas the Eastern poet seeks only for a single point of resemblance. For example : no comparison occurs more frequently in Persian poetry than that between a beautiful woman and the moon—a comparison which, with our ideas, is apt to excite some ludicrous associations. Yet it is certain that no such associations enter into the mind of the Persian poet, who simply means to ascribe to the countenance of his mistress the mild radiance and softened lustre so beautifully assigned to that planet by Pope, in these exquisite verses :

So when the sun's broad beam has tired the sight,  
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light ;  
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,  
And unobserved the glaring orb declines.

In this, and in all similar cases, it would be a good rule for the translator from the Persian to introduce now and then a word which should mark the point of resemblance : “an eye *radian* as the moon” ; “a hero *strong* as an elephant, and *valiant* as a lion.” It may just be observed, in passing, that this Oriental use of figures illustrates the application of many parables in the sacred writings ; those, for instance, of the “Unjust Steward” and “The Importunate Widow.”—Those who wish for more information on this subject will meet with some curious observations in Professor Lumisden’s *Persian Grammar*, vol. 2, p. 494.

6 Thus also, in Pope’s *Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard* :

Should at my feet the world's great master fall,  
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all ;  
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove—  
No ! make me mistress to the man I love.

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7 Those who are interested in such inquiries will meet with a curious dissertation on the high respect paid to certain trees in the East, to which allusion may here be made in the appendix to the first volume of Sir William Ouseley's *Travels in Persia*, pages 359-401.

8 According to the Eastern legend, Darab, the predecessor and father of Dara (the Darius of the Greeks) married Nahid, a daughter of Failakas (Philip of Macedon) and was the father of Alexander. Nahid was on a visit at the court of her father, when Iskandar (or Alexander) was born. Philip was overjoyed at the event, and, having no son of his own, determined to keep it secret, and made Iskandar his heir. Darab afterwards married a second wife, and was the father of Dara. Dara and Iskandar were therefore, according to the story, half-brothers.

9 By the "lofty sphere" is meant Fate, Destiny, or more correctly, the Divine Providence. Regarding the use of this term by Mohammedan writers, see "Ottoman Poems," translated by Mr. E. J. W. Gibb (London : Trübner & Co.), Note 114, where Mr. J. W. Redhouse is quoted in refutation of the notion prevalent among Europeans that Islām and Fatalism are synonymous.

10 This account of the Game of Chess, written by Ferdusi more than eight hundred years ago, is curious, as showing the antiquity of the game, its resemblance to it as now played, and the tradition that it was invented in India, and came originally from that country.

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N I Z A M I.

*Especially desirable is a book on the Lives of the Asiatic Poets, a work which, in my opinion, would be not only very useful, but, on account of its novelty, extremely pleasant. And it would be a laudable undertaking to recall so many excellent men, endowed with wonderful genius, to fresh light, and, as it were, to a new life.—Translated from Sir W. Jones' Poeseos Asiaticæ Comment: (Part V., ch. 19).*

## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

THIS little work is a contribution to the history of Persian literature, translated from the German of Dr. Wilhelm Bacher, which was published, at Leipzig, in 1871. It consists properly of two distinct essays, but closely connected in the subject and author of which they treat. The first essay is a Memoir of the Life and Writings of NIZAMI, a Persian poet, who flourished in the twelfth century, and who acquired and has preserved a rank of the very first order in the literature of his country. His life and character, and the nature and merits of his several productions, are so fully detailed in the memoir that it is quite unnecessary to say more about them here. The second essay is a very complete analysis of one of his most important poems, which, so far as the Translator is aware, has received very little of the attention from Western writers on Oriental subjects which its excellence and the interest of its matter deserve; and which would appear, from circumstances which may be seen in the Life, to have maintained, even in the East, less notoriety than the celebrity of the author and the popularity of his other productions might be supposed to have secured. In many of the MSS. this piece seems to be wanting. An edition of it has been printed at Calcutta, in parts, under the title of *Sikandar-namah-i-Bahari*, or the Book of Alexander the Navigator, of which Dr. Bacher does not appear to have possessed the whole.

A single word about the translation is all that is necessary. It has been made as faithfully as the Translator was able,

according to his knowledge, from the German original, except in the case of the numerous extracts from Nizami's poems. These Dr. Bacher has rendered in poetry also, and though quite correct as to the meaning of the passages cited, he has been obliged, apparently on this account, to deviate occasionally a little more from the original than to the Translator seemed desirable ; especially as in translating from a poetical version quite literally, he would have been in danger of departing yet a little more from the Persian text : and he thinks that in the rendering of an Oriental work the reader should be put in possession, as nearly as possible, not only of the thoughts and images, but of the form and language of the author. He has therefore carefully compared all the extracts with the original Persian to the best of his knowledge of it, which he frankly confesses is far from perfect ; and, with Dr. Bacher's version to assist him, has made his own version as literal as the differences of the Persian and English idioms, and his wish to give it, as far as was consistent with that first object, a poetical and rhythmical expression, would permit.—It may be well to say also, that he has not thought it necessary for his particular purpose to translate Dr. Bacher's notes and proofs.

This little work now offered to the English reader has been full of interest for the Translator, and he would fain hope will interest a few others whose tastes and studies lie in the same direction. They will probably be, comparatively speaking, but few. The majority of men are naturally engrossed with their daily avocations and with the events which are passing around them, and when they read, they, as naturally, like to read what bears upon the matters which immediately concern them. But

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there are a few, here and there, who do not like to think of the long ages which have passed before they were born as a blank, and who find a pleasure in lifting the veil when they are able, and peopling it with human forms and animating it with human thoughts and human affections. And there are some to whom it is an increase of the pleasure, when the individual so recalled to existence is one who has passed it under circumstances quite different from their own, and whose mind and character have been moulded under other influences, other manners and customs, faiths and institutions. To those few this portraiture of such an individual is addressed, and they will freely acknowledge that they are indebted to Dr. Bacher for so bringing Nizami before them.

S. R.

*Wilmslow, 1873.*





## NIZAMI.

PART FIRST: HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.



### I.—ESTABLISHMENT OF THE DATES.

**T**H E statements which are contained in Oriental sources as to the year of Nizami's death diverge, in their extreme limits, more than twenty years, and unhappily European authors have inclined to that side which, according to what follows, is submitted as the incorrect account. Daulet Shah, in his biography, which gives only very scanty and quite insufficient notices with regard to our poet, says, that Nizami died in some month of the year 576 of the Hejra. This date has been adopted by Haji

Khalfa also, in one place ; whilst in other places of his Dictionary he has named quite different dates, viz., twice A.H. 596, once 597, and finally 599. Now the first named date, A.H. 576, is the one which has been adopted by the most eminent writers. So Von Hammer, in his history of Persian polite literature, and Von Erdman, who yet expressly adds, that Haji Khalfa incorrectly states (*perperam*) that Nizami died A.H. 597. Flügel, in his account of Persian literature, names likewise the year 576 ; in which, nevertheless, the peculiar contradiction has crept in, that evidently the year 1199 is set down instead of A.D. 1180. Dorn, in his treatise towards a history of the Shirvan dynasty, uses the same number as an approximative ascertainment of a date with regard to a Prince of Shirwan. Mohl, in his preface to the *Shah-Namah*, allows Nizami to live from A.H. 513 to 576. And yet the poet himself has left, here and there, in his works, not only hints but plain statements for the time that he lived, which go far beyond 576, and inattention to which can be explained only by the fact, that they have not hitherto been made the object of a critical examination. That these statements are quite exact is testified by the manner in which they have been delivered to us. According to the custom of Mohammedan authors, Nizami in three of his poems tells us exactly the time of their composition.

The first time that he does this is in the *Khosru and Shirin*. In the dedication of this, our poet's first epic, the opening verses are :

When the Sultan, the sovereign of the world, the Favourite of Fortune,  
 May his throne and his crown be resplendent !  
 The enlightener of the throne of the realms of intelligence,  
 The claimant of dominion in the kingdom of life,  
 The asylum of the empire, the King of kings, Toghrul,  
 The Lord of the universe, the just monarch,  
 Was confirmed in his sovereignty with crown and throne,  
 And sat in the place of Arslān,  
 Then I opened the door of my treasure-house,  
 And laid the foundation of this my building.

According to this passage, *Khosru and Shirin* was produced in the year A.H. 571, when Toghrul, after the death of Arslān, his father, became Sultan. This is fully confirmed by another verse of this same poem. In the last section but one Nizami boasts :

Five hundred and seventy-one years have passed away,  
 And no one has impressed such a mole on the downy cheek of beauty.

Further we read in the *Laila and Mejnun*, at the conclusion of the chapter on the occasion of the work :

Bravo ! on the unveiling of this lovely bride !  
 Bravo ! for him that exclaims “ Well done ! ”  
 It was brought to completion under the happiest auspices,  
 In the month of Rajab, and the letters *Thee* and *Fee* and *Dal* : \*  
 The precise date which it brought with it was eighty, and four,  
 and four hundred.

Finally, the appearance of the *Heft Paikar* (the Seven Faces or Planets) is exactly given, and indeed in the concluding section of the work :

\*Letters having a numerical value.

After five and ninety and five hundred years of the Hejra,  
 I composed this wild youthful book,  
 On the fourteenth day of the month of Fasting,  
 When four hours of the day were fully gone.

So that it is clear, at all events, that the higher statements of Haji Khalfa are nearest to the truth, and that it remains only to inquire, which of the three dates named we are to choose. Here we are helped again by the poet's own intimations. In the introduction to the *Laila and Mejnun* it is said once :

From this morning enchantment in which I live [*i.e.* my life],  
 I have already read off the sum of seven sevens.

This somewhat obscure distich receives light from another in the same introduction, which the poet addresses to himself :

Whether thou hast read off only seven sevens,  
 Or whether thou hast existed for seven thousand,  
 Compute, when the final term is completed,  
 Whether it hath not equally exceeded seven thousand years :  
 When our measure is about to be extinguished,  
 Between short and long what is the difference ?

Nizami, then, was at that time nine and forty years old, and with this agrees what he says in the *Alexander-Book*, written three years later :

When my date arrived at fifty years,  
 The condition of the Hastener [on the journey of life] was  
 changed from what it was.

Now there is, with regard to the age which Nizami had reached, very exact information remaining from the hand of a glossarist, to whom perhaps the collec-

tion of the whole of his Quintuple, or Five-books, is to be ascribed. At the end of the *Alexander-Book* are found some verses on the ending of Sheikh Nizami's life, and the length of it :

When Nizami had completed this narrative,  
He lifted up his foot with the purpose of setting out on his  
journey ;  
Nor did much time pass after this  
Before the chronicle of his life was rolled up :  
Six months were added to sixty and three years,  
When he beat on the drum the signal of departure.

Its exactness makes this statement indisputable ; and Nizami, who in A.H. 584 counted forty-nine years, must therefore have died about A.H. 599 [A.D. 1202], with which the highest of the estimates, given by Haji Khalfa as the right ones, agrees.

It remains still to settle with regard to the *Alexander-Book* the time of its composition, which Nizami does not directly give. Now the son of the poet was, at the completion of the *Laila and Mejnun*, fourteen years old. In the admonition addressed to him in that work he says :

Fourteen-years-old joy of mine eyes,  
Mature enough to desire the knowledge of both worlds !

And at the conclusion of the first part of the *Alexander-Book* he says to his son :

Again I have completed another work,  
Again have exalted the head of a graceful cypress ;  
And in maturing its seventeen years' qualities  
The seventeen years' growth is become such as it is.

This poem, then, according to this statement, was produced three years after the *Laila and Mejnun*, and therefore A.H. 587. The date of Nizami's first work, the *Makhzan-al-asrār*, an endeavour will be made to ascertain further on.

For the order in which his works followed one another the poet gives further indications in the *Alexander-Book*, in the before-mentioned admonition to his son :

So now thou hast four weighty books of mine,  
Each one a distinct memorial from me :  
Four brothers are they : thou art the fifth ;  
Four pillars are these : the fifth art thou.

In the introduction to the same work, these four books are expressly named :

First I brought materials to my STOREHOUSE,  
And in doing that I showed no weakness ;  
Then I heaped up the rich and the sweet,  
And mingled them together in SHIRIN AND KHOSRU ;  
Afterwards I raised the veil and opened to view  
The door of Love in LAILA AND MEJNUN ;  
Now in the open plain of eloquence  
I strike the tymbal to the FORTUNES OF ALEXANDER.

That this order of succession found a place in the original arrangement of the "Five Works" is shown by the corresponding works of his imitators ; as the "Quintuple" of Emir Khosru of Delhi, and of Mir Ali Shier. In Jami and Hatifi the order is somewhat altered. Haji enumerates the five divisions of the Nizamian Quintuple quite incorrectly. The *Khosru*

and *Shirin* he puts entirely away, and substitutes for it the two parts of the *Alexander-Book*; leaving the chronological order almost entirely out of sight.

When Nizami collected his *DIWĀN*, or lyrical pieces, we learn from the first verses of the fifth section of the introduction to the *Laila and Mejnun*:

One day I found myself in joyful felicity,  
And royally triumphant like another Kai-Kobad :  
The brightness of my new-moon was expanded ;  
The *Diwān* of Nizami was completed.

Since this day was no other than the one on which he commenced his *Laila and Mejnun*, it may be assumed as certain, that he arranged his *Diwān* in A.H. 584.

## II.—THE LINEAGE OF NIZAMI—HIS MAKHZAN-AL-ASRĀR, OR “STOREHOUSE OF MYSTERIES.”

NI ZAMI, or Abu Mohammed Nizam-ad-Din, was born A.H. 535 [A.D. 1140-41], at Ganjah, in the land of Arrān. His father left him very early an orphan, and when he was well-advanced in manhood we hear the lament of the son still full of sorrow :

Early, like my grandfather, so departed my father,  
Joseph, son of Zaki Muyid.  
Why should I contend with the dominion of Fate?  
It is Fate—wherefore utter a complaint of Fate?

Whose father remaineth and dieth not ? I was born  
 That I should swallow the blood of my father !  
 When I beheld him go away to his fathers,  
 I tore his image from my bleeding heart ;  
 Whatever might happen of bitter or sweet, I submitted,  
 Forgetful of myself, to the divine decree.

To his mother, who was of Kurdish descent, the poet dedicates some verses in the same place, in which he records his deep filial affection and his yearnings :

My mother, of distinguished Kurdish lineage,  
 My mother, in like manner, died before me.  
 To whom can I make my sorrowing supplication  
 To bring her before me to answer my lament ?  
 She devoured griefs beyond all measure,  
 She perished in a whirlpool beyond all depth !  
 My cup of sorrow is far too full,  
 That I should be able to swallow it in a thousand draughts !  
 For this unbounded woe and suffering  
 What remedy is there save Forgetfulness ?

These verses are the only memorials which Nizami has left of his relations with his parents, but they suffice to set his piety in a clear light. We likewise perceive the deep impression which the early death of his father made upon him, and which contributed no less to form that seriousness which accompanied him through his whole life, and to his inclination for a solitary existence, renouncing earthly delights.

Of his remaining relatives, of two only do traces remain. Of an uncle he thinks exactly as of his parents ; perhaps he had stepped into a father's place towards the orphan. He says :

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When my master, whom I called Uncle,  
Ceased to be, and to be my wing,  
The bitter morsel of grief which filled my mouth  
Well nigh stifled the reed of my throat ;  
And I had reason to fear lest the groans I uttered  
Would suffocate my voice like a blue steel chain.

Then there is a brother, of whom we learn through Daulet Shah that he was called Kawami Matarrizi, and belonged to the “Masters of Poetry,” and especially that he composed a Kasidah, or Idyl, in which was exhibited all the fulness of the poetic art. In another place Daulet Shah represents him, immediately after Nizami, as belonging to the poets who were contemporaneous with Ildighiz and his sons. He states also that Nizami, like his brother, was named Matarrizi.

How Nizami’s youthful years were passed, we do not know; at all events he appropriated to himself rich acquisitions of knowledge, of which his very first work affords the proofs. The Sheikh Akhi Farrah Rihani is named by Daulet Shah as his teacher. Of the religious instruction which he received in his paternal city we are able to produce more than mere conjectures. Kasvini, the author of the Cosmography, who flourished not long after him, gives the following sketch of it: “Ganjah is a strong old city in Arrān, one of the frontier districts of Islām, since it lies near Kurg, or Georgia. The city is rich in wealth and the abundance of its productions. Its inhabitants are adherents of the Sunna and traditional

teaching—people of piety and followers of the religious prescriptions, who suffer no one to dwell in their city, who is not of their doctrine and of their faith, in order that it may not be destroyed amongst them. Their principal occupation consists in the handling of arms and the use of warlike instruments, because they live on the borders and in the vicinity of the unbelievers.” This information is indirectly confirmed by the somewhat ancient Yakat, that from Ganjah “very learned men have come out,” of whom he also mentions some by name. From this it is clearly seen how piety became a distinguishing feature in the character and writings of the poet, who on account of his natural gentleness lost its bitterness and intolerance, but in his intimate feeling always inclined to Sufism. The first step which he made from the dry asceticism which he had adopted to a milder view of the world, he has painted for us himself in the introduction to his firstling work. From this it appears, that it was especially the want of vitality in the society into which his pious exercises had brought him, which, even the last, revolted him.

Those two or three friends thou hast are foul ones ;  
Drier are they than a door-knocker.

So calls to him his warning angel. But what weighed upon him still more was the inactivity to which this soul-deadening asceticism condemned him. This left no room for the free expression of his inner heart’s-glow ; allowed no movement to the impulses

of the spirit of poetry with which he was gifted. Every enjoyment of the outward world was forbidden to him by his companions—"those robbers of feeling." Then came over him in one of those wonderful still Oriental nights an illumination. Whilst others are sleeping he sits voiceless, pained by his inner torments, and gropes through his past life. With the insight that it ought not to go on so, comes also the recognition of the path into which he ought to strike. We hear how, in this decisive moment of his life, he suffers himself to be warned and instructed:

The spirit of solitude uttered a voice :  
Give such a pledge as thou wilt be able to redeem.  
Why cast water on this pure flame ?  
Why let the wind over-master thine earth ?  
The fever-bringing dust give to the tomb ;  
To thy ruby give the glowing fire !  
Shoot not the arrow when the butt is thine own reason !  
Use the whip less when the courser is thine own !  
Henceforth thou must not sit careless any more,  
If thine heart be stubborn batter down the door.  
Under the dome of this fair blue canopy  
Sing the story of thine heart like a sweet melody.  
Keep far away from those highwaymen, the passions ;  
Thine heart knoweth the way—consult thine own heart !  
The nature which submitteth itself to the guideship of reason  
Will wait for the ready money of forty years ;  
Rather, till it be matured by forty years, let it be strenuous  
In gathering what is needful for its further journey.  
Now thou needest a friend, indulge delusion no longer.  
Repeat no longer thy forty-years-old lecture,  
Withdraw thine arm from thy garment and seek assistance,  
For thine heart's sorrow, seek one who hath known what sorrow is !

Feed not on grief whilst there is one who hath grieved ;  
 Break the neck of grief by sharing it with a friend.  
 For the soul that is the captive of trouble  
 The Friend of friends is a powerful support.  
 Though kingly state is not to be despised,  
 When I look about I see nothing better than a friend :  
 Nothing that deserves to be chosen in preference to a friend,  
 A familiar friend who will uphold thee by the hand ;  
 Bind him fast by the cords of the heart,  
 And temper thine own clay by mingling it with his water.

And now the hitherto repressed voice of his naturally cheerful and still youthful disposition broke forth with fresh strength. The one-sided direction given to it was broken, and no longer was a gloomy inactivity to rob him of the wise enjoyment of the world of sense. He surrendered himself in trust to the vivid emotions of his own warm heart, as he says himself :

The heart to which the Supreme Lord hath preached  
 Becometh a union of body and soul ;  
 The universe is illumined by the star of the heart,  
 The twins of the heart are form and spirit.

With the shackles which had bound his inward freedom fell also the fetters which had hitherto restrained his poetical talent :

The riches of my heart made my tongue rich also,  
 My nature was filled with gladness and emptied of its sorrows ;  
 My cold tears now flowed from a hot fountain,  
 For the fire of my heart made my pot boil over.

Yet the separation from those who had been his companions hitherto was not altogether easy :

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My fellow-travellers are inexperienced and I am new to travelling ;

Bitterer is separation from friends even than loneliness.

The next fruit of this transformation in Nizami was a collection of didactic poetry, under the title of the "Storehouse of Mysteries." The contents of this work are given by Von Hammer. It is the production of a poetical nature, which is not yet arrived at a full consciousness of its special vocation. What Nizami had hitherto carried about within himself he wished now to express in words : the views and experiences which hitherto had pressed upon himself were now to be communicated to the world, and at the same time the burthen which had weighed him down fell from his heart. But his inclination towards the Epic, which at a later period stepped quite into the foreground, showed itself even here, and so narratives form, as in Sadi's *Bostan*, the accompaniment of the meditations, which, by-the-bye, what Von Hammer does not mark, are filled with a genuine Sufi spirit. That facility in rhyming, of which at a later period Nizami boasts, he has not yet acquired in this his firstling ; he says :

Long must I rest my head upon my knee,  
Before the end of this thread cometh to my fingers.

Of the dignity of his art he was then very conscious, and he gives an animated expression of his intuitive perception of its worth and seriousness :

The mystic word which is veiled in poetry  
Is the shadow of that which is veiled in prophecy.

Before and behind are the ranks of grandeur,  
 Prophecy stands first and in front, poetry behind it ;  
 These two neighbours are intimates of one friend :  
 That is the kernel, this is the rind.

But the poet must know how to preserve his dignity ;  
 must not by flattery treat his art as a cheap ware :

Dead as the gold itself is he who, regardless of aught but  
 money,

Giveth away for gold the minted medal !

Whoever bartereth for gold words bright as the day

Receiveth a stone and hath given away a night-illuming ruby.

Doubtlessly, that tribe which thinketh itself so learned

Is as much lower as it esteemeth itself exalted !

He whose head seemeth encircled with a sultan's crown

May to-morrow feel it a bandage of iron ;

And he who like quicksilver has not felt the sorrow of gold

Remaineth pure silver, and is free from a prince's iron.

This severe reproof, as is shown especially in the first verse, is directed against the countless poets of that time, who, flocking round the thrones of the less and greater princes, resigned themselves and their art as a football to their princely humours. Especially was this the case in Nizami's century, which had produced the greatest eulogistic poet, Anvari. Nizami never knew how to submit to this ; in spite of many an opportunity offered to him to bring his life into connection with princely courts, and to make his principal theme the laudation of princes, as did most of the contemporaneous poets. This lofty comprehension of his art worked enduringly on the destiny of our poet ; built up a partition wall between him and

his fellow-artists ; and was the cause of his dis-union with them.

Yet it was in the spirit of the times that the poets should dedicate their works to princes, if only for the purpose of obtaining for them an earlier diffusion ; whilst, on the other hand, the princes deemed it an honour to be sung by poets. When Nizami wrote his *Makhzan-al-asrār*, he had not yet come into connection with any potentate ; Shirvan appears to have been as yet not quite independent, and so he turned his looks towards the southern neighbour-lands, where the powerful Atabeg, Ildighiz, laid the foundation of the dynasty of the Atabegs of Aderbaigan. In the section of the introduction which contains the eulogy of the prince, and in that in which he lays his work at his feet, merely the name of Fakhi-ad-din indeed is mentioned ; but it is apparent from the tenor of it, that the brave Atabeg is meant, especially from the following verses :

Guardian Monarch, and Refuge of princes,  
Lord of the scimitar, and Lord of the diadem,  
Although, wielding the rigorous sabre,  
Thou comest taking crowns and conquering thrones ;  
Like the Khalifs, thou scatterest thy treasures also,  
Bestowest diadems, and seatest on thrones.  
The edge of thy sword is above crowns,  
How from Kings shouldst thou not receive tribute ?  
In this azure revolving sphere  
The qualities of a man are the measures of his dignity !

Here without a doubt is an allusion to the circumstance that Ildighiz gave to his stepson, Arslan, the

sultanship of Irāk, and protected it by his bravery. But a nearer approach is shown in the following passage. At the time when Nizami wrote the dedication of his poem, Ganjah was surrounded with war-alarms, on account of which he excuses himself from not appearing in person before him :

For one or two months have I been preparing  
 Speedily to kiss the ground before the King ;  
 But the wild cats which infest the boundaries of this region  
 Have barred every road by which I could come out.  
 To obtain access and appear in thy presence,  
 Willing should I have been to part with my skin ;  
 But when I looked forth, in every path was a lion,  
 Before and behind it was girded with sabres.  
 Yet in this sabre-encompassed land,  
 I will still in a loud voice address to thee my praise ;  
 I have poured forth the stream of poetry at thy door,  
 And nothing have I left now, save a bed of sand.

In another passage he recounts to the Atabeg, how, through his love for him, he had refused the offers of two princes :

Two letters came to me from two renowned places,  
 Each of them sealed by a princely hero :  
 One poured out gold from an ancient mine,  
 The other brought up pearls from a fresh ocean ;  
 One raised its standard from a distant country,  
 The other was minted with the characters of Rūm  
 But although the words on those coins were of genuine gold,  
 My own gold and minting are more precious still ;  
 Although my chattels and pack are smaller,  
 Better than that is mine own merchandise.

Now, of that period, distracted with wars of the

Irānian potentates, history records merely one case, in which a campaign of more than usual importance was undertaken in the northern regions ; and this indeed was made precisely by Ildighiz, who at the head of a large army conducted a war, in the end crowned with victory, against George, the king of Georgia, and this certainly in Aderbaigan and Armenia. The province Arrān lay exactly between both lands, and was presumably exposed to the traversing of troops, and Nizami's countrymen may well have shared in the expedition against the unbelievers. So on the one side the attention of the poet must have been directed towards Ildighiz, and on the other side it must have been impossible for him to leave his native city. Perhaps the two princes whose offers Nizami declined were the rulers of Khelat and Meragha, who took part in this campaign. So the time in which our poet's first work was published would be ascertained with tolerable certainty, since that expedition took place in the years A.H. 561-562 [A.D. 1165-1166].

In whatever exaggeration Nizami may have indulged in his eulogy of Ildighiz, his proud self-consciousness never deserts him, especially his overflowing and unbounded reverence for poetry ; so he says :

Though there be many standing round the throne,  
Who bow their heads as suppliants for favour,  
Superior to Nizami in point of rank,  
He is one—what are the others ?

I who am arrived at the halting-place with them  
 Will push on my journey a little ahead of them :  
 I have made of my words a sword of adamant,  
 And will bring low the heads of those who follow me.

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### III.—THE KHOSRU AND SHIRIN—KIZIL-ARSLAN.

THE powerful Atabeg, once a patron of poetry, appears to have paid no attention to the homage of the poet, who thus held himself aloof from the court. The principal object which Nizami had in his eye—a princely bounty, which might lay a firm foundation for his newly-awakened enjoyment of life—was not attained. At least we find him almost ten years later in a condition which leaves us to conclude that that energy which had torn him from his ascetic exercises, and had inspirited him to undertake an important work, had given way to a resignation of the goods of this world, and to a life of quiet contemplation. He himself presents his circumstances thus.:

So I live in my nook, turning my face from the world,  
 My nourishment a handful of bruised roasted barley,  
 Like a serpent seated at the head of a treasure :  
 Each day, from night to night, shut-up at work,  
 Like a bee, which, labouring in its narrow cell,  
 Produceth a copious granary of sweetmeats.

But that this moderation did not altogether console

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him for the abnegations to which it subjected him, is shown by the way in which he wished to make use of the new and larger work, with which, after a somewhat long pause, his muse presented the world, namely, to obtain from the son of Ildighiz, who had died in the interval, the reward which had not been granted him by the father.

But it is necessary first to speak of a work, in which Nizami entered on a domain of poetry, of which, if he was not the creator, he became henceforth the authoritative lawgiver to his nation—his romantic epic, *Khosru and Shirin*. For that *Wes and Rūmin* must have been Nizami's firstling, and be denied to be the production of his older contemporary and namesake Nizami Aradi of Samarkand, as Daulet Shah and after him Von Hammer assume as almost certain, is not only on chronological grounds impossible, but it is sufficient to set against it the fact, that Nizami makes no mention of this work, and that, as before shown, his first considerable poem, was the *Makhzan-al-asrār*, and this statement sounds the more probable, as the certainly more competent Kasvini thus mentions the poem in connection with Nizami: “After Fakhri Gorgani,” he says, “had composed the *Wes and Rūmin*, and certainly with the utmost beauty, so that the verse glides along like water, as though he had produced it without effort, then would Nizami in like manner write his romance of *Khosru and Shirin*.” Nizami himself certainly says nothing about this; but it was at all events, as

we shall see, a noble ambition which moved him next to the epic in poetry, and the poem of the old Gorgani may have floated before him as his model.

It is here quite in place to reject a position, which Von Hammer insists upon with great determination ; that “ Nizami had nothing else in view but to handle on the most eligible material the romantic epic poetry in order.” For before Nizami floated no determinate poetic goal, as before his great predecessor Ferdusi. Poetry, as has been shown, as such he regarded as a sacred thing ; the material was always to him a secondary matter. In two of his master-pieces he needed first an impulse from without, and to one of them, the *Laila and Mejmun*, he went altogether with reluctance. To this want of a predetermined object is to be ascribed, that Nizami suffered such long pauses to intervene between his greater productions. His nature, inclined to contemplation and preferring loneliness, and which rendered him unsuited to a residence in the bustling courts of princes, made him also to a certain degree indolent ; and permitted him only from time to time to rouse himself up to activity. But the impulse once given, the fulness of his poetic gift showed itself in the most brilliant light; for then he was inspired with an energy which allowed him to complete the noblest works in a disproportionately short time.

With regard to the *Khosru and Shirin*, here again Daulet Shah has allowed another error to be laid to his charge, which was copied after him by others :

namely, that Nizami composed this poem at the request of the Atabeg, Kizil Arslān. Nizami says nothing of this. He recounts rather, how he received the first impulse to essay a new path in poetry through a heavenly messenger—a Hatif, “the genius of solitude.” In other words, it was the result of his own reflections. The resolution to take his matter from the ancient legends of Persia came to him after a sleepless, broken night :

I pondered in my heart by what door I should enter ;  
What kind of treasure I should try to discover ;  
What mode I should adopt of employing my tongue ;  
What enticement I should use for enticing the world ?

Then the thought glimmers in his mind, that he will tread in the footsteps of Ferdusi. Certainly, he says,

Those who have ventured on this style have been more exuberant than I,  
Have pierced and strung their rubies with the aid of Kings ;  
They had Fortune at their side to keep guard over their meditations ;  
Rubies are not be pierced save by diamonds ;  
Strong cords are necessary to draw down  
The words of Song from the sphere of the Pleiades.

In his withdrawal from the great world, and his needy circumstances, he believes that he is not yet strong enough for the picturing of that brilliant Fore-time. But he represses these thoughts, and enters earnestly on the endeavour to find a worthy subject, which, on the one side, may afford him the oppor-

tunity of satisfying his love of truth, and not be a vain, deceitful trifling, for, as he says,

Although in Poetry, which is as the Water of Life,  
 There be room for everything which lieth in the possibilities,  
 If thou canst not inscribe the right upon thy page,  
 Why should it be necessary to indite falsehood ?  
 And shouldst thou say, Poetry hath lost its value,  
 Everyone who worketh for the right is still powerful :  
 When the cypress in its erectness striketh the sky,  
 Never have I seen it spoiled by the blast of autumn ;

and which, on the other side, may correspond with the taste of the time, which in reading seeks entertainment only :

For me with a treasure like my *Makhzan-al-asrār*,  
 Why need I trouble myself about something to amuse ?  
 Because in the world of the present day  
 No one looketh in his book for aught beyond amusement !

At last he resolves to rescue from the dust of oblivion a subject taken from the heathenish times of yore, which had dropped into forgetfulness, although the theatre of the occurrences, not far removed from Ganjah, bore eternal witness to them. Above all, the plan for the new work was maturely weighed ; "for a poem," he says, "which does not proceed from thoughtfulness is not worthy of being written or sung." How strenuously he gave himself up to the work, how utterly he detested all ringing on words, is shown by the following utterance :

To give to verse measure may be an easy matter,  
 But to stay within measure is the one thing needful ;

Knowest thou many words, utter but few,  
Make not one into a hundred, but a hundred one.

In this he knows himself to be in complete opposition to the venal poets of his time :

Look at those men who, without counsel or understanding,  
Would sell their souls for a loaf of bread.

Yet, at the conclusion of his labours he will have lived to achieve a great triumph. A friend who had entirely withdrawn himself from the outward world, and was inflamed with a severe religious zeal, had learnt that Nizami—the once so pious—was dedicating his art to the glorifying of the old heathen world. One evening he surprises him whilst busily occupied, and overwhelms him with reproaches :

Thou who hast kept the fast-days so strictly,  
Spend not thy fast over these dead bones !  
Cast from thine hand the deceits of idol-worshippers,  
Pore not over these incantations like the Zendavesta of Zerdusht  
[Zoroaster].

If thou hast the voice, sing the divine Unity:  
Wherfore recall to life the customs of the infidels !

To this unlooked for attack Nizami had no other answer than to read to the excited visitor some passages of his poem. Then resentment passed into enthusiasm, and the zealot congratulated his friend, that “ by virtue of his magical speech he had understood how to enshrine an idol in the Kaaba.” At the same time he advised him not to let his light any longer be hid in a corner, but to repair to the court, where he would certainly outshine the stars hitherto

glimmering there. But the poet's answer sounds utterly repugnant to this advice. He has no confidence in his capability of sustaining the bustle of the great world, and pronounces the following judgment on himself :

I am but but a glass which thou couldst break with a stone :  
Of my name or my father's name the world maketh small account.

Thou seest in me but brass besmeared with gold ;  
A corpse besprinkled with rose-water.

Heaven at its dawn looked upon me brightly,  
But what hath it profited me, since I am but a lion of snow ?  
No lion am I to fight with an enemy ;  
Enough is it for me to fight with myself !

And the time, too, is over in which he could devote himself to the world ; when a man has passed his thirtieth year—the poet might then be perhaps thirty-seven—it is no longer becoming to cast himself into the whirlpool of folly.

Nizami himself composed this episode, and did not without grounds incorporate it with his new poem. His friend was not the only one in the bigoted and intolerant Ganjah who had found a stumbling block in this heathenish stuff. Even Ferdusi had been tainted with an odour of heresy, because he had withdrawn for ever from oblivion the history of Persian heathendom. That narrative therefore was to be placed at its head, to secure as it were an entrance for the book to pious readers. The means by which Nizami understood how to vanquish religious prejudices were especially those supplements—the *hors*

*d'œuvres*, as Von Hammer calls them—which he wove into his work. These were suggested to him by the subjects themselves. His hero is a king in whose times the founder of Islām appeared; so that the poet can place appropriately at the close three sections: a letter of the Prophet to Khosru Parviz, his disrespectful reception of him, and the Prophet's journey to heaven. Before his own personal conclusions he places another section of a hundred distichs, in which he sets forth partly his views on the world and destiny, partly describes his pains-taking in the composition of the work, and wards off the attacks of malicious opponents. Finally he warns his readers:

See not in me the guide to the temple of the Fire-worshippers;  
See only the hidden meaning which cleaveth to the allegory!

So has Kasvini reason when he says: “Nizami brought into it theological matter; wise proverbs and admonitions as well as allegories and charming narratives.”

Nizami, as already mentioned, used this opportunity in order, through the dedication to a prince, to acquire the means of a quiet comfortable subsistence. He laid his new production at the feet of no less than three princes. In the first place stands certainly Toghrul, who had just ascended a Sultan’s throne; but when the effective administration was by him transferred to the Atabeg Mohammed, son of Ildighiz, then Nizami addresses to him the special dedication, and

conveys to him his wishes. He explains to him also why he did not present himself before him in person. He feels himself unequal to the duty ; for

Soft roses come not from a thorn such as me,  
 From me can nothing save supplication come ;  
 I know not how to perform royal services,  
 Save my morning act of prostration.  
 Ambition in my brain, I fear its snare ;  
 Desires in my heart, I fear their non-fulfilment.  
 I will clothe my desires in the rags of a mendicant ;  
 I will tear ambition from the back of my head ;  
 Then shall Love and I remain in loneliness ;  
 Then shall I be at rest, when I am become a solitary !

He beseeches the Sultan :—

Say to the Atabeg, Conqueror of the world,  
 Nizami is suffering every kind of privation !  
 How long shall such a speaker be hid in a corner ?  
 How long shall such a poet be in want of sustenance ?  
 Is not the time come that we should try to comfort him ?  
 That we should restore to the fallen his former condition ?

Finally, he does not forget to ask the brother and co-regent of the subsequent successor of Mohammed, Muzaffar-ad-din Kizil Arslan, to be his mediator with his elder brother, over whom he had a great influence, as is illustrated by a similitude.

Also it is plain from this, how entirely unsubstantial is Daulet Shah's statement, that Nizami composed his *Khosru and Shirin* at Kizil Arslān's request. How this notion might originate is explained by the concluding section, which the poet after many years added to the book. In that he recounts what extra-

ordinary results had crowned his new work ; how he had been overloaded, not only with felicitations, but with presents ; how the book had sold and had been lauded to the skies. But precisely from the princes to whom he dedicated it he received nothing. The riches which his work brought him soon vanished, and Nizami was again plunged into anxieties, when there came suddenly a message with an autograph letter from Kizil Arslān to call him to his court. This prince meanwhile had become the successor of his brother, who died A.H. 582, in the dignity of Atabeg and the sovereignty of Aderbaigan ; and now called to remembrance the poet who had celebrated him years before. Joyfully Nizami follows the invitation and appears at court, where at that moment Kizil was holding a festive assembly, after a distribution of honours and presents :

When they gave him the news, “Nizami is arrived,”  
The gladness of the banquet rose to a triumph.  
Majesty looked with respect on my genuine devotion,  
Not merely on the woolly cap of the devotee ;  
And ordered the wine to be removed from their midst,  
And stop put to the tongue of the pipe.

The reception was extremely gracious. The prince embraced the poet, bade him take a seat, and entered into the most familiar conversation with him, in which Nizami failed not to display his full eloquence :

At one time I drew down the tears as from a cloud,  
At another I made their cheerfulness smile like a rose.

At length the conversation turned on the *Khosru*

*and Shirin*, and Kizil Arslān could not find words enough to praise this master-work :

The rose exhaleth not a fresher perfume,  
Nor doth the nightingale warble a newer melody ;  
To open it—to read it—distich by distich,  
Is like bathing a fresh wound with oil of olives.

At length he inquires, whether Nizami had received a suitable reward for his labours ; whether his late brother had acquitted himself of the obligation which lay upon them both. Nizami answers worthily :

I set not that ruby in a jewelled crown,  
That I might first be paid its value :

he had only availed himself of the opportunity of presenting with the poem his homage at his feet. He then gave him with a delicate turn to understand that the late Atabeg had given him nothing, but that his brother and successor might share in this duty with the prince. Kizil Arslān took the hint graciously, and gave him two villages :

When I had performed the customary act of praise and fidelity,  
He gave me for my own the villages of Hemd and Nizān,  
He gave me a royal deed duly secured,  
And authenticated by the King's own seal and subscription :  
“ This village is given by us in perpetuity  
To Nizami and his sons to all generations.”

Richly gifted with robes of honour, Nizami soon withdrew from the court, in order to retire again into his quiet life. The present received was not even very munificent, and Nizami was compelled to listen to the jeers of an envious rival, who made himself merry

over an acquisition, the circumference of which hardly reached “half a parasang, and the income of which did not amount to a full purse.” But the poet repelled with dignity such allusions :

See ! compared with my fame, what are Hemd and Nizān ?  
 For this my fame is worth twenty times that !  
 If thou seest in that village seeding and harvest,  
 In my verse thou wilt find a hundred Paradises ;  
 If that produceth from each grain the full ear,  
 From mine I will bring grains of pearls, cluster on cluster ;  
 If that yieldeth nothing but feeble reeds,  
 Mine groweth forests of pitchy aloes ;  
 If that draweth water from the fulness of the Euphrates,  
 Mine in the redundancy of its eloquence is the Water of Life.

He ever preserved a grateful remembrance of the giver, and thus sings his tragic fate :

When the King struck the kettle-drum against the Sultan,  
 And rebellion swept over the land like dust,  
 And the general summons [*arrière-ban*] roused the heights and  
     the depths,  
 Who would have believed that the King was in a haunt of  
     murderers ?  
 In that splendid career was a moment of quiet,  
 But, like the lightning, to be born and to die was one !  
 Thou leftest untasted the morsel of sovereignty and youth,  
 As He of the Two Horns [Alexander the Great] the Water of  
     Life ;  
 Thou foundest martyrdom from the wound of an assassin :  
 May that other world be to thee better than was this !

Daulet Shah has exhibited Nizami’s contact with Kizil Arslān in quite a different form. According to him, he first refuses compliance, that he may avoid

all intercourse with the great of the earth. To prove him, the prince goes himself to seek him. The Sheikh learns his intention beforehand by a divine inspiration, and procures for the exalted visitant a look into the super-terrestrial world, in which he beholds Nizami surrounded with such a halo of glory, that he humbles himself, and asks the at first lightly estimated poet to forgive him. He even moves Nizami, in spite of his dislike of the outward world, to offer from time to time a visit to the Atabeg. This legend is taken apparently from the popular voice, by which Nizami, even in his life-time, was named, "the mirror of the world to come." At all events it proves the high estimation in which he stood as well through his poetical genius, as from his avoidance of courts and his genuine piety.

#### IV.—THE "LAILA AND MEJNUN"—THE PRINCE OF SHIRVAN—NIZAMI AS HUSBAND AND FATHER.

THE happy turn in the outward circumstances of our poet appears to have had a very beneficial operation on his spirit also. Some two years after his reception by the Atabeg we find him in the most joyful tone of mind over the completion of his *Diwān*, or Book of Odes. Probably this contained

the productions especially of that long space of time which had intervened since the publication of the *Khosru and Shirin*, as well as the earlier lyric poems of Nizami. It seems to have disappeared and been lost ; for Von Hammer cites only one Ghazel after Daulet Shah, whilst the latter tells us that it had contained twenty thousand distichs—simple odes, ring-strophes, and artistic poems. Nizami himself, in an outburst against one of the mimics and disparagers of his stuff, speaks of Ghazels and Kasidahs [Idyls] :

If I show my art in a tuneful Ghazel,  
 He putteth forth a vile counterfeit ;  
 If I compose an elegant Kasidah,  
 He cometh out with his rows of weak couplets.

That the eulogistic poems were not many, Kasvini testifies, when he says : “ Nizami composed a beautiful Diwān, the poems of which are for the most part of a theological, admonitory, or ethical character, and which contains indications of the initiated and their symbols.”

The completion of the Diwān poured new enjoyment of life into the heart of the poet, now well-nigh fifty, and he resolved no longer to fly from the outward world and its doings. He says expressly on this occasion :

It came into my heart, that this was the time for work,  
 That Fate was my partner, and Fortune was my friend.  
 How long, I exclaimed, shall I choose vacuity of mind ?  
 How long sit withdrawn from the business of the world ?  
 Heaven which hath given me the fulness of satisfaction,

Hath emptied my breast of emptiness of soul ;  
 Now I can attune my voice to the harmony of the world,  
 For to him belongeth the world, who adapteth himself to the  
 world.

In this happy frame of mind he received a message, which gave him forthwith the opportunity of setting to work the new energy of his spirit. The prince of the neighbouring Shirvan, Akhsitān, also named Manuchahar, with the surname of Jelal-ud-din Abul-Muzaffer, wishes him to elaborate the love-story of the celebrated pair Laila and Mejnun. This prince, with whom begins a new dynasty for Shirvan, had assembled around him a complete poetical city, to which he gave a king as supreme head. From his origin, which reached back to the old kingly dynasties of Persia, he regarded himself as the representative of the Persian nationality, and of the Persian spirit, and wished at least to animate his not very wide spread dominion by making it the protector of Persian literature. The charge of the prince to Nizami had probably no other ground than to draw also to his court from his quiet seclusion the poet who was already so renowned that he was able to say of himself :

I have brought to such refinement my enchanting poesy,  
 That my name is—"The mirror of the world to come ;"  
 and so to complete his poetical circle.

The task enjoined upon him by no means at first corresponded with Nizami's inclination. The subject proposed was indeed a worthy one ; the exalted task-master thus expresses himself about it :

Love-tales there are more than a thousand,  
 Which have been embellished by the tip of the pen ;  
 But this is the King of all love-stories :  
 See what thou canst make of it by the cunning of thine art !

But the subject appears to Nizami too dry to be manufactured into a great poem. The desolate Arabian wilderness for his theatre, two simple children of the desert as his heroes, nothing but an unhappy passion—this might well daunt the poet of *Khosru and Shirin*, which, in everything, place, persons, and treatment, presented the greatest variety and grandeur. He says :

The entrance-court of the story is too contracted ;  
 It would lame the poetry to be ever going backwards and forward !

The race-ground of poetry ought to be spacious,  
 If it is to show off the ability of the rider.

Although the verse of the Koran may deserve to be well known,  
 The commentary upon it may be far from delightful.  
 The fascinations of poetry are its cheerfulness and blandishments ;  
 From these two sources is derived its harmony.

On a journey in which I know not the way,  
 How can I know what pleasant spots I shall meet with ?  
 There may be neither gardens, nor royal banquets,  
 Nor music, nor wine, nor aught to wish for ;  
 Only arid sands and rugged mountains,  
 Till poetry at last becometh an aversion.

But the persuasion of his son Mohammed, at that time fourteen years old, and regard to the princely sender concurred to overcome the reluctance of the poet, and he took to the labour. Here was evinced how Nizami, once roused, was able to exhibit an extra-

ordinary activity. Within a short time he completed this master-work of love-poetry, which, according to Von Hammer, "in the comprehensive laying-out of the plan and the connected execution of the several parts, has remained unsurpassed, though even such poets as Hatifi and Jami have at a later period treated the same subject." As to the quickness of the composition, Nizami says :

These five thousand couplets and more  
Were indited in less than four months :  
Had I not been restrained by other occupation,  
They might have been written in fourteen nights.

With reference to his first epic he had boasted also that

This beautiful image, the darling of the soul,  
Received its completion in a very brief period.

In his outward circumstances, Nizami's new work led to no change. The decoying invitation from Shirvan could not move him to expose himself to the disagreeable air of the court. He avails himself rather of the opportunity to address to himself a warning :

Refrain from seeking the society of Kings,  
As from exposing dry cotton to a hot fire !  
The light from the fire may be pleasant enough,  
But he who would be safe must keep at a distance ;  
The moth which was allured by the flame of the taper  
Was burnt when it became its companion at the banquet.

Kizil Arslān's present had enabled him to live a quiet country-life. On this account we find, amongst

many personal intimations in the introduction to the *Laila and Mejnun*, no complaint of want, and even in the dedication appears no request alluding to it. Tranquillised by his quiet life, he says in the same passage :

In thy village, on thine own private estate,  
Think not of eating from the portion of another.  
Fortune will turn round on that light-minded fellow  
Who extendeth his foot beyond his garment.  
The bird which flieth beyond its own sphere  
Measureth its flight with the measure of death ;  
The serpent which keepeth not its own path  
Twisteth itself in its twistings to its own destruction ;  
If the fox come to blows with the lion,  
Thou knowest well whose is the hand that holdeth the sword.

But what he declined for himself he was not unwilling to grant to his before-named son, who besought his father to permit him to go to the court of Shirvan, and reside there as the companion of the young prince :

Me, a friendless boy, for counsel and protection  
Intrust to the asylum of that powerful master.

Nizami consents to this, and, it would appear, sent the youth as the bearer of the poem ; for in his congratulation to the young prince, to whom he gave beforehand information of his son's request, he says :

No doubt, thou wilt read the book of the Khosrus,  
No doubt, thou wilt study the sayings of the wise ;  
The treasures, too, hidden within this volume  
Look upon as the moon in the fulness of her circuit.  
If thou dost not behold the face of its father,  
Deign to bestow thy care on him who is its brother.

Even out of this consent it is disclosed, that Nizami would have wished to give another direction to his son's career than he had struck into himself. He gives him practical counsels in the school of life. "Hast thou, too," he says to him, "a talent for poetry, do not devote thyself to it; for that which pleases thee soonest is the most untrue." This judgment certainly does not apply to poetry as Nizami understood it, for, according to him, Truth is the very theme of poetry; but he means to warn his youthful son against that counterfeit poetry which had spread itself through the courts of princes and inspired him with a genuine abhorrence, and to the ensnaring atmosphere of which he was about to be exposed. Then he goes on :

Although poetry be of high dignity,  
 Seek thou the knowledge of what is useful.  
 The Prophet hath said : "The science of sciences  
 Is the science of matter and the science of faith."  
 In the navel of each is a fragrant odour,  
 In that of the law, and in that of medicine.  
 But let the law instruct thee in the service of God,  
 Let it not be to thee a teacher of sophistries.  
 If thou become an adept in both,  
 Thou wilt have reached the summit of excellence,  
 And wilt be held in high estimation in the sight of all men.

And at the same time he recommends to him before everything assiduous activity and solidity :

Even in thy childhood thou hadst a name and lineage ;  
 Thy race hath been one highly distinguished for poetry ;

The place which, grown up, thou shouldst occupy is thine already ;

In that thou hast nothing to gain by being my son :

Be, like a lion, invincible thyself ;

Show thyself to be the child of thine own good qualities.

Of the marriage from which sprang this beloved son, Nizami makes mention in only one place. In the second part of the *Alexander-Book* we find the narrative of a love which was cruelly broken by the death of the beloved. Overpowered by the resemblance of this event with his own, the poet, at the conclusion of the narrative, dedicates to his too early lost wife some verses of tender remembrance :

Heaven, which to me was once benignant,

Had given to me a bride better than that ;

Whose business it was in like manner to love and to serve me,

And to minister to me in thought and in deed.

Sweet rose ! tinged as it were with my own blood,

Never had she known other than myself in the world.

A fountain of light she was to mine eye ;

Every bad eye she warded off from mine.

Destiny—that robber !—robbed me of her so soon,

That thou mightest say : “Even while she was, she was not !”

For every kindness which came to me through her,

I pray God, that His kindness may be shown to her !

From the verses which immediately follow, it appears that Nizami after the death of his first wife entered upon a second marriage, and, when that also was dissolved by death, upon a third :

Poetry hath for me one pleasant aspect,  
That it can give newness to the old story.

But every time that I undertake some grateful subject,  
I have had to sacrifice a smiling bride :  
When I composed my delicate SHIRIN,  
My dwelling lost the sweetness of my heart ;  
When I had closed up my treasure MEJNUN,  
I had to throw away another jewel ;  
And when I had found another bride,  
I was obliged to consign her to the keeping of Rizwān [*i.e.* the  
porter of Paradise].

I know not, with the wounds left by such losses,  
How I should tell the tale of Rūm and Russia !  
But better soothe my life with this story  
Than nourish the memory of former griefs.

This, as it would seem, only son was by the first wife ; for he was born between A.H. 570 and 571, whilst she died A.H. 571.

In spite of the seclusion from the world to which Nizami condemned himself, he had to encounter many attacks. The poets of the princely courts looked askance at the consistent man, who, although disdaining to mingle with the host of poetical sycophants, outshone them all in genuine glory. On the other side, again, the precious treasures of poetry which he had laid up were exposed to thievish plagiarists, who not only decked themselves out at the cost of our poet, but also disparaged him. Nizami, through the gentleness of his character, had hitherto been silent ; but now, when he was about to step before the public, he could not forbear, under the circumstances, from dedicating a special section to these unworthy fellow-artists, which throws too strong a light on the condition of the poet, as well as on

his character, not to find a place here, at least by an extract. After challenging himself to break at last his long silence, Nizami paints the lofty powers of his poetic eloquence, and then launches out against his assailants in the following terms :

These saltless scribblers, these bread-consumers,  
Who under my shade live upon the world !  
To slay the game is the business of the lion ;  
The business of the fox to glut itself with the carcass :  
Better that they should feed on me, mouthful and gullet,  
Than that I myself should feed on others.

Especially bitter is he against one who had made it his life's task to persecute him, partly with calumnies, partly with plagiarisms. With regard to the thieveries which they make upon his poetry, it particularly vexes him that they should be so publicly shown about with impunity. But he calls to mind the inexhaustibleness of his poetical gifts, and says proudly :

I hold in my lap the treasures of both worlds ;  
Why should I regard the thefts of the poor ?  
I am bound to be upright to such as are depressed,  
Whether they take what they want, or whether they steal it.

Then alluding to the numerical value of his name, he describes his poetry as well guarded and secure from all inroad. For the rest, he continues, "pious and glorious men," of whom he counts up some from Adam to Mohammed, "have ever been obliged to endure enmities without deserving them." He will never suffer himself to be hurried to return him the wrong which he had done :

So long as I have lived, never in the way of violence  
 Hath the wing of an emmet received injury from me ;  
 Never have I mingled with dregs any one's fresh water,  
 Never sought to disturb the condition of any one.  
 Because I have been endowed with a gentle disposition,  
 I would not speak evil of the faith of a dog.  
 He who gave me the lion's magnanimity towards a dog  
 Hath given me also the lion's courage ;  
 But I know that it is better to conceal one's anger,  
 And that what hath been said had been better left unsaid.  
 He who is experienced in the commerce of the world  
 Knoweth that life is not without jealousy ;  
 And whoever is intimately acquainted with our city,  
 Well knoweth he the quality of my wares ;  
 And if he stretcheth out his hand with an evil intent,  
 I am not his enemy, he but remaineth to me a stranger.  
 Remain silent, O heart, from all vain-talking ;  
 Devour thy vexations with a cheerful countenance.

For the rest, these plagiarisms from Nizami's works were continued. The introduction to the *Alexander-Book*, written three years later, contains again a section which is dedicated almost entirely to the unmasking of that miserable fellow. Amongst other things, Nizami says, with fine satire :

See how these writers in bright daylight  
 Sharpen their pens, stolen out of my reed-ground !  
 How what I have kept concealed they spread all abroad !  
 But though carried to Bokhara, it still cometh from Ganjah :  
 Men buy silken wares though they come from a distance ;  
 For silk, though purloined, still retaineth its value.

If Nizami in this passage has wished to make clear his place as a poet, so in another, in like manner incorporated in the introduction to his *Laila and*

*Mejnun*, he has endeavoured to vindicate his position as a man, and to fortify those principles according to which he had hitherto lived. This poem is filled with a deep elegiac spirit, as some already quoted strophes show, and it is moreover especially interesting on account of its peculiar form. It is divided into sixteen short sections of five to ten rhymed couplets, and maintains throughout, by an ever recurring burden at the end of each section, a strophic arrangement. These recurring verses consist of ever fresh variations, summoning the cup-bearer to bring wine, which has the property of causing to forget suffering, of lightening the heart, of brightening the countenance, as suits the purport of the foregoing strophe. The first strophe contains such a summons, only in greater fulness ; which has led Von Hammer to regard the whole as a separate poem “in praise of wine and drinking bouts !” This is the more unjust, as the pious Nizami makes use only of the favourite expressions of the Mohammedan mystic. Moreover he guards himself in the introduction of the *Alexander-Book* against such a misunderstanding :

Think not, O Khizar, thou favoured by Fortune,  
That when I praise wine I mean the juice of the grape.  
I mean that wine which raiseth me above self ;  
That is the wine with which I would furnish my banquet.  
“ My cup-bearer ” is to perform my vow to God ;  
“ My morning draught from the tavern ” is the wine of self-  
oblivion !  
By Heaven, so long as I have enjoyed existence,  
Never hath the tip of my lip been stained by wine !

Here may the ninth of these strophes find a place in which Nizami reproaches himself with his meekness :

How long wilt thou remain congealed as the ice ?  
 How long be dead like a drowned mouse ?  
 Like the prickly rose, abandon thy softness ;  
 Show, like the violet, diversity of colours.  
 There is a place in which the thorn is proper ;  
 Occasions when a little devilry is not out of season.  
 A Kurd once lost his little ass in the Kaaba ;  
 Not seeing it in the court, he raised a loud clamour :  
 “ The journey across the desert was a very long one ;  
 What is the mystery of my losing it here ! ”  
 Uttering these words he looked behind him,  
 And saw the ass, and seeing it smiled,  
 And exclaimed : “ I lost my ass from my midst,  
 And found it again because I was clamorous.”

That the whole piece was originally incorporated in the introduction is shown by the last strophe, which concludes with this address to himself :

Better is it, O Nizami, that in this journey  
 Thou shouldst pitch thy tent like Khizar beside the Fountain ;  
 Fill thyself full, like the pellucid pearl,  
 With the limpid water of the loves of Mejnun.

And so he makes the transition to the immediately following commencement of the particular narrative.

The peculiar “ burden ” which Nizami here employs within the narrow framework of the Elegy he has made use of, enlarged, three years later in the first part of the *Alexander-Book*, sections of which throughout conclude with a summons to the cup-bearer, couched in similarly rhymed couplets.

## V.—THE ALEXANDER-BOOK.

THE new attraction towards Shirvan had no lasting influence on Nizami's life. With advancing years he shut himself out still more closely from the outside world. Three years after his completion of *Laila and Mejnun* he thus paints his solitary existence :

The door of my house I close against the world,  
Like the lofty sky, with bolt and with bar.  
I know not in what fashion the universe revolveth ;  
What goeth forward in it of good or of evil.  
I am like a dead body with the soul of a man ;  
But not journeying with the caravan, or one of its company.  
With each breath I suffer a hundred heart-aches ;  
Every moment till I fall asleep I hear its echoes.  
No one do I know who in body and soul  
Holdeth me dear as he doth himself.

In the same place he informs us, that he has forty times observed the forty days' fast and seclusion, and a thousand times given himself up to solitude. But poetry remained henceforward his chosen companion, and the lofty consciousness of being one of its elect comforted him for being misunderstood and against rude assaults. His time was divided between contemplation and reading. In the night, in which a happy vision first gave him a fresh impulse to a new production, this was his employment :

One while extracting the meaning from the unread tablet ;  
At another reading the legends of the olden times.

His favourite occupation was Ferdusi's *Shah-Namah*, or Book of Kings, and he had even formed the plan of filling up the gaps in it, and of working out the subjects not therein contained in a volume, which, as a supplement to the great heroic poem, should in a similar manner bear the title of the "Glory Book of Kings," or briefly, the "Glory Book." Nay, as he himself recounts, he had already laboured upon it forty days. He speaks in the following terms of the work which he had in view and then abandoned :

The ancient Poet—the master of Tūs—  
Who knew how to adorn his verse like a bride,  
In that book, which he had composed of threaded pearls,  
Lest many things unsaid which he might well have said.  
But if all the deeds which were done in old times  
He had set down in his book, to some it might have seemed too  
long ;  
He recorded not therefore what he did not prefer,  
And said only that which could not be omitted.  
Besides, with regard to friends, he thought it a meanness  
To enjoy his dainties quite by himself.  
Nizami, who had strung many a gem,  
And had wielded his reed in numerous victories,  
Found in his treasure-house many gems still unstrung,  
And weighed them nicely in his own balance ;  
Gave them a happy voice in his Book of Glory,  
And restored its freshness to the almost-lost story.

Nizami appears also to have promised himself much from this work ; he says, just before :

In the strength of pens nicely-pointed like these,  
Filled with royal wine, whose cup is the soul,  
Its title shall be the GLORY-BOOK OF KINGS.

Meanwhile, mature reflections bade him give up his plan, and whilst he remained still on the domain once entered, of the heroic-saga, to create something new. But it was only at the very last moment that he broke away from his first purpose.

From Nizami the world ought to receive no work resting on the production of others. His grounds for the change Nizami puts into the mouth of his heavenly Mentor Khizar, who appears to him, and, amongst other things, says as follows :

I heard that in the Book of the Royal Khosrus thou didst desire  
To find a spring welling forth with fresh waters.  
Look what the wise men of yore used to say,  
“Bore not two holes through the same jewel !”  
Since thou in thine art canst invent a new model,  
Do not without reason use the old worn-out stuff :  
When thou hast the power of choosing a maiden,  
Do not descend to marry a widow !

And he then counsels him to take as the subject of his new poem, the history of Alexander :

Buy thy jewels from the mine of Alexander ;  
Alexander himself will become a purchaser of thy jewels :  
See, when the sovereign of the world becometh thy customer,  
How quickly thy work will reach the skies !

Nizami follows the call of his genins; an independent work shall be the fruit of his labours. He is resolved also to make Alexander the hero of an epic, which

shall comprehend all that was known about him. To do this the work must have a threefold diversion : setting forth Alexander as Conqueror of the world ; Alexander as Philosopher ; Alexander as a Prophet :

From each of three seeds, scattered by the hand of wisdom,  
I will rear a tree of goodly proportions.

The first I will consecrate to the renown of the Monarch,  
And to his deeds as a Conqueror of kingdoms ;  
Then I will adorn my verses with Wisdom,  
And will renew the freshness of the old Chronicles ;  
Thirdly, I will knock at the door of Prophecy,  
For God hath called him to be a prophet also :  
Three entrances I have made, each to a rich vein,  
And on each have bestowed no little anxiety.

But he did not hold to this tripartite arrangement, but bound the two last divisions, as nearly related, in one. As the groundwork of the double division, he takes the two journeys which he causes his hero to make through the world, the first as Conqueror, the second as Prophet ; whilst the middle part forms the transition. That he came to this resolution whilst he was still working on the first part is shown by the conclusion :

When the King returned to the throne of the Greeks,  
Carrying in his hand the key of felicity,  
He gathered together great stores of learning,  
And opened the portal of divine wisdom ;  
But when he was called to the office of prophet,  
He withdrew not his neck from obedience to the command.  
Again he prepared provisions for his journey,  
And dismissed from his head the desolation of the world.  
Twice he paraded the earth as a conqueror :

Once through its cities, its regions, its mountains, and its plains ;  
And this time he saw and examined minutely  
The cultivated and uncultivated, and ended with Greece ;  
A second time he traversed its roads and pathless places,  
Displaying his standard, and spreading light like sun and moon.

The year in which the first part of the *Alexander-Book* was composed is already sufficiently indicated above. With regard to the name also, we can have no remaining doubt, since in the then cited verses, at the same time that he names the earlier poems, his latest he calls “the Fortunes of Alexander.” In the presently to be quoted passage, in which he addresses the prince, he says expressly that the book is called *Ikbāl* (Fortune), and this address is found at the end of the second part, referring to both. The name is also very suitably chosen, since Nizami wishes to sing the Fortunes of Alexander in every aspect, and the expression—*Ikbāl*—is found in numerous places of the poem, as marking the good fortune in virtue of which Alexander succeeds in every undertaking. Meanwhile, in spite of this declaration of the poet, there has arisen with respect to the title of the *Alexander-Book* a great confusion, of which presently below.

But previously must be discussed the question, whether the appearance of the second part soon followed that of the first. This question is connected with another : to whom did Nizami dedicate his new work ? As already shown, it was to our poet, in spite of his reluctance, a necessity to unite his poem to the

name of some potentate. He explains to us this necessity when, as here, he says :

To indite poetry is then an advantage,  
When from inditing it cometh lofty fame ;  
But better fasten the mouth with a nail,  
Than indite, and burn what hath been indited :  
Of precious merchandise I may have plenty,  
But wherefore bring it out when no one wanteth it ?

Certainly, when he addressed himself to the working out of his subsequently rejected “ Glory-Book,” he had forgotten this necessity, for he exclaims :

When we string pearls for the sake of another,  
We may sing a song surely on behalf of ourselves !

But when Khizar suggests to him the plan of the *Alexander-Book*, he gives him a word of counsel with respect to this also :

Wouldst thou have a silver jar or a golden ewer ?  
Thou must repair to the land of Irāk !  
From Rai to Dahestan, Kharism, and Hind,  
Travelling, thou wilt see nothing save desert and sterile ground :  
Bokhara, Khusistan, Ghil, and Kurdistan,  
All four eat up their own morsel of bread ;  
Irāk, the delightful, be thy darling,  
For great is the fame of its redundancy ;  
And every rose which enraptureth the soul  
Distilleth its balmy drops in Irāk.

In these somewhat dark verses lies certainly nothing beyond the exhortation to seek in Irāk for the prince who is to further extensively the celebrity of his poem, and to bestow upon it the becoming reward. And in fact we find at the close of the second part an

address to Izz-ad-din Masūd, who is certainly no other than that Prince of Mossul who waged war with Salah-ad-din, maintained himself in the sovereignty of Mossul, and bequeathed it to his heir. That this closing dedication is closely connected with the second part is proved by the commencement of it:

Since Fate hath taken away those wise men,  
Thy royal throne, O King, remaineth as their memorial ;

which has a reference to the immediately preceding narrative of the death of the “Seven Wise Men.” But that Nizami sent to this prince the whole of the double-work is clear from the following concluding verses :

Since I have no strength in hand or foot  
To reach the restful heaven of thy throne,  
I judge it better to exalt my spirit to the clear sky,  
And escape from the bustling throng of the dark earth.  
Two gems have I brought up from the depths of my sea,  
Whose radiant lustre brighteneth my mind :  
The one reflecteth the purity of Mary,  
The other emitteth the light of Jesus ;  
The one in its beauty shineth like the full moon,  
The other is dazzling with matchless splendour like the sun.  
In the royal pavilion are two valuable pledges,  
The one, my Fortunes [my book], the other, the Fortunate [my son] ;  
Both have I sent to the presence of the King,  
That the jewel may receive its appropriate setting.  
The bride who hath lost the affectionate mother,  
When she cometh forth from the veil, should be veiled by her brother ;  
It is fitting, when she approacheth the court of a King,

That such a veiled-one should have such a veil-holder.  
And since I have consigned my spirit [my poem] to thy keeping,  
And with my spirit my very heart's-blood [my son],  
I am hopeful that thou wilt send him back from thy presence,  
And that his stay may more than fulfil my hopes.

Now Izz-ad-din died in the year of the Hejra 589, so that the entire work must have been completed within the interval between A.H. 587 and 589. How comes it then, it will be asked, that in the first part the prince who is addressed is not Izz-ad-din, but Nasrat-ad-din Abubekr, the son of the Atabeg Mohammed? The statements of Nizami himself lead us to the answer; by which at the same time many another difficulty is solved. At the beginning of the introduction to the second part occurs a section which commences with a mournful reflection upon Time and the changes everywhere produced by it, and then pictures the melancholy condition in which the poet found himself after the death of Kizil Arslān, A.H. 589; how the spirit of poetry had deserted him, and how the graciousness of the prince, which had cheered him into fresh activity, had awakened him out of his sadness and again made him eloquent; and how he had been able to renew the old work and to enrich it. Amongst other things, he says :

The Glory-Book I changed to a new form,  
The colourless water I turned to azure.  
Look now at the freshly embroidered poem,  
How promptly it leapeth forth to seize the plunder !  
See what seed I sowed first, and to what it grew at last !  
So must we make good whatever hath been broken.

The remaining portion of this long section speaks of the poetical endowments of Nizami, and particularly of human life. Even in the section which follows the subject is still the number of persons who had sued for the honour of appropriating the book to themselves, but that Nizami had discovered hitherto only one prince who was worthy of it :

Many a one hath sought to obtain this book ;  
But only with a frontispiece adorned with his name is the book  
perfect !

Except him, among the monarchs whom I have seen,  
I have seen no one who hath gained my full confidence.  
Their courts are full of petitioners, their tables empty ;  
All is leanness, there is nothing of fatness ;  
All are money-changers, with the minds of traders,  
Voracious drudges, looking after their wages !  
Here only see I a band threaded with rubies,  
A mind like the ocean, and words that are pearls !  
With a purchaser so generous, how, by Heaven !  
Should my words not command a lofty value ?

Whom we are to understand by “the unworthy princes” is not apparent ; the “lauded one” is no other than the already named Nasrat-ad-din, whose proper name was Bishkin, and who ruled in Aderbaigan, as the successor of Kizil Arslān. For in the dedication of the first part, Nizami says to this prince :

When I received this command from the monarch,  
“On this picture inscribe my name,”  
I said—To the King I will pour forth my words ;  
To all others I will keep them to myself ;

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His is the banqueting-hall to which I will send the bride,  
That she may brighten the eye of the giver of the banquet.

That between the completion of the work and this new dedication a considerable time must have intervened is clear from the fact that Nizami in the interval had declined the offers of several princes. A nearer determination of the time is afforded by a second concluding section to the second part, appended to the new redaction of his work; in which Nizami expressly says :

The measure of my days hath reached three score,  
And yet I have not taken measure of my own condition.

It was after A.H. 595 that Nizami, to honour Nasrat-ad-din, made a fresh redaction of his *Alexander-Book*. Now it is precisely this year that at the invitation of that prince he composed his *Heft Paikar*. Probably the successor of Kizil Arslān had it in view to come into connection with the renowned poet in a similar way to that in which the prince of Shirvan had done it before; and, as the desired new poem was finished, besought him to immortalise his name by dedicating to him the old *Alexander-Book* also. To what extent the fresh treatment which this imposed on Nizami went, cannot be known. At all events, came with it in addition various passages in the introductions and conclusions. Moreover, the uncommonly numerous variations in the transcripts must be set down to this account, whilst the new redaction was propagated at the same time with the original one, and even combined with it by the

copyists. That this last was the case is evident from this, that the older dedications to the Prince of Mossul are left in. For the rest, there appears to have been added to it then also the important closing section of *Khosru and Shirin*, which likewise concludes with the praise of Nasrat-ad-din.

Towards this prince generally Nizami shows more inclination than to all the earlier ones with whom he had come into connection, and in no one's praise is he so warm. Of especial interest is the manner in which he praises his virtues as regent on occasion of a fearful earthquake which had desolated his kingdom. On account of the excellence of the description, especially as that of an earthquake is a rare theme, a portion of the section may find a place here :

Through his life still surviveth the dominion of Time ;  
My witnesses behold in valley and in stream,  
When that earthquake, which rent even the skies,  
Overwhelmed and hid from sight the cities of the earth!  
So great a trembling fell on mountain and on plain,  
That the dust rose up to the collar of heaven ;  
The earth became unstable as the rolling sphere,  
And was tossed up and down like a juggler's ball.  
Such a shock arose from the clarion of the blast,  
That it tossed the fishes far from the streams of the valleys ;  
Vivid lightnings with their flashes divided the heavens,  
The joints of the earth were broken asunder ;  
The fissures of the ground were filled with water,  
By the frequent concussions the mountains were splintered :  
The faces of young bearded men changed colour,  
As when the bursting of the Nile-dams filleth Egypt with  
anxiety ;

And the compression of the earth was so severe,  
 That in its pressure the hills were squeezed into atoms ;  
 Not a link in the chain remained undivided,  
 Not a wall retained its cement unbroken.  
 Of the treasures which that day gave to the winds  
 To many a bosom was lost all remembrance ;  
 From all those men and women and old men and children  
 Came forth no voice save a general uproar.  
 But that jewelled chain remained unbroken,  
 And every new chain scattered fresh jewels ;  
 So that by favour of that princely gem  
 Order was re-established throughout the circuit,  
 And within a short time the bounds of this desolated region  
 By the munificence of the King became again more flourishing  
 than Rūm.  
 Look not on the breaches through which misery and anguish  
 Had made of this kingdom one heap of ruins ;  
 Look upon it when under the throne of that Fortune-favoured  
 prince  
 It had once more recovered its former prosperity !

Since it has been shown that Nizami himself named the second part of his Alexander-Book *Ikbāl-Iskandari* or briefly *Ikbāl*, something still may here be added with reference to the name, or rather the names, of this double epic. Haji Khalfa, in the enumeration of the constituent portions of Nizami's "Quintuple-book," names in the first place both parts as two separate works. The first part is called properly *Ikbāl-Namah*; the second he designates by the title *Iskandar-Namah*, or also *Khirad-Namah*. To these specifications Haji Khalfa remains faithful throughout: by *Iskandar-Namah* he understands the second part, as appears by the addition, "it is also named

*Khirad-Namah*, and by the citation of the commencing verse; which, however, is not its own proper beginning, but that of a piece, which, separated from the introductory section in the Breslau MS., is in the Calcutta edition combined with it. Possibly in the MS. which lay before Haji Khalfa this commencement was wanting. In like manner under *Ikbāl-Namah* the introductory verse is cited of the first part. Of the title *Seraf-Namah* Haji Khalfa knows nothing ; and properly ; for that has arisen only from an error of the transcribers, who in the section which bears the superscription, “ notice on the *Seraf-Namah*,” saw an allusion to the *Alexander-Book*, and named it accordingly. So the Vienna MS. names the whole work *Seraf-namah-Iskandari*. In the Dresden MS. the second part only is called *Seraf-Namah*, and with this agrees the Breslau MS. The indeterminate expression which the first presents must not be used for the purpose of declaring the superscription improper.

Why the second part bears the title of *Khirad-Namah* also, Fleischer would explain from its introductory words. Nevertheless it is possible that it has arisen from confounding it with the *Alexander-Book* of Jami, which, although not commencing with “Khirad,” is called the *Khirad-namah-Iskandari*. That work is expressly an imitation of our second part and derives its name, perhaps, from the “Wisdom-Books” (*Khirad-Nameh*) which in that, as in Nizami, the Wise Men present to Alexander. That

the name “Khirad” for Nizami’s poem is related to that of Jami’s *Sakandar* (Alexander) Haji Khalfa also shows, who cites the former immediately after the latter. A principal cause of the confusion of the names appears to be the circumstance, that Nizami’s *Alexander-Book* is perhaps the only work in the Persian literature which has two parts separated from one another, so that Haji Khalfa has considered the latter an independent work. The later imitators took sometimes, to speak as Fleischer, the heroic, sometimes the spiritual Alexanderid as their model. When, therefore, it was the great Jami who gave to the elaboration of the last—the spiritual one—his happy talent and his name, the model itself fell into a certain oblivion ; especially since the completeness of Nizami’s “Quintuple” was not prejudiced thereby. And hence it comes that so few of the MSS. contain the second part.

One other name still should be mentioned, assigned to the last of the Calcutta editions, which the lexicon *Bahari-Ajam* recognises, namely, the *Iskandar-nameh-bahri*, or the “Maritime Alexanderid.” This has undoubtedly arisen from the fact, that Alexander in his second journey through the world, pictured in the second part, meets with adventures on the ocean ; which is not the case in the first part. Finally, it may be remarked, that the “burden” employed by Nizami is so far modified in the second, that he does not summon the cup-bearer to bring wine, but to bring the singer, that he may enliven him with his melodies.

At the conclusion of this section may be placed, for chronological reasons, a poem which Nizami composed in the 590th year of the Flight, when Mohammed had been dead already 580 years; and, since it is a prayer addressed to the Prophet, subjoined to the introduction of the *Makhzan-al-asrār*. This striking piece shows how deeply the poet was grieved by the shattered condition of the whole Mohammedan world, and is equally a faithful expression of the yearning after better times, which certainly lived in the hearts of all well-minded people:

O Medina's veil, O screen of Mecca,  
How long will the sun sit hidden with shadows ?  
If thou art a moon, bring a ray from thy sun ;  
If thou art a rose, bring perfume from thy garden !  
For thine expectants are breathing their last sigh ;  
O thou redresser of complaints listen to their complaint !  
Hasten to Persia, sit no longer in Arabia ;  
See, the day-steed is tired, the dim night is approaching ;  
Array the kingdoms anew, and freshen again the universe !  
Make the two worlds again full of glad voices !  
Mint thine own coin, and let the rulers mint less ;  
Preach the sermon thyself, and let the Khalif be dumb !  
Thy land once breathed an odour of authority,  
But the wind of hypocrisy came and dispersed the odour !  
Oh, clear the cushioned thrones from those who are asleep,  
Purify the pulpits from those who are polluted !  
The houses are dwellings of ghous ; sweep them away,  
Cast them down into the keep of annihilation !  
We are all dead bodies, be thou our soul ;  
We are all demons, be thou our Solomon !  
Thou art our guard ; why is the caravan left all alone ?  
Thou art our army ; why is thy standard elsewhere ?

On every side they make breaches in the Faith,  
 On every side they lie waiting in ambush !  
 Either send thou Ali into the ranks of the battle-field,  
 Or send us Omar to combat these Satans !  
 With double and treble barriers protect our breast-works,  
 Destroy altogether these miserable wretches !  
 Already the days of thy sleep are five hundred and eighty years ;  
 The day is far advanced, hasten to the assembly !  
 Rise thou, and give command to the seraphim  
 To herald the dawn with their countless candles.  
 Give us admission within the veil of thy mysteries,  
 We are all asleep, be thou our watchman !

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VI.—THE “HEFT PAIKAR,” OR SEVEN  
 PORTRAITS—NIZAMI’S DEATH.

IT has been already mentioned that the Prince of Aderbaigan, as once the Prince of Shirvan, encouraged Nizami to fresh poetical activity, but that whilst the latter indicated the subject, Nasrat-ad-din left him a free choice. No proper epic was the work which resulted from this summons, but Nizami combined several narratives together, and gave them a certain unity by putting them into the mouths of seven favourites of the king Bahram-Gūr. The history of this King forms the framework, which holds the whole together. With regard to the composition of this work, Nizami expresses himself as follows :

I sought in the records of pleasant histories  
For all that was suited to expand the heart ;  
From all that was contained in the Chronicle of the Kings,  
I chose, and combined what seemed good in one book.  
First I thought out an ingenious plan,  
And then embodied it in harmonious numbers.  
Wherever particles remained of the ruby-chipping,  
Of every atom I contrived to make something ;  
From those small fragments, like a skilful jeweller,  
I formed and polished a not worthless treasure ;  
So that the great, who know how to distinguish,  
Might see what to choose amongst the several portraits.  
Whatever the chronicles had half-said, I said fully ;  
Whatever jewel he had half-pierced, I pierced wholly.  
Whatever I perceived to be right and perfect,  
That I left undisturbed, as it stood at first ;  
I made every effort in proper setting  
To enchain each choice and rare fragment.  
Again, I searched books dispersed through the world,  
For what had been hidden and was well-nigh forgotten ;  
Whatever was written in Arabic and Persian,  
The legends preserved by Tabari and Bokhāri,  
And words scattered through various other volumes,  
And arranged each pearl in a subtle fashion.

As to the application of the number seven, which in this work especially plays a considerable part, Nizami says :

The Portraits of this book, like those of the Magians,  
I have portrayed after seven brides in their bridal ornaments,  
That the seven brides which adorn the starry vault  
May look down with favour on my seven brides,  
And, in like array and as fellow-labourers,  
May shed down on each their kindly influence.

But he guards himself against the objection of a

want of unity, and intends, as the painter would do, however numerous the figures his picture may contain, to observe the necessary symmetry in the arrangement. Nor is he willing to be considered as a mere compiler; the work shall be so handled as to be a special testimony to his spirit. The material worked upon shall be like the rainwater, which the oyster renders back as a splendid pearl. At all events, it must be admitted that the direction which Nizami had always followed—that of elaborating the subjects of the old Sagas—has reached in the *Heft Paikar* its highest point, whilst Nizami, in his love for it, has given up the inward unity of the new work. That he did this with full deliberation is shown by the following verses, in which he marks also in brief touches his relation to the other poets of his time:

Of that crowd which hath preceded me  
No one hath rendered of fresh fruit more than I have.  
If I have been wanting in using my file,  
Yet am I all the fuller of meaning.  
Shells without kernels I have seen as the rain-drops ;  
Their answer to me is, “ Kernel without shell ! ”  
But, for all their precious and new-fangled poems,  
Not yet will I turn away my face from the old !

The work is naturally dedicated to Nasrat-ad-din, and by it we learn also that he had two sons, who yet do not appear to have outlived the father, who died A.H. 607; since on his death his brother Uzbeg succeeded to the throne of Aderbaigan.

Nizami died yet eight years before his protector. Age had made itself felt by him, in depriving him of

bodily strength, and very touchingly he describes it in a passage inserted in the introduction to the *Alexander-Book*, which contains some verses revealing the poet's thoughtful and devout views with regard to immortality :

Many, like to me, are sleeping in the grave,  
And no one remembereth that all must sleep there too !  
Call me to mind, O fresh young partridge [his son probably],  
When thou passest by the head of my tomb,  
And mayest see the grass growing out of my clay,  
My simple pallet all broken down,  
The dust of my couch blown away by the wind ;  
Not remembered by one of my co-evals.  
Lay then thine hand on that heap of ruins,  
And recall to thy recollection my pure spirit ;  
Shed over me a tear in thy far-off dwelling,  
And I upon thee will shed light out of heaven ;  
To me shalt thou pray for whatever requireth speed,  
And I will be thy surety that the prayer shall be fulfilled.  
Thou wilt send me a benediction, I will send one to thee ;  
Come, and I will come down from the skies unto thee.  
Think of me as of one alive like thyself ;  
I will come in the spirit, if thou comest to me.  
Hold me not as one who hath lost his companion,  
For I shall look upon thee, if thou seest not me.

This confiding view made his death also a gentle one. A gloss in the *Alexander-Book* describes his departure :

After he had sung of the wise men of yore,  
He went away himself as the wise ones had gone ;  
And departing on his journey, instructed his companions,  
One while as to the way, another as to the guide.  
Then he smiled and said : "The mercy of the All-merciful

Permitteth me a departure full of hope :  
Oh, keep yourselves afar from unmercifulness,  
Ye and this house, I and the mansions of joy !”  
In such words and sayings the eternal sleep seized him ;  
You would say that never had he been awake.

Nizami died, where he had almost entirely passed his life, in his paternal city of Ganjah, where, according to Daulet Shah, his sepulchre is to be found. Of his son, whom he exhorts in his last poem to live in the fear of God and in virtuous activity, no memorial has been preserved. Perhaps it was he who collected his father's five great poems into a whole, and gave to it the title of *Panj Ganj*, or Five Treasures, and the *Khamsah*, or Quintuple. He may also have written the passage just quoted on the death of his father. Nevertheless, it is to be remarked that Kasvini, who flourished a quarter of a century after Nizami's death, does not yet know the *Khamsah* as a collection ; but he is quite silent about the *Alexander-Book* also.

Nizami's place in Persian literature and his influence on its later development are in general sufficiently well known. How he himself is dependent on Ferdusi has been shown here on his own testimony. A further comparison would also prove the dependence of the next great poet, Sadi, on him. For the domain in which Sadi bore away the palm—didactic poetry—was also familiar to Nizami, the author of the *Makhzan-al-asrār*, the Storehouse of Mysteries. This work was the fore-

runner of similar didactic poetry, as his epic poems were the models of the romantic epics of the Persians. His Quintuple was the pattern for many others composed by very eminent poets ; and his single works also afforded material for countless copies. He had also an influence on Turkish poetry, in which one of its most considerable supporters, Mir Ali Shīr, did him the honour of taking him as an example.

The recognition which Nizami received already during his life-time was in still greater measure bestowed upon him at his death. Kasvini, versed moreover in Persian literature, assigns him a somewhat long account in his Cosmography, and names him "a wonderful, skilful, and wise poet." Daulet Shah is still more lavish in his laudatory expressions ; and the latest native literary historian, Luft Ali Beg, in his *Ateshkadaḥ*, names him "one of the four pillars of eloquence and culture."

Of more weight are the words with which the three greatest poets in Persian literature who have appeared since his death have honoured his memory. Sadi sings :

Gone is Nizami, our exquisite pearl, which Heaven in its kindness  
Formed of the purest dew, formed for the gem of the world !  
Calmly it shone in its brightness, but, by the world unregarded,  
Heaven, reassuming its gift, laid it again in its shell.

And Hafiz exclaims :

This ancient vault containeth nothing beneath it,  
Comparable for beauty to the words of Nizami.

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And the last great poet of Persia dedicates to him,  
in the darling spiritual child of his High Altar, his  
*Joseph and Zulaikha*, the following mournful mem-  
orial verses :

Where is Nizami?—where his soul-alluring lays?—  
The delicate refinements of his subtle genius?  
He hath now taken his place behind the veil,  
And all save himself have remained outside of it.  
Since he hath withdrawn himself, we have received no portion  
Save from the mystic words which now he hath taken with him.  
But no one understandeth those mystic words save him who  
approacheth God,  
Into whose sound heart hath entered the divine.  
But he hath escaped from these narrow by-ways,  
To journey at large towards the sacred temple;  
And, terrified by the captives taken in the snare,  
Reposeth under the skirts of the Throne itself.  
He washed his inward soul from the image of manifoldness,  
Because he sought to fill it again with the mystery of unity.

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## PART SECOND: THE “ALEXANDER-BOOK.”

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### I.—RETROSPECT.



THE fate which befel the second part of Nizami's *Alexander-Book* in Europe might well nigh be called tragic. When Von Hammer wrote his work, which was to lay the foundation of his History of Persian Literature, an unfortunate accident would have it, that in his copy of the “Quintuple” that part was entirely wanting, and it appeared to him “made out that Nizami either here [at the end of the first part] had been interrupted, or that, of his own accord, he had no longer any particular desire to re-unite the broken thread.” When Erdmann first called attention to the existence of the second part and gave the contents of it, Von Hammer was indeed corrected; but the statement of the contents is not merely incomplete—some thirty lines for a work of 7,000 couplets—but also erroneous. As a proof of the last assertion one error only need be pointed out here; others will be

indicated in the course of the relation. Erdmann says: De sententiis—a sapientibus allatis, quibus et Nizami suam adjungit, hac facta conclusione, summum Alexandri creatorem in propheta venerandum esse.

This sounds somewhat strange, but is cleared up when we consider the superscription which the section relating to it bears in the original. “The Creator—be His name exalted!—honours Alexander with Prophecy.” Now Erdmann apparently had not acquainted himself with the purport of the section, and saw in the word *paighamberi* not “prophecy,” but “prophet,” and thus brought out of it this peculiar translation. Otherwise, the table of contents produces the impression that it was chiefly manufactured out of titles of sections. Meanwhile it became the measure in the actual judgments of the day of Nizami’s poem. Weissman, ignorant of Persian, gives a faithful translation of Erdmann’s Latin, and a year later, in 1851, an authority in the domain of Persian literature is satisfied to recognise that of Erdmann, and this table of contents is once more printed without any correction. So it is conceivable how, particularly on this ground, the following judgment is pronounced by Spiegel on our second part: “It appears that this was never able to acquire the same value as the first. At all events the Iskandar Saga will lose very little thereby, for from Erdmann’s extracts it appears plainly that the whole contains unsubstantial pictures only, which, in this form at

least, can hardly ever have lived in the mouths of the people, and could only have been invented by the fancy of individuals." Perhaps it is to be ascribed to this harsh judgment that hitherto no one has yet been found to save the honour of this undoubtedly significant poet, and bestow a nearer view upon a work which forms an integral portion of the *Alexander-Book*? The following representation, however, is intended to be not merely the safeguard of Nizami's honour; it will show not only that the second part surpasses the first in the richness of its matter, but will thoroughly prove that it is composed of such elements as belong to the Oriental Alexander-legend, and throw upon it a new light. In addition to this, it will be of especial interest to observe how many a Greek legend, of which the existence was previously unknown in the East, has been worked up by Nizami, whereby is opened the question, what were the sources which he made use of for that purpose? But that must be the special subject of the following section.

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## II.—THE SOURCES FROM WHICH NIZAMI DREW.

THE predominant peculiarity of the Nizamian *Alexander-Book* is its completeness, in agreement with which the various directions which the Oriental Saga followed in the glorification of the Macedonian Conqueror are in it united. The poet himself characterizes these directions :

Some entitle him Lord of the Throne,  
Taker of kingdoms—nay more, Master of the whole world ;  
Some, regarding the Vizier of his Court [Aristotle],  
Inscribe his diploma with the name of Sage ;  
Some, for his purity and devotion to the Faith,  
Give him admission to the order of the Prophets.

Alexander as conqueror and also as sage had already been glorified in the Greco-Egyptian legend. With the Orientals, who assign to him his great teacher as Vizier, he holds a place amongst the Grecian philosophers. The third place—prophecy—is the outflow of the Mohammedan spirit, and rests upon the well-known passage in the Korān (xviii., 82-98) in which Dul-karnain is spoken of, who by a preponderance of opinion is generally understood to be Alexander the Great. Certainly many teachers of Islām are not pleased with the glorification of a heathen king, and many assume on this account a second Dul-karnain, as indeed both the old tradition teachers Kabalakhbar and Ibn-abbas, who see in the honoured personage of

the Korān an ancient Himyarishan king, which the historians then, as Makrizi and Abulfeda, take as certain. The geographical work *Yakut* takes likewise the view which assumes two Dul-karnains, but adds to the older one another name. "Others report," so it says, "that the one who built Alexandria—the first Alexander Dul-karnain—was from Rūm, whose name was Ask-ibn-Selūkūs, and who is not to be confounded with Alexander the son of Philip. It was the first Alexander who went through the world, and who reached the realm of darkness: and, further, he was the companion of Musa and Khizar, and built the wall. It was he who, at every place which no one reached except himself, caused to be imaged an iron horse with an iron rider, who lays his left hand on the bridle of the horse, and stretches out the right, upon which was to be read: "Beyond me there is no way." Further, they maintain that between this and the other Alexander, who had to do with Darius, possessed himself of Persia, was familiar with Aristotle the Wise, and lived to the age of thirty-two years, a long period intervened. Moreover, the first was a believer, as God declares of him in his Book, and reached an advanced age as ruler of the whole earth; whilst the other adopted the views of the philosophers, and maintained the eternity of the world—as is the opinion of his teacher Aristotle—slew Darius, and acquired merely the sovereignty of Persia and Rūm. Nevertheless, with the commentators upon the Korān the identity of Alexander with Dul-karnain appears to

preponderate ; for Baidawi, after pronouncing simply in favour of Iskandar of Rūm, the king of Persia and Greece, adds : “ As to his claims to the gift of prophecy there are different views, even when there exists an entire agreement with reference to his orthodoxy and piety.”

Thus, at all events, Nizami was justified in claiming for Alexander, as a main motive of his actions in the poem, his dignity as a prophet. His religious nature could be satisfied only when the hero of his new work is not merely the ideal of a hero—has not merely reached the highest step of wisdom, but also possessed that nimbus, which in the eyes of the pious Moslem is the highest on earth, that of prophecy. But in doing this he had also significantly enlarged the domain of his subject. That Nizami left nothing unexplored, that he drew together everything within his compass which bore upon his object, is shown particularly by the following verses :

When with much trouble I undertook this story,  
 The words flowed freely, but the road was very intricate.  
 The traditions of that King who had ruled the world  
 I found no scroll which had fully chronicled.  
 The legends which had been preserved had been hoarded like  
     treasure,  
 But they were scattered abroad and with difficulty found.  
 From every manuscript I collected capital,  
 And bound and embellished it with the jewels of poetry.  
 I augmented my store from the more recent histories—  
 Jewish, and Christian, and old Pahlavi ;  
 I selected from every grain that which was excellent,

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And from every pod the innermost kernel ;  
I joined the riches of one tongue to those of another,  
And moulded the mass into a complete whole.

What works amongst the Jewish, Christian, and ancient Persian (Pahlavi) are meant, cannot of course be discovered : but through the mention of them we are permitted to presume a tolerably rich literature from which Nizami drew materials for his poem. The Jewish elements we shall learn to know in the course of our inquiries, and, as to Christian works, we may reckon with some certainty the apothegms of the physician Honain-ibn-Ishāk, for our *Alexander-Book* offers much which is found in that relative to books more than three centuries old. As regards the Pahlavi writings, we know from Sams-ad-din, a Mohammedan writer of the eleventh century, that there were still existing in his time chronicles and books of old songs in Pahlavi. Many a circumstance in the first part, particularly the account of the destruction of the Fire Temple, points to heathen Persian sources. Moreover, Nizami names there at the beginning of almost every section, even of fiction, a Fire-honouring Dihkān (a chief man) as voucher for it.

Nizami has likewise, for the hushing-up of his historical conscience, arranged as an introduction of the first part a special chapter, in which he briefly narrates the real history of Alexander—of course, according to Oriental conception. He is self-conscious of the legendary character of his poem, and thinks—

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Were I to diminish the embellishments of my poem,  
I should reduce my couplets to a very small amount :  
All the acts of this world-parading monarch  
I should have brought to an end in this single sheet of paper.

But he has also a clear comprehension of the poetical truthfulness of fiction, and concludes this section with the words :

The fiction which resembleth truth  
Is better than the truth which is dissevered from rectitude.

From what is intended to be the historical narrative of Alexander's life is especially to be distinguished the description of the manner in which he measured the whole earth as well by land as by sea. Further, it should be noticed that the Alexandrian era—the Seleucidian—began with the day on which he entered upon his prophetic office.

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### III.—APOLLONIUS OF TYANA IN THE ALEXANDER-SAGA.

A POLLONIUS plays a too important part in the work of Nizami not to make it necessary to throw a little light on the position which he occupied with respect to Alexander. As philosopher, Belinās is one of the Seven Wise Men of the second part; as an adept in the secret powers of nature, as companion of Alexander in his travels, and as founder of talismans,

he comes before us in both parts. We have, therefore, certainly to think about the celebrated Tyanese. From the wonderful circumstances of his life, the East assigned him the conspicuous position which was most accordant with its own natural tastes, and named him “Originator of Talismans.” Philostratus indeed mentions, with reference to the pestilence in Ephesus, only one talisman for warding off the calamity, but by the Byzantine writers he is credited with several. On this account it may rest on old local traditions if Kasvini specifies nine talismans as made by Apollonius. The extraordinary thing is, that he is made a contemporary of the Sassanides, and that in Hamadān, expressly at the request of Kobād, he erected a lion as a talisman against the deep snow, as well as on the two sides of the lion talismans against beasts of prey, scorpions, and fleas. Moreover, the Lake in Khelāt, the capital of Armenia, which during two months of the year produces such abundance of fish that it is carried to India, was a work of Apollonius for Kobād. For one of the Khosrus he made in Karmisin a talisman against scorpions. On the other hand, again, he is brought into connection with the Roman Emperors, for one of whom he erected a bath in Cæsarea. The other works ascribed to Apollonius are: the salt pits of Ferāhān, a district of Hamadān and of Kum; a treasure-vault and likewise a cemetery of the old Armenian kings; three horses at Constantinople, and a wonderful olive-tree in the Sion’s church at Rome. Apollonius is

transferred to the time of Alexander by the historical work of Mugmil-Attawarikh, which tells us that he made a talisman for the Pharos at Alexandria. That Nizami adopts the same anachronism is a very happy notion of the poet, bringing, as it does, so many features into the history of his hero, which lends it a new interest. The first time that Apollonius proves himself is in the expedition to annihilate the Fire-temple of the Magians. A priestess of the race of Rustam, by name Hazar-humai—that is, Fire-phœnix—defends the sanctuary against the assailants by assuming the form of a dragon, and by other magical secrets. Aristotle, from whom Alexander receives counsel, draws his attention to Apollonius, telling him that he also is versed in magical arts, and is a maker of talismans. Apollonius is successful in overcoming the priestess, and requests, as a reward that he may be allowed to marry her; and by her aid perfects himself in the mysteries of her magic arts. Soon afterwards we find him in the closest intercourse with the King, who applies to him for assistance in every perplexity. Under his advice the army of Alexander, when preparing for the great expedition to India and China, buries its treasures in the ground, and secures it with a talisman. Later Alexander is instructed by him in the meaning of the lines on the wonderful goblet of Kai-Khosru, and commands him so to enchant the throne of that mythical king, which he has found in Norderān, as to throw off every one who attempts to sit upon it

Apollonius likewise, in order to satisfy the curiosity of the King, permits himself to be tied to a rope, and to be let down into a pit which is supposed to be a burial and treasure-vault of Kai-Khosru, and finds it full of burning sulphur. He is afterwards the leader of a deputation which Alexander sends to the Kaid of Hindostan. When they set out on the expedition against the Russians through the country of the Kipkaks, whose women will never veil their faces in the presence of men, at the request of Alexander he erects a talisman consisting of a stone-image, which has its face veiled, and which compels every woman who passes by to do the same. When in the decisive battle Fortune appears to be inclining to the side of the Russians, Apollonius assures the King that his victory is written in the stars, but that he must himself enter into the combat. The occasions on which Apollonius comes before us in the second part will be noticed in their place.

For the rest, how rich the East is in such talismans is clear from Kasvini, who reckons up fourteen others over and above those of Apollonius.

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## IV.—THE INTRODUCTORY NARRATIVES

IN our second part is found, in the first place, a series of narratives apparently having no relation to it, which yet on a nearer observation exhibit themselves as a representation of ethical truths which Nizami wishes his hero to learn before he proceeds to the proper objects of his poem—the philosophy and prophetic office of Alexander. Such a gradation is founded on Mohammedan views, and is very clearly conducted throughout. Moreover, he does not neglect to give to the introduced narratives, which all stand in relation to Alexander, whether it be at the end or in the course of them, the instructive direction at which he aims. The narrative loses certainly in this way its progressive pace; but as the stories are conjoined at a middle point, the unity of the poem is preserved. Amongst these narratives those have an especial interest for us which are of Greek origin. Interesting also is the way in which they follow one another in a certain degree systematically, as will be immediately shown.

I.—The first forms properly only the termination of the section which bears the title, “The Beginning of the Story,” and forms the connection of the second part with the first. We are informed how Alexander, after the conquest of the world, established his residence in Rūm, and collected there, above all, the

spiritual fruits of his victories. He ordered especially that the countless works which he had found amongst different nations should be translated, and new writings prepared as rules for the conduct of life. Amongst the works made use of is particularly named the "Parsee Book of the Kings," which to him "was current as flowing water." Of the newly-composed works three are named, "A Description of the Universe," "A Spiritual World," and an "Alexander-Book." To these, especially to the last, mysterious operations are attributed. Thereupon the King issues a proclamation that every wise man will be welcomed and honoured at his court. The wise men stream together towards it from all sides, and, in their noble zeal, nurture the sciences into full bloom :

From the learning of that knowledge-prizing King  
The fame of Greece for its science was highly exalted.  
Now that region hath folded its leaves,  
Time hath departed, but not its name for learning.

*Calcutta Edition, p. 20.*

Alexander also built for himself a quiet hermitage, into which he could withdraw, when the bustle of the world had fatigued him, for prayer and meditation. Thereupon is portrayed his rectitude, and in conclusion, as a supplement, is described his mode of conquest, which is in the highest degree original. Now follows at last the first narrative, in which a musician at Alexander's court is presented as the possessor of a splendid dress, wonderfully embroidered in all the seven colours, and so beautiful that it

delights the King as often as he looks at it. But it was old and torn, and the owner tries the expedient of turning it inside out. Alexander thinks he has disposed of his dress, and questions him about it; but when he hears the answer he feels greatly moved, and exclaims (*p. 23*):

When from the mystery the veil is removed,  
The whole world will soon be perfumed by its odour ;  
When from the richly-embroidered brocade of Rūm  
The blemish can thus easily be turned inside out,  
It is well that we should not, like the black aloes-wood,  
Burst into flame in this our silver-chased incense-dish.

II.—The following section, according to its title, explains the reason of the epithet “Two-horned.” After five of the known views one is adduced from the *Kitāb-al-Ulūf* of Abu-Masar, which derives the appellation from a misunderstanding of the Arabs, who saw in the two angels in the likeness of Alexander, brought to them from Greece, and which the artist had introduced on each side of the head, “horns.” But these opinions form only the introduction to a seventh, according to which the appellation rests upon the fact that Alexander had uncommonly large ears. He conceals them, and only his barber is acquainted with the secret. This man dies, and the King takes another, enjoining upon him strict silence. But the constraint torments him, and he frees his breast by calling out the mysterious words in a well in the wilderness. Out of this grows a reed, in which sound the words of the barber. In an

excursion Alexander notices this to be true at a shepherd's, whose pipe was cut out of that well. The barber is brought before him and questioned, and confesses the truth. The king draws from the circumstance this lesson (*p. 26*):

He became aware that in the open field of the world,  
Nothing, however hidden, remaineth concealed.  
He remembered the flute-player only with kindness,  
Set him at liberty, and freed him from the sword.  
Know that from the bud of ruby or of pearl  
Will burst into flower whatsoever filleth it ;  
Though it be a jewel encased in hard marble,  
Whatever it really is will at last be made plain.

This surprising and very exact application of the Midas story, to which a point is given by the moralising tendency of Nizami, is evidently brought forward here only on account of the last lesson it conveys, which connects itself closely in its particulars with the foregoing. Whether Nizami was the originator of this application—he ascribes it himself to the oral communication of an intelligent man—or from what legend it was borrowed, cannot be determined.

III.—The third narrative bears a purely Oriental stamp. Alexander falls into melancholy on account of the sickness of a beloved maiden whom the physicians have already given up. Then he sees from the roof of his palace an old shepherd, whom he summons before him. This man, who in his younger years had lived at a princely court, recounts to him the history of a prince of Marv, which suited the case. Hardly

had he concluded it when news was brought to the King that the sick maiden was out of danger, and the shepherd left the court richly rewarded. As a useful application, follows in conclusion (*p. 30*):

Whosoever possesseth purity of nature,  
From him thou mayst write down such stories as these.  
Virtue beameth from a generous spirit,  
As light from the moon, or as brilliancy from Jupiter.  
The intelligent man, if his brain be not muddled,  
Knoweth how to distinguish between felt and silk.  
Whosoever bringeth thee good words,  
Listen to them with thine heart as they come from his brain ;  
To the tongue which uttereth words without reason,  
The answer that best becometh thee is—silence.

IV.—To the foregoing love-stories links itself another, which is especially noteworthy through the name of its hero. Archimedes is the handsomest youth of his time, and highly distinguished by Alexander. Aristotle also, “whose instruction is listened to by a hundred scholars, who have learned from him the knowledge of good and evil,” loves him, takes him into the relation of son, and addresses his teaching specially to him, “for an intelligent hearer is better than a hundred without discernment.” Once Archimedes stayed away a longer time than usual from the lectures, and, questioned by the master as to the cause, he confesses that the love of a beautiful maiden withheld him from serious occupation. In order to prove to him the folly of his love, Aristotle begs him to communicate to him the object of it, and by means of a bitter potion he contrives to

extract from the maiden those juices which were the sources of her beauty. The young man turns away from the now ugly one, but his sorrow moves the master to restore her beauty. She lives with him yet one spring, but then is carried off by a sudden death. The narrative, as the voucher for which is named “an old man of the old men of Rūm,” forms a supplement to the preceding one; which shows the true and therefore indestructible passion, whilst the last represents the sensuous and transient one. Herein is conspicuous in Aristotle’s mouth the value of monogamy (*p. 33*):

One equal marriage quite sufficeth thee ;  
In the midst of many men a man is companionless :  
Fate is distracted in its councils on this account,  
That it hath seven fathers and four mothers.

V.—The fifth narrative has an interest on account of its heroine’s bearing a name which a wife of Mohammed had borne, namely, the “Coptic Mary.” She is a princess from Syria, who after her father’s death is driven away by strangers from her dominion. To implore justice she comes to Alexander’s court, and, inspired by the wisdom of Aristotle, joins herself closely to him as a scholar. She does not return home till she has filled her writing-tablets with all kinds of knowledge, and especially has learned the art of making gold. Alexander replaces her in her father’s kingdom, and she begins now to unlock by her art immeasurable treasures. The whole court became resplendent with gold, which she applies to

her daily wants. A band of dispirited alchemists, portrayed in a very life-like manner, who know no art, and have only the means of living for the day, repairs to Mary to beseech her to tell them her secret. When the princess has first mystified them, giving the black locks of her head as the principle of gold-making, she holds with them a discourse on the different kinds of herbs applicable to alchemy. Then the poet introduces, in order to oppose the right alchemy to the false, a playful anecdote : how a man from Khorasan cheated the city of Bagdad and the Khalif, and got himself much money, substituting the word *Kibrit* (sulphur) into *Tibrik*, and giving that as one of the alchemistic ingredients. Then it is told at the conclusion how Mary's wealth awakens envy, and how their calumnies affect Alexander. By Aristotle's advice, she conciliates them by uncommonly rich presents ; with which he connects the saying (*p. 42*) :

The bestowing of direms [money] extinguisheth hatred,  
And displaceth from the bosom the ancient grudge.

VI.—Now follows a supplement to the foregoing narrative. Here the calumny is directed against a man, who within a year's space has bounded up from the deepest poverty to the greatest riches. Summoned by the King to justify himself, he recounts his story, of which the circumstances are briefly as follows. He had come to his present abode a stranger, and in the utmost necessity ; and, at the supplication of his

wife, who was near her confinement, for food betook himself, full of despair, to the wilderness, where he found no benevolent hand to assist him. Then he enters a hut, where dwelt two Moors, brothers, of whom one is just gone out to fetch a large treasure. The other spares the man who is seeking assistance, but obliges him to conceal himself. When the first returns, and, being tired, falls asleep, his own brother murders him. The man who sees this is horrified, but makes use of the opportunity, whilst the murderer is dragging out the corpse, to remove himself with the treasure, and goes back immediately to his wife, whom he finds delivered of a boy. Alexander tries his horoscope, which confirms the truth of what the man has told him, and he is dismissed with honour.

VII.—After these six narratives, which, taken from the circle of ordinary life, treat in three groups of three subjects—mystery, love, and riches—follow four others, which are intended to form the transition to the purely philosophical sections, and the heroes of which are the wise men who live at the court of Alexander. In the first of these is described a conspiracy, which is formed in the little learned society against him who surpasses them all in acuteness and power of argument, Hermes, whose colleagues refuse their applause to his most discriminating explanations. He loses all patience at last, and by the mighty power of his word changes the seventy men into motionless statues. Alexander, when he comes

thither, and learns what has been done, praises Hermes, and condemns the contumacious men whom he has thus punished. He further expresses his approval of it to each of them, and, amongst other things, says (*p. 50*):

Because they put a shroud on the lessons of the teacher,  
Lo ! the winding-sheet of Fate hath enshrouded them !  
The exposition which is strong to demonstration,  
If thou wilt not listen to, thou must learn by unhappiness !  
The pearl, whose proper place is the crown of the head,  
It is not auspicious to dash to the ground !

Apparently we have here to do with one of the many miraculous acts ascribed to Trismegistus. Hermes will come again before us as one of the Wise Men.

VIII.—The following section is a glorification of the noble science of music. Once particularly the Grecian philosophers sat assembled and brought forward proofs of their various kinds of knowledge. Then a proud word uttered by Aristotle, distinguished by the King before all the rest, who believes that he unites in himself all knowledge, offends the hoary Plato (*p. 51*):

Out burst Plato, provoked, from that assembly,  
Who held the mastery in all the sciences ;  
For of all the learning which men had acquired,  
The first page they had learnt from him.

He withdraws from all society, and makes his dwelling under a lofty dome, in order to listen and find out thence the tones of the seven spheres.

After various attempts he contrives an instrument which produces the most wonderful tunes (*p. 52*) :

He attained such mastery over the harmony of sweet sounds,  
That whatever chord he struck he fettered the reason ;  
He concluded an alliance between man and beast,  
And bound them by his melodies one to the other,  
To such a degree that of all born of man  
The desire was turned towards dancing and jubilation.  
Lions and wild beasts, at the sound of that crooked lyre,  
One wakened up, and another was lulled to sleep ;  
But when in a concord of soft wailing tones  
He mingled together its many harmonies,  
From the instrument he drew forth such sweet music  
As no one but himself had ever produced.  
Such was the burst of that blended melody,  
That it moved to sadness the breast of the mournful ;  
And such was the power of its soothing tones  
That it revealed to the heart of the wise its mysteries and  
ailments.

Then he betook himself to the wilderness, placed himself in a magic circle drawn for the purpose, and began to prove the operations of his art (*p. 53*) :

Wild beasts and deer from desert and mountain  
Came running towards him, herd upon herd ;  
They came running towards him, each at his tones,  
And placed their heads on the frame of his lyre ;  
Then one by one they clean lost their senses,  
And fell like the dead on the face of the earth.  
Nor did the young wolf offer violence to the sheep ;  
Nor had the rapacious lion a desire for the wild-ass.  
Then he knew how to change the melody,  
And give to the curved lyre another modulation,  
So that the wild beasts roared with excitement,

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And again from that madness recovered their senses,  
And spread themselves once more over the face of the earth :  
Who can call to mind so wonderful an occurrence ?

The fame of Plato's miracles came to the court, where it made an exciting impression, especially on Aristotle. He was troubled, "as a rival who is shamed by his rival." After long pondering, he succeeds in producing tones similar to those of Plato, but their effects are not nearly so magnificent. He hurries back to his old teacher, asks him to forgive him, and submits himself to his deeper penetration. But Alexander establishes Plato as master of science in Rūm.

There are three elements out of which Nizami, or his authority, has put together this narrative : the jealousy between Aristotle and Plato ; the theory of the harmony of the spheres of Pythagoras ; and the wonder-working music of Orpheus. By the many notices which were current in the East of the Stagirite would have become known the charge of many, that he was Plato's personal rival. Of Pythagoras, Kasvini is aware that "he was the founder of the science of music, and that he established the principles of melody according to the tones of the celestial movements by virtue of his penetration and the clearer nature of his soul." For the rest, the whole has received an Oriental stamp, and from the natural enchantment of music has become more talismanic, being already connected externally with the magic square.

IX.—The next section is closely connected with the foregoing one. The following day an assemblage of the Wise Men takes place at the court of Alexander. The King inquires of Plato, after praising him for his knowledge of the mysterious powers of nature, whether there are hidden matters which are inaccessible to him. The answer is, that in earlier times they knew how to work more enchantments than the present are capable of apprehending. As an example Plato recounts the story of the Ring of Gyges, which rendered the possessor invisible. A shepherd finds in a cavity in the ground a copper horse, in which lies the body of a man still uncorrupted. He draws off a ring from the finger, and discovers by intercourse with other shepherds that the ring possesses the power of rendering invisible. He makes use of it for the purpose of obtaining his wishes, and in conclusion surprises the ruler of the land, and presents himself before him as a prophet, giving the operation of the ring as a proof of miraculous power. The amazed king flies in terror, and the shepherd acquires his dominions. “How to discover the secret of the ring,” says Plato at last, “I have sought in vain.” We see that the conclusion of the well-known story has received a genuine Mohammedan colouring. That it is put into the mouth of Plato has certainly no other foundation than that it is derived from his writings.

X.—The last piece is a version of the well-known dialogue between Alexander and Diogenes. The latest works on the Poendocallisthenes transfers it

from the Isthmus to Athens, where Alexander wishes to reward Diogenes because he had counselled the Athenians against the war; but he desires nothing from him except to stand aside and allow him to sun himself quietly. Once transferred to Athens, it was easy also to change the hero of the anecdote, and with such a change it arrived in the East. They recount, so says Kasvini, that Alexander repaired to Plato, his teacher's teacher, and placed himself before him whilst he was resting his back in a sunny place against the wall. Questioned by Alexander whether he had any request, Plato answered: "My request is that thou wilt free me from the shade, for thou hinderest the sun from coming to me." Then the King proffered him gold, as well as a costly silk dress. Then said Diogenes: "Plato wants not the stone of the earth, nor the dryness from the plants, nor the slime from the worm, but he wants something which he will have with him whithersoever he turns." Nizami, as his voucher, goes yet further, and refers the scene to Socrates, who is portrayed as an Oriental hermit, who has withdrawn himself to the wilderness, in order to live only a life of contemplation. Generally, as is stated in the introduction, at that time a love of moderation and abstemiousness quite possessed the Greeks, and they had to thank these qualities especially for their glory. One day Alexander ordered Socrates to appear in his presence; he refuses to come, which only increases still more the desire of the King to see him (*p. 60*):

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For this is the disposition that hath been given to men,  
To recall to remembrance those who are forgetful of them ;  
And the more a man seeketh to fly from others,  
The more obstinately they fix their affections upon him.

After many vain attempts the King sends to question the philosopher as to the grounds of his refusal ; and he replies in a long outburst, the termination of which contains the kernel :

To dread men of the world what need hath the slave,  
Who girdeth his loins in the service of the Holy God ?  
In this slavery I am thy master ;  
Should I come to thee, I become slave to thee !” (*p. 62*)

At last Alexander resolves to seek out the philosopher on foot and alone. He finds him sleeping, and desirous of speaking with him, he jogs the slumberer with his foot ; and now he is obliged to hear the bitterest truths of the dignity of the wise in comparison with sovereigns ; amongst others :

I am master of a slave whose name is Passion,  
To whose obedience I have a rightful claim :  
Thou art one who is the slave of a slave ;  
Serving submissively him who ought to be our servant (*p. 63*).

Questioned whether he has no wish to gratify, he replies that he has none, and represents to the King what unbecoming conduct it was to awaken him in the way that he had done. Alexander acknowledges the impropriety, and asks in the end for wise counsel. Socrates becomes gentler, and gives him a series of various instructions which the King prizes so highly, that he returns home and orders them to be inscribed

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in golden ink. The sources of this narrative have been already indicated; the treatment of it as a whole may well be attributed to Nizami himself, who in all likelihood desired to mirror in it his own relations to princes.

In conclusion it may be remarked that much of what besides is reported of Diogenes is by Oriental authors ascribed to Socrates. So Honain relates that Socrates had a tub which afforded him protection against storms, and shade against the heat. When he was about to die it is said his scholars asked him : "What dost thou enjoin to be done with thy body?" —"Let him who has to clear out the place concern himself with that," was the answer.

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#### V.—ALEXANDER AS PHILOSOPHER.

**H**I THERETO the royal hero of the poem has been chiefly a hearer, who draws instruction from what he has heard or experienced; in the following sections he shows in himself his capacity to perceive and prove the truths of wisdom.

First is recounted how Alexander was one day seated in learned conversation with his Wise Men, when an Indian was announced, who, through his multifarious knowledge, soon wins the approbation

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of the King, and then directs to him the following request (*p. 67*) :

Thou seest in me the Primate of the Indians,  
Aged in thoughtfulness, but youthful in power ;  
Yet many are the mysteries which perplex my mind—  
Mysteries, which no one hath been able to reveal.  
I have heard that of all the teachers of the age,  
Thou art the most accomplished for all time ;  
That in understanding thou art a thread of priceless pearls,  
That thy reason is a volume unravelling all knots.  
That, although the master of crown and throne,  
Fortune hath gifted thee with the perfume of knowledge also..  
If I obtain from thee an answer to what I shall ask,  
I will then turn away my adoration from the Sun ;  
But if I receive not from the King an answer to the purpose,  
Again I must replace my pack on my own ass ;  
But I will have no other counsellor save the King,  
No one else shall enter into the number.  
From me the question shall come, from thee shall be the  
answer ;  
The words of happy augury must be from thyself.

The Indian asks first : Where then is the one invisible Creator to be sought for ? The answer is, that human intelligence can reach only those things which can be grasped by the senses. On this account the Godhead must remain ever remote, but it reveals itself to the reasoning mind in the whole of creation. In a similar manner Alexander answers also the other questions of the Indian as to the finite or infinite duration of the universe : whether we must assume another, super-terrestrial, world ; upon the existence of the soul, which to the questioner appears to be a fire, with the

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extinction of which, by death, existence ceases ; upon dreams ; upon the influence of the “evil eye ;” upon the possibility of reading Fate by the astrological constellations ; finally, as to the cause of the different colours of the skin in the Chinese and the Moors, who yet, both of them, are warmed by one sun. Hereupon the Indian retires, enraptured by the wisdom of the King. We see here the questions brought together which most excited the times and surroundings of Nizami ; two metaphysical ones, the existence of the Creator and the duration of the creation ; the two weightiest questions of Faith, those of another life and the immortality of the soul ; one psychological, on Dreamis, which already leads half way to the two following, belonging to the domain of the supernatural ; whilst the concluding one forms an anthropological question. If the material of the conversation belongs entirely to the poet, still the notion of it is drawn from a feature of the true history of Alexander—his conversation, namely, with the Indian gymnosophists ; which is also found in the legendary statements. Moreover, these discourses find a place in Ferdusi during Alexander’s presence in India ; but the economy of the poem demanded that Nizami should place them here first, as well as that he should so far modify them that Alexander should be the answerer, whilst, in the former case, he it is who puts the questions.

The following section is a collection of the various views with respect to the origin of the world, so

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dressed that they may be put into the mouths of the Seven Wise Men at Alexander's court, who at the desire of the King gave them expression. The introduction places these philosophers before us, and informs us that Alexander

Of those philosophers selected seven,  
Upon not one of whose hearts rested a fault :  
Aristotle, who was the Vizier of his kingdom,  
Apollonius the useful, and Socrates the aged,  
Plato, and Thales, and Porphyrius,  
To all of whom the Holy Spirit had given the hand-kiss ;  
The seventh was Hermes, the endowed with good judgment,  
Who was worthy to take his place in the seventh heaven (*p. 74*).

Then the King assembles and lays before them a question, which he says has already given him many a sleepless night: In what way we are to think of creation; for that the world has been made is a postulate of the sound understanding.

The initiation is taken by Aristotle. He, as the rest also, begins with the praise of the King, and then explains, how from the first movement proceeded gradually three movements; the generators of three expansions, which, connecting themselves with matter, formed body. This body remained in constant agitation; its glowing portion mounted upwards and formed the eternally circling heaven. Out of this Fire then evolved itself, which produced Air; out of the Air streamed forth Water; and out of this, as its deposit, was formed the Earth. When the four elements had taken their natural positions, from their

commixture proceeded the Plant, and from the Plant animated existence (*p. 85*).

He is followed by Thales, who assumes Water as the original substance; from the agitation of which he believes Fire to be “breathed out.” From this, through the separation of the darker portions, arose Air, and as the agitation of the Water abated, was formed as its deposit the Earth. Out of these indivisible substances composed themselves the objects of nature; after the finest atoms of the whole had formed the revolving Sky (*p. 77*).

Hereupon speaks Apollonius. He designates the stiff Earth as the origin of existence. Set in motion, it freed itself from its stiffness, and the ascending vapours, lowering themselves to the most suitable place, formed gradually the constituent parts of the universe; the finest of them the Heavenly bodies, the less fine the Fire-spheres, then the Air, the Water, and finally the Earth (*p. 77*).

Peculiar is the view which is put in the mouth of Socrates (*p. 78*):

On the first page, when as yet creation was not,  
Nothing was discernible save GOD, THE LORD.  
From His Majesty arose a lofty cloud,  
Of which every flash of lightning, every rain-drop was beneficent.  
From its rain the Heavens came into sight;  
From its lightning the Sun and Moon became visible;  
And of the essence which descended from its vapours  
Was formed the Earth and steadied in its place.

According to Porphyrius, God first created matter:

this became, in virtue of an emanation from the Creator, a watery substance, which separated itself into two parts, of which one formed the Heaven and the other the Earth.

The view of Hermes is the following (*p. 79*) :

From the time that I trod the paths of thought,  
I have been a gazer on this azure vault.  
I know that this vault, like a magnificent ocean,  
Is suspended as a mist on the summit of a mountain ;  
Above the mist so awful and so grand,  
There is a resplendent expanse of light, bright and unsullied.  
In face of this mist and before this light  
Is a veil which is pierced with window on window ;  
From every breach which hath opened a way through the mist  
Blazes forth the light in full measure ;  
And the stars likewise, from the moon to the sun,  
Are kindled by the splendour which issueth forth from the veil.  
Of creation itself I know nothing rightly ;  
I know not How the Creator first began His work.

The last speaker is Plato. He combats especially the assumption of an original matter: God has created individual substances, one independent of the other, out of nothing. If there were an original matter, he is of opinion that it must be eternal (*p. 80*).

At length Alexander rises, and, bestowing high praises on the Wise Men (*p. 81*),

Beginneth : O ye who have been nurtured in science,  
Much thought have I given to this question of the stars.  
I know that these images have not grown of themselves ;  
There must have been one to portray them at the first.  
I know that there must be a Modeller behind,

But "the How" He modelled them, of that I know nothing.  
If I knew "the How" He made them,  
I should be able to make them, as He hath made them.  
For every image which presenteth itself to the mind,  
It is certainly possible to exhibit in deed.  
And since we know not how to read the mysteries of creation,  
Why curiously pry into what He hath concealed ?  
Ye who have studied the Heavens as the pages of a book,  
See to what contrariety of opinion ye are arrived !  
On this subject it is not well to say more than THIS,  
That the Model of the Universe MUST HAVE HAD A MODELLER !

Nizami shows in this section that he had no insignificant acquaintance with philosophical systems. But he cannot forbear placing at the close his own view concerning the subject of the conversation. The first thing which, according to him, God created, is Reason. To it every thing is clear, except the original plan of creation. Hence the barrier to Reason, which it should not attempt to break through. It can give information only so far as its own might can penetrate. He who can hold to this is the truly reasonable man, and is satisfied to infer the originator from the work. The verses which follow are peculiar. The poet utters reproaches against himself, because he has allowed philosophers long since dead to express their views, notwithstanding that he would be able to express merely his own. These reproaches of his conscience he clothes in the form of an appeal, which he hears from his heavenly protecting spirit, Khizar. As a justification, as it were, he joins to it a vindication of a bodily resurrection (*p. 81*).

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VI.—ALEXANDER'S CALL TO BE A PROPHET—THE  
BOOKS OF WISDOM.

AS soon as Alexander had ascended the steps of knowledge till he had reached the limits of human instruction, the enlightening beam of Prophecy must be his portion. A Serūsh, or Angel, veiled in dazzling light, brings him the intelligence (*p.* 81).

He said : Far greater than mountains and rivers,  
The Creator of the world sendeth thee a benediction.  
In addition to granting thee the sovereignty of the earth,  
He bestoweth upon thee the gift of Prophecy.  
To one who, like thee, is accustomed to command,  
O King, this is the command of the All-Provider,  
That thou shouldst chase away rest from thy place of rest,  
And in this thy supremacy refuse not the toil of travel.  
Thou must circle like the heavens the round of the universe,  
Thou must exalt to the sun the heads of savage men ;  
Thou must conjure the nations to quit their evil ways,  
To turn to the All-Powerful, and to thine own Faith ;  
Thou must build anew this time-worn vault,  
Thou must wash out carelessness from all its quarters ;  
Thou must free the earth from the demon of injustice,  
Thou must incline all hearts to the Sovereign of the world ;  
Thou must rouse from their sleep the heads of the slumberers,  
Thou must withdraw the veil from the face of intelligence ;  
Thou art a treasure of mercy from God, the Holy,  
An ambassador sent to the destitute of the earth ;  
Thou must explore diligently the circuit of the globe,  
That each one of its inhabitants may receive his portion :

Since thy hand is laid on the kingdoms of this world,  
 It is well that thou shouldst extend it to that of the other ;  
 For in the ministration for which thou art about to journey,  
 Look to the approval of God, not to thine own ease !

The King listens to the message full of reverence, but it raises within him some hesitation. He sees especially difficulties in his unacquaintedness with the languages of the people who are to be converted, in the toilsomeness of the roads for a great army, and in the obduracy of those who are to be led to a pure fear of God. The heavenly messenger comforts him, and discloses to him from the Deity the promised means of assistance. Before all, that there will be waiting patiently, in the four parts of the world, those who will ever be at hand to do him service; and that against the dangers of the way it has been provided, that (*p. 86*)

In **whatsoever** place thy prudence shall bid thee rest,  
 The light **and** the darkness will be at thy disposal ;  
 Light will be before thee, and darkness be behind ;  
 Thou wilt see all, but none shall see thee.  
 Whoever shall not stand aloof from thy commission,  
 To him give light from the light which thou hast ;  
 Whoever shall hide his head from thine approach,  
 Him consign to his own darkness ;  
 In order that, like a shadow in the absence of light,  
 He may die away in his meanness and perversity.

As to what concerns the languages, that the knowledge of all of them would be given him as well as the confirmatory signs of his mission (*p. 86*):

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Midst every tribe where thou shalt show thy face,  
They will bring to thine ear strange languages,  
But by the inspiration of thy Friend, who pointeth out the way,  
Thou wilt understand the speech of every people ;  
Thou wilt be versed in the tongue of every country,  
Nor will the meaning be hidden of aught that they may utter ;  
And all that thyself shalt say in the speech of Rūm,  
The listener will understand without an interpreter ;  
And by the proof of this divine miracle,  
Thou mayst establish the inconsistency of good with evil.

So strengthened, the King makes preparation for his great journey. Especially, he wishes to take with him the arms of the spirit, and so he orders to be prepared, in addition to the “Great Book, which was a copy in wisdom of the Divine Book,” three other Wisdom-books, by the three greatest philosophers of his court, in order to take them with him as counsellors on his journey. Aristotle, Plato, and Socrates discharge themselves of the commissions severally intrusted to them to the highest satisfaction of the King. As to the contents of these books, they are a conglomeration of the most heterogeneous sentences and decisions. Here we can subjoin only a few distichs from Aristotle’s book (*p. 90*) :

When thou chancest to fall between two ignorant evil-minded fellows,  
Drive them asunder, bridle from bridle ;  
Engage but the wolf with the panther in battle,  
Thou mayst withdraw the meal from between the two grindstones.

From the same (*p. 90*) :

The treasury is intended to lay up treasure ;  
 Treasure may be used in scattering enemies :  
 By a bait of fat thou mayst entangle the foot of the fox ;  
 For sweetmeats the child will give up the ring from its finger.

From the same (*p. 90*) :

Array not thyself like the hyacinths in the garden ;  
 The lamp might be better in the hand of another !  
 Thus said to the Fire the worshipper of Fire :  
 Who that existeth here below is better than we ?  
 The Fire replied : Art thou willing to learn ?  
 Me it were better to extinguish, and thee to kill.

From the same (*p. 92*) :

Truth was the quality which thy mother brought thee ;  
 Turn not from the nature which was thine from the first.

From the same (*p. 92*) :

The shell of every substance is hard as bone,  
 That it may hold within it a kernel like the pearl.

From Plato's Book (*p. 95*) :

Why do we sleep so much on this our threshold ?  
 Is it because Sleep is the familiar friend of Death ?

From the same (*p. 96*) :

Wherfore turn thy bridle towards every quarter  
 To gratify thine appetites and thy love of food ?  
 Wherefore speed thy way through ocean and desert—  
 Why hurry back and forwards for a loaf of bread ?  
 Those who hasten on, if they are masters of their understanding,  
 Are but hastening in search of a resting-place at the inn ;  
 Those who tread the whole earth under their feet  
 Are all at the last only aiming at repose ;  
 All the wayfarers, who look before them,  
 Bestow their approbation on those who are sitting still

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Happiness dwelleth in the realms of tranquillity,  
And, passest thou beyond them, all is vanity !

From the Book of Socrates (*p.* 99) :

The meat which thou lockest up in thine own dwelling  
Will spread a bad odour through seventy houses ;  
When thou sendest it out to the whole village,  
It will perfume, like musk, every door and threshold.

From the same (*p.* 100) :

He who serveth us unwillingly, but in bland accents,  
Is better notwithstanding than the rough speaker, however  
benevolent :  
It beseemeth to know kindness in gentle speech ;  
Of what use is benevolence couched in harsh language ?

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## VII.—THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE JOURNEY—THE MARCH TO THE WEST.

READY for entering upon his second expedition through the world, Alexander took measures for the administration of his kingdoms during his absence. His son, Iskandarūs, he appointed his successor under the guardianship of his own mother, to whom he gives also the wisest rules of conduct, with an eye moreover to the possibilities of his never returning.

Then he set forth with an army of a hundred thousand men and four thousand laden camels, and proceeded in the first place from Macedonia to

Alexandria. Here he ordered a high mound to be raised, and a mirror to be placed thereon to announce the arrival of an approaching enemy. Thence he repaired to Misr (Cairo), where he tarried two days. But before he could advance towards the West, properly so called, he was obliged to pay a visit also to the city of Jerusalem ; for (*p. 105*)

Certain aggrieved persons from the Holy City,  
 Who had suffered oppression from a tyrannical ruler,  
 And had taken to the road to complain of his iniquity,  
 Came and seized his bridle imploring his justice :  
 “ Since by thee, the earth is to be purified,  
 Purify also the dwelling of purity ;  
 Display thy standard in the Holy-Place,  
 Cast out of the world all evil-minded men !  
 In that city of the pure there resides a Demon  
 Who holdeth in enmity all the friends of God ;  
 The obedient servants of that precious House  
 Behold naught from him save anguish and injury.  
 Forsaking himself the path of worship,  
 He inflicts on the worshipper all kinds of cruelty ;  
 He hath exalted his head in the shedding of blood,  
 And in his iniquity hath he abased the heads of many.  
 We are all in terror of this son of a Demon,  
 Thou art the Demon-binder, of thee we crave justice !”

Alexander shows himself compliant, and draws towards Jerusalem (*p. 106*) :

When an outcry arose from plain and mountain,  
 And the Tyrant was aware that his enemy was approaching,  
 He girded his breast, and met him in battle,  
 But he knew not the might of his watchful Fortune.  
 In the first night attack which the King made

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He barred the road of that highway-robber.  
Then he immediately gave orders, that a herald  
Should make proclamation of all his iniquities,  
And that every one who thus committeth injustice  
Should likewise come to a like bad end.  
When he had thus possessed himself of the Sanctuary,  
He purified its soil by mixing it with ambergris,  
Washed it clean from the pollution of the polluted,  
Rested a while in that abode of the peaceful,  
Removed from it every mark of tyranny and injustice,  
And left it once more a place of worship for the worshipper.

This narrative rests plainly upon that of the visit recounted by Josephus, the last worker on the Pseudo-Callisthenes and the Pseudo-Josephus. Only, enigmatical is the tendency which is given to it by Nizami. As exemplar of the oppressor, some Jewish account may have served of the tyranny of Antiochus Epiphanes. He, or his voucher, combined both elements, the more readily, as Alexander would thus enter upon his prophetic career in Palestine; which, according to Mohammedan conceptions, a prophet must do.

From Jerusalem the King went by Africa to Andalusia, in which land he left no settlement of man unvisited, establishing everywhere a condition of morality and religion. Here they embarked in their ships, and traversed the sea for three months towards the quarter where the sun sets (*p. 107*):

Many an island he saw uninhabited by man ;  
He went on voyaging from land to land ;  
Many a living creature he met with,

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Both men and various species of animals ;  
But not one of them would come near and mingle with them,  
But all fled away from mountain to mountain.

After this voyage they arrive at a strip of coast, the sand of which was yellow and glittering, and in its composition and easiness to kindle resembling sulphur. After eight months' march through this sandy desert Alexander comes to the great ocean. Here is the end of the world, the place where the sun goes down, "the bounds of imagination." But nothing creates in the King so much astonishment as the warm fountain which bubbles up out of the ocean. The philosopher whom he questions about it can only answer so far as to say, that many have inquired into the cause in vain. Alexander bathes in the sea and finds the water heavy as quicksilver. On this account the knowing ones counsel him against traversing it, especially as it conceals other dangers, namely, a monster which kills men with a glance, and a coast full of glistening stones which cause irresistible laughter and destroy them. The truth of this last is proved by some men who are sent thither; but great loads of the stone are brought away by people with bandaged eyes. Then Alexander quits the place as soon as possible, taking with him some of the yellow sand. These loads, arriving at an oasis he applies to the erection of a great castle, which was constructed artistically out of that stone and surrounded with the yellow earth. "The building," says Nizami, "has already killed many a traveller, who, finding no

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entrance, has climbed the walls, and through the operation of the stone has been precipitated to the bottom and died."

This fabulous castle appears to have played a great part at that time in the Oriental Sagas. From a pseudo-Aristotelian treatise upon stones, Kasvini brings details about the wonderful stones and the city built of it by Alexander is called by him the Brazen City, and has found a place also in the geographical portion of his work, where he gives several detailed descriptions of it, excusing himself in the following terms: "The Brazen City has a wonderful history running counter to what is usual; but I saw that many recorded it in their works, and so I have noted it also." Especially interesting is the narrative adduced about it: how Musa, the lieutenant of Africa, is sent by the Omiad Abdalmalik to search out that wonderful city, reaches it also, experiences much that is noteworthy, and reports the whole in a literally quoted letter to the Khalif. Verses also in the Himyarishan character, which were to be read on the walls, are cited, according to which King Solomon appears as a builder, as well as how such a view is brought forward.

Then follows a six-months' journey through the desert, at the termination of which Alexander accomplishes his wish to search out the never yet seen sources of the Nile. After a long march over mountain and valley, he came at last to a steeply ascending mountain, in colour resembling "green

glass," from which flows down the river Nile. Of the people sent up thither not one came back. At last a man is despatched, accompanied by his son, with orders that, arrived at the summit, he should write what he had seen, and throw down the billet to his son, who is to wait for him below. The son returns without his father, but with the following description (*p. 113*):

He gave to the King the paper, and the King read written thereon :

" From the toilsomeness of the way,  
My soul fainted within me from terror,  
For I seemed to be treading the road to Hell.  
The path was contracted to a hair's-breadth,  
And whoever trod it washed his hands of life.  
For in this path, which was slender as a hair,  
There appeared no means of again coming down.  
When I arrived at the rocky mound of the summit,  
I was in an utter strait from the straitness of the way.  
All that I beheld on the side which I had seen tore my heart to  
pieces,  
And my judgment was annihilated by its perilous aspect.  
But on the other side the way was without a blemish,  
Delight upon delight, garden upon garden,  
Full of fruit, and verdure, and water, and roses ;  
The whole region resounding with the melody of birds,  
The air soft, and the landscape so charming,  
That you might say, God had granted its every wish.  
On this side all was life and beauty,  
On the other side all was disturbance and ruin ;  
Here was Paradise, there the semblance of Hell—  
Who would come to Hell and desert Paradise ?  
Think of that desert through which we wended,  
Look whence we came, and at what we have arrived !

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Who would have the heart from this lovely spot  
Again to set a foot in that intricate track ?  
Here I remain, King, and bid thee adieu ;  
And mayst thou too be happy as I am happy ! ”

Alexander conceals from the army this enticing description, and hurries forward. After passing with the utmost difficulty a fresh desert, the wild beasts of which, however, ventured nothing against him, he reached the miraculous Garden of Irim, planted with golden trees from “which *Shedād* had obtained throne and crown.” The magnificence of this garden, with the golden fruits and jewels which ornamented its trees, as well as that of the pool with its fishes of pure onyx, is described, as well as the palace, into which Alexander enters, and which is furnished in the like noble manner. In the midst of this he saw a splendid grave-vault with a hyacinthine tablet, the inscription on which, *Shedād*’s lament over the transitory nature of human greatness, moves the King to tears. He hurries away from the neighbourhood without taking away with him the smallest article of these rich treasures (*pp. 114-115*).

The next journey leads him through a wilderness, in which they meet with a “horde of wild beasts in human form,” who live in caves, know nothing of fire, and live only by catching fish. The sun by day serves them for fire, the night-dew affords them a refreshing drink. Alexander inquires of them about other dwellers in the deserts also, and learns from them that there are those who are still more

uncivilised and unsociable. Then they gave him information of other dwellers in the wilderness, beyond its circuit and boundaries (*p. 118*) :

Then to his questions replied that crew :

" Much have we traversed plain and mountain ;  
 Like deer have we run for months and years,  
 Yet never have we reached the bounds of this desert.  
 But other inhabitants of the desert have we seen,  
 And of them we have asked, and they have informed us,  
 That beyond this region of pitch-black men  
 Those who know the ways have discovered other signs,  
 And tell of a country, far from themselves,  
 Where the glow of the sun is no longer felt ;  
 In which there are cities fair as a musk-willow forest ;  
 In which the inhabitants are white-faced men,  
 Intelligent and good-tempered, and of excellent disposition,  
 Whose lives endure to five hundred years,  
 And, if they be prolonged, to five hundred more,  
 On whose hair thou wilt never see the marks of old age.  
 Beyond the dwelling-place of that heart-attracting tribe,  
 No one hath ever given us further indication ;  
 Only that on going out of the level country,  
 There are many mountains and plains never yet seen,  
 In which is no water for the traveller to drink,  
 Where the heat is heat, and the cold is cold ;  
 From whose soil will come forth no herb or plant—  
 How then shall living thing do aught there but die ? "

Alexander knows how to convert these wild men to civilisation and the Faith. Some of them he takes with him, who guide him on the way to the sea. Arrived at the coast, he builds a great number of ships ; and after a month's voyage the travellers,

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recalled to new life after so many hardships, land in a pleasant place, where for a week they rest from their labours.

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### VIII.—THE MARCH THROUGH THE SOUTH.

IT is difficult to determine what lands Nizami was thinking of under the term “South,” since what he narrates offers no firm point to lay hold of. As Alexander, in order to arrive there from the West, is obliged to make a sea voyage of a month, the poet must suppose him at all events departed from Africa. The diamond-valley which Nizami removes hither, and which otherwise is misplaced in India, would prove that he includes in the South, at all events, a portion of India—the southern. Since also he speaks of deserts, we might perhaps be permitted to think of the southern regions of Erān and India under the term “South;” but under the term Hindūstān, to which Alexander comes out of the South, and which he passes over to the countries of the East, understand Northern India.

In the South, where he meets with a “sweeter air and a more agreeable soil,” Alexander soon finds an opportunity of executing his mission of civilisation. He was told of one village in particular, the inhabitants of which obliged themselves to a shameful

custom. They were all given up to the enjoyment of opium, and made use of the intoxication produced by it, in an especially barbarous way, for sooth-saying (*p* 121) :

After thirty or forty days or more,  
They separate the head from one so stupefied,  
And when they have emptied it of the brain and the tendon,  
And removed from the bone all the fatty substance,  
Then they place the dried head before them,  
And make inquiry about all that concerns them.  
Striking with a rod the bony skull,  
They call out their questions in its hollow shell :  
What of good or of evil will this night disclose ?  
What will the light of to-morrow bring with it ?  
And an echo would reveal the hidden mystery,  
An echo which answered to what had been asked :  
To-morrow will be so or so, hot or cold ;  
Or such a picture Fate holdeth in its folds.

The King visits the village, and he succeeds in abolishing the abominable custom and introducing better habits, with the knowledge and worship of God, to watch over which he leaves behind him a man of understanding and one of his own followers.

The next journey leads through a rough and stony land, until the army finds itself shut in by mountains which it must climb, if it is to march farther. But the road over them was so full of stones, that Alexander gives orders to bind round the hoofs of the horses with towels and leather, and that people should be appointed to clear aside the stones. These men find a stone which steel cannot break.

Alexander discerns its excellence and gives it the name of *almas* (diamond). The army begins to make zealous search for it, and discovers a valley which glitters with countless diamonds, but is full of serpents. The King orders a thousand sheep to be killed, and the flesh to be cut into pieces, and thrown down into the valley. Eagles instantly snatch away the pieces of meat with the diamonds sticking to them. The birds of prey are chased away from the costly booty, and a rich treasure is obtained. "No one besides," remarks the poet, "has yet seen the diamond-mine."

From the diamond-valley they proceeded for a month through waste places, till they came to a poorly cultivated district, "by the greenness, and freshness, and brightness of which heart and soul were thrown into commotion." Here they met with a wondrously-handsome youth, who, barefooted and bareheaded, was raking the ground. Alexander would induce him to forsake his laborious occupation and follow him, and promises to bestow upon him princely honours. The youth answers in a deprecating tone (*p* 124) :

"O tamer of Fate," he said in reply,  
"Let all the refractory submit to learn of thee !  
Let every one apply himself to the art which befitteth him,  
That his thoughts may not contradict his nature !  
I have practised nothing save the setting of seeds ;  
Sovereignty to me would be quite unsuitable ;  
The condition of the husbandman is a hard and rough one,  
A soft occupation would weaken his back.

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My body hath taken its colour from hardship,  
A tender condition is death to hardihood ;  
A hardy body which is delicately treated  
Would be as though gum-arabic were to become honey.”

Pleased with this answer, the King questions him about his religion. The other replies, that he also worships the God of Alexander, the All-good Creator of the universe. He recognises also the prophetic mission of Alexander, whom he has already before seen in dreams. In answer to Alexander's inquiries, the inhabitants inform him that the soil of their land is very remarkable, and renders back a hundred-fold what is sown; but that the result is foiled by an over-mastering tyranny and injustice, so that they cannot feel themselves happy. The King on this account finds there a city, which he calls Alexander-abād (Alexander-town), and at the same time establishes a legal ordinance to put a stop to such abuses.

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#### IX.—THE MARCH TO THE EAST.

IT was the season of Spring when Alexander, coming from the South, marched hurriedly through Hindūstān, which he had already once visited, and trod the regions of the East. The first city which he entered was that “named by the Turks, Gang-i-

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Behisht," (the Paradise of the Ganges), in which he found an Idol-temple, called Kandahar. The richly adorned idol which it concealed was especially signalised by its eyes, which were composed of two splendidly-shining jewels. Alexander commanded the image to be destroyed, and the ornaments to be removed, "which would redound to the damage of the idol, to the advantage of mankind." Then stepped between them the priest of the temple and narrated the history of the idol and its eyes. The now so magnificent temple had been ages before desolate and empty. Then had two birds, resembling the Phœnix in lustre and beauty, suddenly descended upon the roof. After the citizens had vainly striven to take them, they flew away of themselves, leaving behind two jewels to which no gems on earth were comparable. When, to gain possession of them, hot strife arose, it was agreed to fabricate a mysterious image and to insert both stones as eyes. The King ought not to rob the city of its jewels; "for the jewel which the bird of Heaven had brought ought to be an allowed possession till Heaven itself reclaimed it." Alexander is moved by their entreaties, and places an inscription on the image. As a reward for his clemency, the priests discover to him a rich treasure, which he partly divides, partly keeps.

Now the journey proceeds alternately between waste and cultivated regions, the inhabitants of which are converted to God. At last Alexander comes to China, whose Emperor, in order to renew a once

before concluded friendly alliance, hastens to meet him with rich presents, and now also accepts the true Faith. Soon afterwards both princes undertake in common a journey to the sea, each accompanied by ten thousand chosen men, the rest of the army being left behind. After twenty days they reach the “heaven-blue waters,” and descend at the coast (*p. 132*) :

Of those deep deep waters the story goes,  
That there lies along them a magnificent sea-board,  
And that every night, radiant as sun and moon,  
The ocean brides emerge from the bay,  
Make on the shore their place of repose,  
Warble their songs, and frolic in their sports ;  
And every one whose ear their melody reacheth  
Loseth his reason in the sweetness of their voices.  
Enough, that in the ocean they sing their lays  
So as none such have been sung in any other !  
Thus every night in this mountain recess  
That admirable company taketh its pleasure,  
But as soon as they scent the perfume of the morning,  
Again they sink their heads beneath the dark waves.

Alexander leaves the army to pitch the camp some miles from the coast. He goes himself, accompanied only by a sailor, to be a witness of the singing (*p. 133*) :

He saw how, in their games amidst the ocean-waves,  
They unfolded their banner as doth the sun ;  
Their ringlets lay scattered on their fair bosoms,  
Like black musk on a plate of virgin-silver.  
Each one sang a song of a different fashion,  
A song more varied than a hundred cries for mercy.

When that sweet modulation came to his ear,  
His heart was set on fire and his blood was nigh boiling ;  
Its melancholy cadence made him one while weep,  
At another, smile, and say : “ What meaneth this weeping ? ”

With respect to Alexander's meeting the sea-nymphs, it is found in the last redactor of the Pseudo-Callisthenes, where from a lake, by which the King is tarrying, come out female forms, which go about through the camp, so that they were thus seen by all, and that all hear them. Kasvini has given us information of this lake still more in detail, after a work very frequently made use of by him, the *Tuhfut-al-Gherāib* : “ in India there is a lake, of ten parasangs in length and breadth, the water of which wells out of the bottom without being supplied by any river. In this lake there are animals of human form, which in the night-time come out of it in great numbers, and play, and dance, and clap their hands on the shore. There are also lovely maidens amongst them. On moonlight nights the people sit at a distance and look at them, and the more lookers-on there are the more come to the shore. For the most part they bring much fruit with them ; part of which they eat, and the rest leave behind them on the shore. If any one of them dies, they bring him out of the lake and cover his naked body with clay ; so long as men do not bury the corpse, none of the others come out of the water.” Whether this legend has originated in the Sirens of the Greeks, or whether it is a relic of the old Oriental sailor-legends, cannot be resolved.

Alexander, although he was acquainted with the dangerousness of the Chinese sea, commands a sea-captain to prepare a bark, on which, accompanied by a few men only, he wishes to explore the ocean, "whose veil assuredly covers a divine mystery." After concerting arrangements with the ruler of China, who remains behind, he betakes himself to the high seas, taking with him of the Wise Men no one but Apollonius. Soon, however, the ships fell into a current, and the pilot perceived from the "way-book," that here the sea begins to draw towards the great universal ocean, and that a station further, return would be impossible. On this account, Alexander gives orders to stop at an island which was coming into sight, and erects for the pious, intelligent seafarer a copper signal—a talisman—which with an uplifted hand indicated that from that point onwards the passage is impracticable.

Hardly was that danger escaped when the ship encountered another. After a ten-days' voyage, the captain remarked, that an error had been made in its course, but not till he found himself in the midst of the whirlpool, which environs a mountain jutting out from the mainland, and which "an experienced man had named the Lion's Mouth, because it threatens life like the jaws of a lion." The skipper is already in despair, and counsels to take the difficult passage by Kaisūr, whence it is still very far to China. But the wise Apollonius, at Alexander's request, gives him his assistance. He causes to be erected on the moun-

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tain a dome, and on the top of it a human figure, to which was attached a large drum (*p* 138) :

The King then called the skilful steersman of the vessel,  
And commanded him to direct the vessel to that point :  
When the vessel fell into the entangling snare,  
It was whirled round in its mad eddy as by the devil's-wind.  
Then came the King to the stone-built dome,  
With the mallet in his hand for striking the drum :  
He struck the drum, and the drum reverberated  
With a sound like the wing of the angel Gabriel ;  
The vessel escaped from the straits of the whirlpool,  
And made no delay in hastening from its rotations.

Apollonius now also explains to the King the wonderful action of the drum ; that this scares away the monster, which at the approach of a ship to the mountain pursues it, and produces the whirling of the water, and continues it without intermission, until the vessel becomes its prey. Hereupon they both descend to the shore, where a little later the ship also arrives with its crew.

As to the whirlpool, there exists, according to Kasvini, such a one in the Chinese seas, out of which the vessel, once inveigled into it, can never escape. The skippers also know its place and shun it. A merchant narrates, how he was once driven out of his course, and had found it full of ships with the bodies of the unhappy victims. By the advice of a blind pilot, they dismembered the bodies, attached the limbs to long cords, and sank them in the sea, where the fishes devoured them. Finally they struck the drum,

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screeched and clapped incessantly, till they got out of the whirlpool, when they cut the cords away.

Soon after the Emperor of China comes to meet the King, congratulates him, and, after a week's rest, they march ten days long through a desert until they come to a finely situated and beautifully built city, which suffered from a great calamity; for every morning at sun-rise a horrible noise was heard from the neighbouring sea, which continued till mid-day, and compelled the inhabitants to conceal their children in twenty under-ground vaults, and to stop-up their own ears. Apollonius, who detects the cause in the heating of the waves from the falling of the sun's beams upon them, is able in this case also to counsel a remedy. He engages the King on the next morning to over-din the noise with kettle-drums; which so pleases the inhabitants, that they beseech Alexander to leave some of those instruments behind him. Since that time it is the custom in that city to beat the kettle-drums every morning, and Alexander introduced the usage for himself also. The King now marched onwards, but not till he had first converted the city to the true Faith. Almost a month they had yet to journey before they again reached China, where Alexander tarried still another month, and then prepared himself for his further travels.

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X.--THE MARCH THROUGH THE NORTH—  
EL-DORADO.

SPRING and a part of the summer had been consumed in the expedition in the East, and in the hot late summer Alexander entered upon his further journey to the regions of the North, after having yet once more confirmed his friendly alliance with the Ruler of China. He first marched for a week through a desert destitute of all living beings, covered with a fine glittering sand, which proved to be pure silver. Alexander, who had a superfluity of gold, loaded some camels with a sample of it, only as a curiosity (*p.* 144) :

He went by this road like the swift wind,  
He saw that the breeze raised no dust from the ground ;  
For a week not a particle of dust rested on his garment,  
For the surface of the ground was all silver !  
Thou wouldest say that its earth and its water were two halves,  
The one half quicksilver, the other half silver !  
There was no repose to be found in silver !  
There was no food to be obtained from quicksilver !

At length the army was relieved from its fearful sufferings. They arrived at a country where they found at least earth and water (*p.* 145) :

They laid to the earth their unsullied cheeks,  
For in what save in the earth is there rest for earth-made man ?

Soon after this they came to a community, which complained of the attacks of the robber-race of Yajuj (Gog and Magog), which were continually repeated, and compelled them "like birds to fly to the trees." Alexander gave them the implored aid by the erection of a wall "which will never be destroyed till the day of resurrection." After he had stayed a considerable time in the city of the liberated people, he resumed his journey, and came to "a paradisiacal region exuberant in fruit-trees and full of cattle, none of which need watching, but every one of the army who purloins aught must atone for it by heavy sufferings." Soon came the city itself into view, which enjoyed the same happy aspect as the country. The King was entertained in the most sumptuous fashion, and received, in reply to his questions concerning the condition of the people, the following answer (*p. 149*):

Since thou hast inquired of our condition the evil and the good,  
 We will communicate to the King all that concerneth us.  
 Know then in truth, that we are a tribe  
 Which dwelleth quietly in its plains and its mountains.  
 A soft race we are, and nurtured in the Faith,  
 Nor will we step a hair's-breadth beyond the right.  
 We hide no weapon behind a veil of treachery,  
 We have nothing to defend us save our integrity ;  
 We have barred the door of crooked dealing against the universe,  
 We have escaped from the world in the practice of rectitude ;  
 In no circumstance whatever would we tell a lie,  
 Therefore in the night we see no distressing dream.  
 We ask for nothing which we cannot make use of,  
 For God with such petitions is not well pleased ;

We accept whatever is sent us from God,  
Litigation with Him is a tempting of His grace.  
We wrangle not with the acts of the Almighty—  
What hath the servant to do with contention !  
When a friend is weak we support him with our friendship,  
And when our own lot is hard we bear it with patience.  
If damage befall any one through us,  
And notice of the disaster come to our ears,  
We open the mouth of our own purse,  
From our own resources we make up his loss.  
No one of us hath possessions beyond another,  
We all of us share our wealth in due proportion ;  
We all count another as equal to ourselves,  
Never do we smile at the weeping of another ;  
Never are we harassed with the fears of robbers,  
We have no garrisons in our cities, nor sentinels in our villages ;  
Never do we steal anything from others,  
Never do others steal anything from us ;  
Never in our houses have we bolts or bars,  
Never have we watchers over oxen or sheep ;  
Never do we take a frog from another by force,  
Neither does any one take from us the foot of an ant ;  
God hath made our little ones great,  
Our cattle exempt from wolf and lion ;  
And should a wolf but breathe upon a sheep,  
Death at the instant would pounce upon him.  
If from our sown fields any one should take an ear,  
An arrow from a corner would strike upon his heart.  
We cast our seed at the season for sowing,  
And leave it when sown to Him, the All-Nourisher ;  
We look not after the blade of millet or barley,  
Till over it hath passed a space of six months ;  
There is returned to us of all that is sown in our ground  
For every seed seven hundred fold.  
God is our keeper, and that is enough!  
In God is our refuge, and in no one else!

We have learned from no one the trade of the informer,  
We have sealed up our eyes to the faults of others.  
Should litigation arise between ourselves and others,  
We endeavour to settle it after the manner of friends.  
We never are leaders into evil ways to others,  
Nor seduce any from their loyalty, or into shedding of blood.  
We take our share in the sorrows of others,  
And participate equally in one another's pleasures.  
Of gold and silver, and its deceptive value,  
We make no account, nor make much use of it.  
We would not withhold what is ours from one another,  
Nor wrest by the sword from others the weight of a barley-corn.  
Neither tame nor wild animal flieth from our approach,  
Nor do we attack them for the sake of pursuing them.  
In a time of pressure, fawn, and mountain-sheep, and wild-ass  
Come from their haunts, compelled by necessity ;  
But from them all, if we are driven to chase them,  
We take of them only in the measure of our needs ;  
At all other times, when we are not in want,  
We keep them not back from their plains and valleys,  
We neither eat much, like ox or ass,  
Nor do we hold back our lips from moist and dry ;  
We eat such quantity of cold and hot,  
That we should not be unable to eat as much again.  
No one amongst us dieth in his youth,  
None save the aged, who of life hath had enough.  
When any one dieth, we straiten not much our hearts,  
For the medicine of that grief cometh not to our hand.  
We tell not in secret behind any one's back  
What we should not know how to say to his face.  
We have no curiosity about what any one hath done,  
Utter no complaint, if he faileth in doing it.  
In whatever cometh to us of fair or of ugly,  
We turn not our heads from the fate written on our brows.  
Whatever the Creator hath done we think right ;  
We say not : “ How is this ? ” or “ Whence cometh it ? ”

Any one may fix his abode amongst our people  
Who is, like ourselves, pure and abstinent ;  
When he is of a temperament differing from ours,  
Let him remove himself beyond the pale of our circle !

Alexander is deeply struck by this description ; the true happiness, and the true faith, hath here for the first time disclosed itself to him (*p* 151) :

He said to his heart : “ From these wondrous mysteries, Thou mayst, if sagacious, take counsel for thyself, I shall never wish again to make assaults upon the world, Never again lay a snare in every hunting-ground. To me the best thing of all that I have amassed Is the lesson I have just now learned from this community ; Certainly more than by the practised in the world, Is the world established by these good people. These are they who give the world its dignity, These are the pillars on which the world resteth. If these are the true morals, what then are ours ? If these are the genuine men, what then are we ? Was the sending us forth through oceans and deserts Only for the purpose of leading us to this place ? Perhaps I have wandered about after the way of wild beasts, In order to learn manners from these wise men ! Had I but seen this people before this, Never would I have circled the earth in my travels ; I would have set myself down in the corner of some mountain-glen, And girded up my reins in the service of God : This should have been the rule from which I departed not ; Except this my faith I would have had no other.”

It is the out-flow of the innermost tendencies of our poet, when he allows the great World-Conqueror to conclude his expedition with the recognition of

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solitude and contemplation as the true good things. Thus the grandly-planned journey round the world culminates in the glorification of genuine Sufyism, which is hereby placed above Prophecy. As to the narrative itself, it is in its great entirety a poem which Nizami may claim as peculiarly his own, since in the other Alexander-legends no similar feature is prominent, except perhaps a legend found in Judaic sources, according to which Alexander comes to an African state inhabited by women, and is so enraptured by their wisdom, that on his departure he places this inscription on the gates of their city : “I, Alexander, the Macedonian, was a fool till I came to the ‘African woman-city,’ and learned from women.” In intimate connection with which is recounted the well-known process “about the discovered treasure,” the wise determination of which is decided on similar Utopian circumstances to those which are detailed here.

## XI.—SICKNESS AND DEATH OF ALEXANDER.

WHILST Alexander, marching further from that happy country, touched upon several regions, leaving behind him everywhere health and blessings, a heavenly command came to him through a *Hatif* (revelation) to return home after his long wanderings over the globe as speedily as possible. The King obeys the order, and hurries his march by Kirmān to Babylon, whence he departs on his homeward journey to Rūm. But whilst still on Babylonian ground he was attacked at Shahar-Zūr by a feverish sickness, which he ascribed to poison, and to which he applied remedies in vain. Aristotle and the other Wise Men, summoned by the command of the King, could do nothing to remove the fatal malady.

The sickness took an ever swifter and more hopeless course. It was late in the Autumn, but more desolate than Nature robbed of its splendour was the heart of the royal sufferer. He felt himself to be near his end, and summoned his friends to his bed-side, in order to make an address to them, in which, after a short reference to his acts, he proclaims the transitoriness and vanity of all human strivings (*p. 160*):

If I am asked, what hath been my existence,  
I should say that to all appearance I have measured but a breath ;

Like an infant which hath tarried but a day and died,  
 And yielded up its soul, the world still unseen.  
 I have surveyed the whole earth above and below,  
 And even now am not satisfied with what I have seen ;  
 Nor, were my thirty and six years prolonged to thirty thousand,  
 Should I remove one jot from what I have said.  
 I have opened the door of the mysteries of the spheres,  
 I have marked the signs of the sun and the moon ;  
 I have sought out the truth with the experienced of the world,  
 I have paid my adoration to the Creator of the universe ;  
 I have not brought my life to an end in idleness,  
 I have spent it in the exercise of wisdom and virtue ;  
 I have read every page in the rolls of knowledge,  
 But when death cometh, before Him I am helpless ;  
 For every other difficulty may be found a remedy,  
 Except for death—for death there is none.

Almost scoffingly, he summons each of the Wise Men by name to prove to him his wisdom and his art. But he soon becomes more tranquil, and, comforting himself with the universality of death, he concludes (*p. 161*) :

From my mother I came naked to the earth,  
 Naked to the earth let me be given again.  
 Lightly-burthened was I born, how should I go laden away ?  
 Better that I depart such as I arrived !  
 There sat down and uprose a bird on the mountain,  
 What did it add to the mountain, or what take away ?  
 I am that bird, and my empire was the mountain.  
 When I am departed why should the world regret me ?  
 Many a one like myself hath been born and soon was gone,  
 Why launch reproaches at our hump-backed aged nurse ?  
 Though many from me have received kindnesses,  
 There may be those also who have suffered injustice.  
 If I have done injustice, acquit me of my debt ;

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I too have slain those who were unjust.  
When my dark couch [bier] shall descend into the earth,  
My pure soul shall soar to the palace of the pure :  
Instead of scattering dust upon your heads,  
Rather freshen your tongues in imploring mercy upon me !

The following day the sufferings of the King were increased, and he rejected all the grounds of comfort which Aristotle held out. During the next night he bethinks himself of his far-off mother, and gives directions to his secretary about writing to her. With his assistance he addresses to her a letter, in which he conjures her, by all that is holy and valuable on earth, not, on the receipt of the mournful intelligence, to give herself up to grief, and not to fulfil the customary mourning ceremonies ; but, if she cannot restrain herself, to provide a mourning-banquet, in which such persons only should take part as had no dear one resting beneath the earth. On the following night he died, after a short death-struggle, with smiles upon his lips. The corpse was laid in a golden coffin, and moreover the last will of the King observed, who had commanded that one of the hands should be left to hang out freely, and should be filled with earth. The coffin was brought from Shahar-Zür to Alexandria, and there deposited in a vault. Here Nizami follows up the narrative with a somewhat long meditation on Death and Fate, a theme which he handles, where it is possible, with inexhaustible manifoldness in both portions of his work.

## XII.—FATE OF ALEXANDER'S RELATIVES AND OF THE SEVEN WISE MEN.

**N**IZAMI believed that, in order to give the proper conclusion to his poem, it was necessary to inform us as to the fate of his other personages. We are told, then, in a section which is introduced by a description of winter, how the mother of the mighty dead received the news, and immediately afterwards died herself. Next we are informed how the princes wish to do homage to his appointed successor, Iskandarūs, who declines it; excusing himself on account of the impossibility of being a worthy successor to his father, and of his small capacity for governing. He withdraws himself to a mountain-hermitage, and lives there a still and contemplative life till his death.

Now follows, in seven short sections, an account of the latter end of each of the Seven Wise Men. First died Aristotle, about whose bed the rest assemble, and inquire of him concerning the laws of Heaven. He declares all wisdom to be a vain thing, and the fear of God to be the only enduring one. In order to strengthen himself, he requests, that an apple may be given him, the perfume of which keeps him erect, until he has made an end of speaking, lays aside the apple, and yields up his soul. Hermes is the next.

In his last words he compares the world to a house in the wilderness. Thales speaks in dying of the unrighteousness of Destiny. Apollonius, of his own mastery over Nature and her powers: he is convinced that his own being is the soul, which, and not the body, passes away. Porphyrius recognises the uselessness of all knowledge against death. The last is Socrates, who dies poisoned. To the questions of his scholars he replies, that it is a matter of indifference to him where they bury his body.

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## ADDITIONAL SPECIMENS.

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

PAGE 119, line 4. "Then came over him in one of those still Oriental nights an illumination."

The following is a translation of the passage to which Dr. Bacher probably refers ; it occurs in the First Part of the *Alexander-Book*, at page 11 of the Calcutta printed edition :

It was a night like a gem-adorned morning,  
Implored in many a morning prayer,  
The world resplendent with a brilliant moonlight,  
The earth emptied of all its blackness,  
The terrestrial bazaar relieved from its clamour,  
The ear reposing from the jingling of bells,  
The night-watchers with heads confused with drowsiness,

The nigh-at-hand dawn still steeped in moisture.  
I had withdrawn my hand from worldly business,  
And shackled my feet in the fetters of meditation :  
My mind expanded, but my eyes sealed,  
And my heart burning in the paths of expectation,  
Like one who hath selected a likely station,  
And waiteth for the prey to fall into the snare.  
My head had found a place on the tip of my knee,  
The ground beneath my head, the sky beneath my  
feet ;  
No steadiness was there in the pulses of my limbs,

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My head seemed to be changed into a footstool ;  
My thoughts rambled inconstantly on their way,  
And wandered from side to side, and in circle within  
circle :

My body was squeezed as it were into a corner,  
And sought for nourishment in the fields of the spirit,  
Now gathering examples from yet unread tablets,  
Now searching for lessons in the pages of the ancients.  
Then fell a fire as of a lamp into my garden [my  
heart],

And my garden was scathed as with a fiery scar ;  
I melted like wax in the presence of the sun,  
And my eyes were closed as with wax in sleep,  
In such wise that enchanters might learn by me  
How they might shut up all eyes in slumber.  
Through such perplexing traverses of thought,  
The clear brain was dissipated in my head,  
And from its agitation proceeded a dream ;  
And in that dream I beheld a fair garden,  
And in that varied garden I plucked fresh dates,  
And gave of them to every one whom I saw.  
From that sweet dream came the gathering of dates,  
Which filled my brain with fire and my mouth with  
water.

Then called the Muezzin to the first prayer,  
PRAISE BE TO GOD ! THE EVER-LIVING AND THE  
NEVER-DYING !

And then there burst from me a sudden groan,  
And instead of vacuity I fell into thoughtfulness ;  
I lighted up again the night-illumining taper,

And thoughts like my taper were burning within me,  
At last the morn of felicity dawned upon me,  
And I awoke to new life with the morning breeze ;  
My heart entered into eloquent converse with my  
tongue,

Like Marūt with Zahra in the mystical story.\*

“ Why is it needful to sit so long without occupation ?  
I will take in hand afresh the unfinished embroidery ;  
I will introduce into my song a yet unknown melody ;  
I will salute anew the spirit of the olden times ;  
I will again remove the taper from the moth ;

\* Harūt and Marūt were, some say, two magicians, or angels, sent by God to teach men magic, and to tempt them. But others tell a longer fable : that the angels, expressing their surprise at the wickedness of the sons of Adam, after prophets had been sent to them with divine commissions, God bade them choose two out of their own number to be sent down as judges on earth. Whereupon they pitched upon Harūt and Marūt, who executed their office with integrity for some time, till Zohara [Zahra], or the planet Venus, descended and appeared before them in the shape of a beautiful woman, bringing a complaint against her husband (though others say she was a real woman). As soon as they saw her they fell in love with her, and endeavoured to prevail on her to satisfy their desires ; but she flew up again to heaven, whither the two angels also returned, but were not admitted. However, on the intercession of a certain pious man, they were allowed to choose whether they would be punished in this life or in the other ; whereupon they chose the former, and now suffer punishment accordingly in Babel, where they are to remain until the day of judgment. They add that if a man has a fancy to learn magic, he may go to them and hear their voice, but cannot see them.—*Sale*.

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I will raise from the seed so goodly a tree,  
That every one who shaketh down fruit from its  
branches

May pronounce a blessing on him who planted it :  
But on condition that a handful of worthless fellows  
Should not plunder the goods of their neighbours."

I am he who is the head of the sharp-witted,  
The prince of those who are setters of jewels [poets].  
They all pluck the ears, though I have sowed the grain ;  
They all are but house-furbishers, I am the householder :

In all four quarters I lay out my wealth,  
But never am I secure against these street-robbers.  
Where is the shopkeeper in all these quarters,  
Whose shop is not breached on many a side ?  
Yet, like the ocean, why should I fear the stealing of  
a drop,

When my cloud renders back more than I bestow ?  
Though thou shouldst kindle three hundred lamps  
like the moon,  
The brand would still show that the light was stolen  
from the sun.

It will be observed that in the concluding verses as above there is again an allusion to the plagiarisms from his writings, of which he complains in passages cited on page 147.

FURTHER PASSAGES FROM THE FIRST PART OF  
THE "ALEXANDER-BOOK."

A WELCOME TO SPRING.

COME, gardener ! make gladsome preparation ;  
The rose is come back, throw wide open the gate  
of the garden.

Nizami hath left the walls of the city for his pleasure-  
ground ;

Array the garden like the figured damask of China.  
Dress up its beauty with the ringlets of the violet ;  
Awaken from its sleep the tipsy narcissus.  
Let the lip of the rose-bud inhale a milky odour ;  
Let the palate of the red rose breathe out an amber  
fragrance.

Let the tall cypress spread wide its branches ;  
Tell the news to the turtle-dove, that its bough is again  
green.

Whisper to the nightingale the joyful tidings,  
That the cradle of the rose is brought back to the  
wine-house.

From the face of the green lawn wash away the dust ;  
That, bathed, it may resume its pristine splendour ;  
On the head of the white-rose with its snowy hair  
Cast a shade from the darkness of the musk-willow.  
The lip of the pomegranate stain with wine ;  
Gild the ground with the yellow violet.

Give to the jessamine a salutation from the arghavān ;  
Direct the running streamlet towards the rose-bush.  
Behold again the newly-born children of the mead !  
Draw not a line over that delicate drawing !  
Others, like me, inspire with the love of the verdant ;  
Bear my salutation to every green thing !  
How the mild air of the pleasure-ground is attractive  
    to the soul !  
How it sweetens to the heart our affections for our  
    friends !  
The trees are blossoming on the borders of the garden ;  
Every flower is lighted up with a lamp-like splendour.  
To the tongue-tied bird its voice is come again,  
To its wing the soaring flight of the old days.  
Wake once more the melodies of the plaintive lute ;  
Break forth into dancing, my dejected heart ! (*p. 39*)

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## PROLOGUE TO A BATTLE.

THE graceful procession of the azure sphere ;  
    The regular circling of sun, moon, and stars ;  
Think not that they were determined in idle sport,  
Or that this fair pavilion was spread out for nothing !  
Not a thread in its curtain was woven-in without a  
    meaning,  
Though the end of the thread be not visible to us.  
Who knows, what will befall us on the morrow ?

Of that which is seen what will become unseen ?  
With whom Destiny will make a compact ?  
Of whom his star will make for itself sport ?  
Whom they will carry from his house dead ?  
On whose head will be placed the crown of Fortune ?  
Who knows, on the dust which is now stirred up,  
What blood of heroes will to-morrow be poured forth ?

(p. 117)



S A D I.

*If thou sowest thorns, thou wilt not reap jessamine.*

*Crowds are there of those who, greedy of the world's pleasures, think that, not having scattered the grain, they can yet reap the harvest.*

*But Sadi tells you, only he who scattereth the seed will reap the harvest.—THE BOSTĀN.*

## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

OF the distinguished authors of Persia, none perhaps have enjoyed in the Eastern world a more decided and wider popularity than Sadi, and few, if indeed any, have so nearly attained that rank even in our Western world. He early won the attention of European scholars through a Latin translation of his best known work, the *Gulistān*, or Rose-Garden, made by George Gentius, and published by him, at Amsterdam, in 1651, under the title of *Rosarium Politicum*. The fame of this celebrated production has since, but with a considerable interval of time, been extensively diffused by other translations into the principal languages of Europe : in our own by those of Gladwin, Dumoulin, Lee, Ross, and more recently an excellent one by Professor Eastwick ; in German, by Nesselmann and Graf : in France, by Semelet. This celebrity has been deservedly gained by the good sense and wit and wisdom of the author, by his knowledge of the world and human nature, by his religious feeling and high moral tone, and by the general clearness and simplicity of his style ; in which last particular he stands, comparatively speaking, in remarkable contrast to the ordinary redundancy of expression, and exaggeration of sentiment and figure, in Persian composition.

Shaikh-Muslah-ud-Din Sadi was born at Shirāz, the capital of Persia, or rather of the province of Fars, which might not be improperly entitled the Persian Athens, in the closing years of the twelfth century : a period in which Europe was slowly emerging from mediæval darkness. He was patronised by the

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Atabeg Saad-ben-Zingi, the then ruler of Fars, at whose court his father is said to have held some office. He appears to have been educated, in part at least, in the Nizamian College at Baghdad, and to have been a pupil of the Shaikh Abd-ul-Kadar Gilani, who instructed him in theology and the principles of the Sufi sect, and with whom he made his first pilgrimage to Mecca ; which he is said to have repeated in his after-life fourteen times. He was, as we gather from notices in his works, in the course of it a great traveller in distant countries, and is said to have assisted in the holy wars against the infidels in Asia Minor and in India :

“ I have wandered through various quarters of the world,  
And spent my days conversing with every one I met ;  
In every corner I found something to profit me ;  
From every sheaf I gathered an ear.”

On one occasion, he tells us himself that, whilst he had withdrawn into the desert near Jerusalem to perform his religious exercises, he was made captive by the Franks, who sent him to work with some Jews in digging the trenches at Tripoli. Here he was recognised by an acquaintance whom he had known at Aleppo, and who, pitying his sad condition, redeemed him with ten dīnars, took him home with him, and subsequently married him to his daughter, giving him a portion of one hundred dīnars. This marriage did not prove a happy one. Her disposition, he says, was ill-tempered and abusive, so that it quite destroyed his comfort. One day tauntingly she exclaimed : “ Art not thou the man whom my father bought for ten dīnars ? ” “ Yes,” he replied, “ and sold to thee for a hundred ! ”

Sadi married a second time at Sanāa, the capital of Yemen. We may hope that his second nuptials were crowned with more

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felicity than his first appear to have been. In the *Bostān* is found an affecting passage, in which he deplores the death of his son in terms of the most poignant anguish. The events of Sadi's life recorded by his biographers are but few, and those few rest probably on little authority. Perhaps the poet himself is the best and most authentic recorder of his own acts and opinions. For the attentive reader of his works will be able to form a very fair estimate of what he did, and what he thought, and what he was, and will find presented to his view in them a lively and interesting portraiture of an intelligent, wise, and estimable man. If the story be true, that when the minister of Hulaku Khan sent him a present of 50,000 dīnars he expended them on a house of entertainment for travellers, he practised the generosity which he so often and so well inculcates in his precepts.

If to the period of his childhood and youth, and the time passed in the Nizamian College in his education and theological studies, we add the thirty years which he is reported to have consumed in his travels and the various adventures of his wandering life, Sadi must have been already of more than mature age when, as he is said to have done, he returned to his native city Shirāz, where he spent the remainder of his days in retirement, in religious contemplation, in receiving the friends and strangers whom his great fame drew around him or attracted to visit him, and probably in the composition of his various works, of which Rose in his Life enumerates twenty-two, and Sir Gore Ouseley in his "Biographical Notices of Persian Poets" gives a list with their titles of twenty-four, and which he probably would hardly have had the leisure to execute on his journeys. His life appears to have been prolonged to extreme old

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age, though we may be excused from accepting Daulet Shah his biographer's assertion that it was extended to one hundred and two years. He was buried near Shirāz, where his tomb was seen by Kaempfer in 1683, who describes it at that time as almost a ruin ; by Franklin in 1786-7, who says that unless repaired it must soon fall entirely to decay ; and again by Sir Gore Ouseley in 1811, who, from the reverence in which he held Sadi, wished himself to do something to save it from destruction. But the Governor of Fars, "too proud," he says, "to accede to my wishes, and too avaricious to be at the expense himself, would not allow me to carry my intentions into execution, but promised himself to put it into as fine a state of repair as the Vakil Kerim Khan had done the tomb of Hafiz. But he has not fulfilled his promise, and it is to be feared and lamented that ere long not a stone will tell where the once brightest ornament of Persia—the matchless possessor of piety, genius, and learning —was entombed."

In the picture which Franklin saw of him near the tomb he is represented as wearing "the khirkah," the long blue gown of a dervish, with a staff in his hand.

Sadi, as intimated above, was not only a voluminous writer, but on a variety of subjects. But his fame, which has endured in the East with apparently undiminished lustre for upwards of six centuries, rests especially on two works—his *Gulistān*, or Rose-Garden, and his *Bostān*, which may be rendered most appropriately perhaps in English by Pleasure-Garden. The last, which is commonly regarded as the later work, was really the earlier. The *Gulistān*, the best known by English readers, through several translations, as noted before, is a collection of

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short stories, anecdotes founded on his own experience or that of others, and general observations on life, character, and manners, written partly in prose and partly in verse; the narrative portions being commonly in prose, and the more weighty maxims and dignified sentiments and more poetical descriptions in verse, in rhymed couplets or other measures. Of the English translations, the only one which preserves the *form* of the original is that of Professor E. B. Eastwick, published by Mr. Stephen Austin, of Hertford, in 1852, beautifully printed, and elegantly embellished in the Persian style. Of the *Bostān* the Translator knows no complete version except the German one of Graf, of which there is an edition, published at Jena, in two small volumes, in 1850; nor, indeed, of any translations from it into English, excepting of very few and scattered passages. So far as he is aware, the following specimens present a much more considerable portion of it than can be found elsewhere, and therefore may not be unacceptable to the mere English reader, who may desire to form a somewhat larger acquaintance with Sadi's writings. It may be proper to mention that the greater part has appeared before in a little volume of miscellaneous translations from various Persian authors, entitled "Flowers culled from Persian Gardens," from which, being now quite out of print, those which were from Sadi are here reprinted, arranged in a more orderly manner, and with, it is hoped, not unimportant or uninteresting additional specimens.

S. R.

*Wilmslow, 1876.*

*To what use wilt thou apply a tray of roses ?  
Pluck thou rather a leaf from my Garden :  
The Rose may continue to bloom five or six days ;  
But my Rose-Garden is fragrant for ever.*

THE GULISTĀN.



## S A D I.

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### I.—THE “GULISTĀN,” OR ROSE-GARDEN.

FROM THE INTRODUCTION.

O BOUNTEOUS LORD, who from Thy hidden treasury providest sustenance for the pagan and the infidel, how canst Thou exclude Thy friends from thy presence—Thou who thus regardest even Thine enemies?

Behold the generosity and kindness of the All-powerful One! His servant has committed a fault, and He it is who is ashamed for him.

Cloud and wind, sun, moon, and sky are all busy to bring bread to thy hand: eat it not in neglig-  
fulness.

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All for Thy sake are in motion and obedient : it is not the rule of justice that Thou only shouldst be disobedient.

O Thou, great beyond imagination, or measure, or thought, or conjecture ; beyond all that has been spoken, or heard, or read, the assembly is concluded ; we have arrived at the term of life, and we are still at the commencement only of our acknowledgment of Thine attributes !

One day in the bath a friend put into my hand a piece of perfumed clay.\* I said to it : "Art thou musk or ambergris, for I am charmed with thy delicious smell ?"

It replied : "I was a piece of worthless clay, but I sat for some time in the company of the Rose.

"The excellence of my companion was imparted to me ; otherwise I should still have been the clay that I was."

Shame on the man who departeth and hath not finished his work !

Who, when the drum soundeth for departure, hath not made up his burthen ;

Who, on the morning of his journey, is still indulging in sweet sleep,

And is detaining him who hath to journey on foot.

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\* Used by the Persians as soap.

Since die thou must, whether good or bad, happy art thou if thou bearest off the ball of goodness ! Send thyself provisions for thy solace before thee to the tomb ; send them before thee, for no one will bring them after thee.

Whoever comes hither has begun a new building, and then has given over the tenement to another ; and that other has altered it in like manner according to his own wishes ; so that no one has ever brought the building to its completion.

Life is snow under the sun of July : but a little remains, and will the merchant still be slothful ? O thou who hast gone empty-handed to the market, I fear thou wilt not bring back a full napkin !

O man of intelligence, what is the tongue in thy mouth, but the key which opens the door of the wise man's treasure ? If the door is kept locked, what knows any one whether he sells jewels or is a mere pedlar ?—Two things are a sign of a weak understanding : to keep your lips closed at the time for speaking, and to speak at the time for silence.

A company of Indian sages were conversing about the qualities of Bezerchemher, and declared that they knew in him but one fault : that he was slow of speech. Bezerchemher overheard them, and said, “To think well what I shall say is better than to be ashamed of what I have said.” Reflect, and then utter

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your words ; and when you have said enough, stop before they say, “Enough !” Man is in speech better than the brutes ; but if you speak not justly, the brutes are better than you.

They asked Lokman the Wise, from whom he learnt wisdom. He answered : “From the blind ; for till they have tried the ground, they plant not the foot.”

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#### FROM THE FIRST CHAPTER :

#### ON THE QUALITIES OF KINGS.

UPON the portico of the Court of Feridūn was written :

“ The world, O my brother, abideth with no one ;

“ Fix thy heart on Him who created it ; that is enough.

“ Place not reliance or trust in the sovereignty of Fortune ; for many a one, like thyself, she hath nurtured and destroyed.

“ When the pure soul is on the point of departing, what mattereth it whether it be on a throne or on the bare ground ?”—i. i.

The name of Nushirvan still liveth, renowned for his goodness,

Though a long time hath passed since Nushirvan hath ceased to live.

Practise goodness thou—whoever thou art—and turn thy life to profit,

Before a cry is raised : Such a one is no more.—  
i. 2.

The tree which has only just now been planted, the strength of a man may tear from its place ; but if for a time you leave it untouched, you will need a windlass to upheave it from its roots. You may stop the spring at its source with a bodkin ; but the full stream you cannot ford on the back of an elephant.—  
i. 4.

O thou who art sated, to thee a barley-loaf will not seem sweet :

That which to me appeareth lovely is in thy sight a deformity.

To the inhabitants of Paradise, Purgatory would be Hell ;

Ask the inhabitants of Hell, they would tell you it is Paradise.—i. 7.

With the strong arm and the power of the wrist,

It is a crime to crush the palm of the helpless wretch.

Let him live in fear who shows no mercy to the fallen,

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For if his foot should slip, no one will stretch out a hand to him.—i. 10.

Whoever hath sown the seed of evil, and expecteth from it good fruit, hath but an empty brain, and nourisheth but a vain conceit.—i. 10.

Take the cotton out of thine ear, and distribute justice to the people; for if thou dealest not justly, surely there will be a day of judgment.—i. 10.

The sons of Adam are limbs of one another, for in their creation they are formed of one substance.

When Fortune bringeth affliction to a single member, not one of the rest remaineth without disturbance.

Thou who art without sorrow for the misery of another,

Thou deservest not to be named a son of Adam.—i. 10.

They have related that Nushirvan the Just was once at his hunting-seat, and was about to have some game cooked. There was no salt, and a servant was sent to the village to bring some. Nushirvan said : “ Let it be paid for, that it become not a custom, and the village be ruined.” They said : “ From this small quantity, what injury could spring ? ” He replied : “ The origin of injustice in the world was in small things ; but every one who came into it added thereto, till it arrived at its present extremity.” If from the garden of the peasant the monarch take but a single

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apple, his servants would tear up the whole tree from its roots; and if the Sultan take but five eggs unjustly, his soldiers will spit a thousand fowls. The iniquitous tyrant remaineth only for a season; the curse upon him remaineth for ever.—i. 19.

Call to mind what said the elephant-driver on the banks of the Nile: “Wouldst thou know the condition of the ant under thy foot, think what would be thine own under the foot of the elephant.”—i. 22.

If injury cometh to thee from a fellow-creature, do not grieve,

For from thy fellow-creatures proceedeth neither quiet nor trouble.

Know that from God is the difference of enemy and friend, for the hearts of both are alike in His keeping.

Though the arrow fieth from the bow, the wise man looketh to him who directeth it.—i. 24.

Beware of the sighs from a deeply wounded soul, for the deep wound will at last break forth. So long as thou art able, crush not a single heart, for a sigh has power to overturn a world.—i. 26.

The King ought to be the guardian of the poor, though affluence be his, and the splendour of Fortune. The sheep were not made for the sake of the shepherd; but the shepherd was intended for the service of the sheep.—i. 28.

A Vizier said to Zu'l-nur of Egypt : "Night and day I am occupied in the service of the Sultan, hoping for some good thing, and dreading punishment." Zu'l-nur wept, and said : "If I had feared the great God as you have feared the King, I should have been counted in the number of the just."—i. 29.

Life's season flieth away like the wind over the desert.

Bitter and sweet, ugliness and beauty, alike pass away.

The tyrant imagined that he was committing violence on us ;

The violence hath passed away from us, and will remain on his own neck.—i. 30.

To win the hearts of friends, scruple not to sell thy father's garden. To boil the pot of thy well-wisher, hesitate not to burn thy very furniture.—i. 33.

In so much as thou art able, distress not the mind of any one ; the pathway of life is strewn with many a thorn. Assist thou the wretched poor man in his troubles, for thou also wilt have troubles of thine own.—i. 35.

Never will the wise call him a great man who speaketh ill of the truly great.

All these things, when once they have passed away, are nothing :

Fortune, and thrones, and decrees, and interdicts, and seizing, and holding.

Defame not those who are departed with a good name, that thine own good name may remain immortal.—i. 41.

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#### FROM THE SECOND CHAPTER :

#### ON THE QUALITIES OF DEVOTEES.

WHOMSOEVER thou beholdest in the garment of piety, him believe to be pious, and treat as a good man, though thou knowest not what may be the inward disposition : what business has the policeman in the inside of the house ?—ii. 1.

I have heard that men who walk in the ways of God would not grieve the hearts even of their enemies. How can such eminence be reached by thee—thee, who art ever in strife and opposition with thy friends ?—ii. 4.

The love of the sincere is the same to your face and to your back, not such as of those

Who at your back find out your faults, but to your face would die for you ;

Who in your presence are mild as the lamb,

But in your absence are man-devouring wolves.—ii. 4.

Whoever brings to your notice and counts up the defects of others, he, be sure, will display to others those which he sees in you.—ii. 4.

Who knows what manner of man the cloak disguises? The writer only knows the contents of the letter.—ii. 5.

O Arab! I fear thou wilt never reach the Holy Place,

For the road which thou art travelling leadeth towards Tatary.—ii. 6.

Thou who displayest thy virtues in the palm of thy hand, but hidest thy vices under thine armpits, what, O vain man, dost thou expect to purchase in the day of anguish with thy counterfeit silver?—ii. 6.

I remember that in the season of childhood I was religiously-minded, and inclined to the practice of abstemiousness and austerities. One night I was sitting in attendance on my father, and never closed my eyes the whole night. I held the precious Volume to my bosom, but the company around us were all asleep. I said to my father: "Of all these not one lifts up the head to repeat the prayer." He replied: "Soul of thy father! better were it for thee that thou

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also wert asleep, than thus to be remarking on the faults of others.”—ii. 7.

The vain pretender sees nothing but himself, for the veil of self-conceit is before his eyes. Would any one bestow upon his eye the power of discerning God, no one would he behold so weak as himself.—ii. 7.

In the eyes of men of the world I am of a goodly aspect, but from my inward impurity I bow down my head in shame. Men will praise the peacock for his elegance and beauty, but he is himself ashamed of his ugly feet.—ii. 8.

They asked Lokman from whom he learnt good manners. He replied: “From the ill-mannered: whatever in their behaviour appeared to me disagreeable, that I refrained from doing myself.”

Not a word can be said, even in child’s-play,  
From which an intelligent person may not gather instruction;

But if a hundred chapters of Wisdom were read  
in the hearing of a fool,

To his ears it would sound as nothing but child’s-play.—ii. 21.

To one who was complaining to his spiritual guide how difficult it was to bear the slanders of injurious tongues, he replied in tears: “How canst thou be sufficiently grateful for this blessing, that thou art

better than they think thee? How many times wilt thou keep repeating : ‘The envious and malevolent are perpetually calumniating me, wretch that I am?’ If they rise up to shed thy blood, or if they sit down to speak evil of thee, cease not thou to be good, and let them say on their evil. Better this than that thou shouldst be evil, and that they should repute thee good. Look at me, whom men regard as a model of perfection, whilst I know myself that I am imperfection itself. Had I really done what they report of me, I had indeed been a virtuous and pious man! The door closed in thine own face to exclude men from thy presence, that they may not behold and spread abroad thy faults—the closed door, of what use is it before the Omniscient?—before Him, who knows alike what is open and what is concealed?”

Yesternight, towards morning, a warbling bird stole away my reason, my patience, my strength, and my understanding. My exclamations, by chance, reached the ear of a most intimate friend. “Never,” he said, “could I have believed that the voice of a bird should have such power to disturb thy intellect!”—“It is not,” I replied, “befitting the condition of man, that a bird should be reciting its hymn of praise, and that I should be silent.”—ii. 26.

To celebrate Him, all that thou beholdest is roused to exclamation.

The heart to understand it becometh an ear.

Not only is the nightingale on the rose-bush  
warbling its hymn of praise,

But every thorn becometh a tongue to laud His per-  
fection.—ii. 26, 27.

Abu Hurairah (the satisfaction of God be with  
him !) used to come every day to offer his service to  
Mustafa [Mohammed], upon whom be the mercy and  
peace of God ! One day the Prophet (on whom be a  
blessing !) said to him : “ Oh, Abu Hurairah, do not  
come *every* day, that our friendship may increase.”

A holy man has said : “ With all the beauty which  
attends the sun, I have never heard that any one has  
taken him for a friend, except in winter, when he is  
veiled, and *therefore* is loved.—ii. 30.

There is no harm in paying visits to others, but go  
not so often that they say : “ It is enough !”

If a man would learn to reprove himself, he would  
never hear reproof from any one else.—ii. 30.

Whoever is possessed of the finer mind—be he  
orator, or lawyer, or teacher, or scholar—if once he  
descends to low, worldly greed, will find himself  
entangled like a fly in honey.—ii. 33.

A pupil said to his instructor : “ What am I to do,  
for people incommod me with the frequency of their  
visits to such a degree, that their conversation pro-  
duces a great distraction of my valuable time ? ” He  
replied : “ To every one who is poor, lend ; and from

every one who is rich, borrow : they will not come about you again.”—ii. 37.

Turn not away, O holy man, thy face from the sinner. Rather look upon him with benevolence. If I have not been in my deeds all that a man ought to be, come to my aid in the spirit of the generous.—ii. 40.

I saw some handfuls of fresh roses tied up with grass on the top of a cupola. I said :

“ What doth this worthless grass, to be sitting thus in the rank of roses ? ”

The grass wept, and replied : “ Be silent !

“ The generous never forget their companionship.

“ Though I have no beauty, or colour, or odour, am I not the grass of His Garden ?

“ I am the servant of the Munificent Majesty, nourished from of old by His fostering bounty.

“ Whether I have any virtue, or whether I have it not,

“ Still am I hopeful of the mercy of my Master.

“ Although no valuable stock be mine—no wealth of worship—

“ He knoweth the remedy for His servant’s case, when all other support faileth.”—ii. 48.

On the monument of Bahram Gur\* was written :

“ The liberal hand is better than the strong arm.”

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\*A Persian King.

Hatim-Tai\* liveth no more ; but to eternity his great name will remain renowned on account of his liberality. Distribute in alms the tithe of thy wealth ; for the more the husbandman lops off the exuberance of the vine, the more it will yield of grapes.—ii. 49.

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## FROM THE THIRD CHAPTER :

## ON THE EXCELLENCY OF CONTENTMENT.

AN African mendicant, in the Mercers' Row at Aleppo, kept saying : “O wealthy sirs, if you had justice, and we contentment, the practice of begging would go out of the world.”

O Contentment, do thou make me rich !

For without thee there is no such thing as riches.—  
iii. 1.

The treasure chosen by Lokman was patience : without patience there is no such thing as wisdom.—  
iii. 1.

One of the Kings of Persia sent an able physician into the service of Mohammed. He remained some years in Arabia, but no one came to consult him, or

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\* An Arabian chief, proverbial for his generosity.

to ask for his medicines. One day he presented himself to the Prophet, complaining that he had been sent to heal his people, but that in all that time no one had paid him any attention. The Prophet replied: "It is the custom of this nation not to eat till compelled by hunger, and to withdraw their hand from food whilst they have still an appetite." The physician said: "This is the reason that they are so healthy." So he made his obeisance, and departed.—iii. 4.

In the Institutes of Ardshir Babegan it is recorded that he asked an Arabian physician: "What quantity of food may one eat daily?" He answered: "A hundred direms in weight is sufficient." He said: "What strength could such a quantity give?" He replied: "This quantity will carry you, and whatever more you take you will have to carry."—iii. 6.

They asked a sick man: "What does thy heart desire?" He replied: "That it might desire anything."—iii. 9.

They asked Hatim Tai: "Hast thou ever seen in the world any one more noble-minded than thyself?" He replied: "One day I had offered a sacrifice of forty camels, and had gone out with some Arab chiefs to a corner of the desert. There I saw a thorn-cutter, who had gathered together a bundle of thorns. I said to him: 'Why goest thou not to share the hospitality of Hatim Tai, when a crowd has assembled

at his feast?' He replied: 'Whoever can eat the bread of his own labour will not put himself under an obligation to Hatim Tai.' This man, in mind and in magnanimity, I consider greater than myself."—iii. 15.

Never had I complained of the vicissitudes of Fortune, or saddened my face at the revolution of the heavens, except once on a time when my foot was naked, and I had not wherewithal to purchase a shoe. Entering the great mosque of Nufah, I saw there a man who had no feet. Then I converted my lament into gratitude and praise for the goodness of God, and bore my want of shoes with patience.

A roasted fowl is less than pot-herbs in the eye of him who is already satiated :

To him who is needy and fainting, a boiled turnip is a roasted fowl.—iii. 19.

I have heard of a wealthy man who was as notorious for his stinginess as was Hatim Tai for his liberality. No one ever saw his door open or his table spread. He was sailing on the Western Sea, on his way to Egypt, when a contrary wind assailed the ship. Then he lifted up his hand in prayer, and began to utter vain lamentations.

What advantage can the hand of supplication be to the unhappy servant,

Raised to God in the moment of peril, but when liberality is needed, folded under the arm?—iii. 23.

## FROM THE FOURTH CHAPTER :

## ON THE ADVANTAGES OF SILENCE.

I HAVE heard one of the sages say: "No one confesseth his own ignorance so much as the man who beginneth to talk whilst another is speaking, and hath not yet finished."—iv. 7.

I was hesitating about a contract for the purchase of a house. A Jew said to me: "I am one of the old householders of this quarter. I can tell you the qualities of the house, and say to you—buy; it hath no faults." I replied: "Except having you for a neighbour."—iv. 9.

A man with a disagreeable voice, and in a loud tone, was reading the Korān. An observant passer-by asked: "What is your stipend?" "Nothing," he replied. "Why then give yourself this trouble?" "I read," he said, "for the sake of God." "Then," he replied, "for God's sake read no longer. You mar the beauty of your religion."—iv. 14.

## FROM THE FIFTH CHAPTER:

## ON LOVE AND YOUTH.

THEY asked Hussain Maimundi, how it was that Sultan Mahmūd, who had so many handsome slaves, each one of whom was of rare beauty, should have no heart-felt affection for any of them, except for Iyāz, one who had no excess of comeliness. He replied : “ Hast thou not heard that whatever touches the heart will look fair to the eye ? ”

If any one regardeth another with the eye of dislike,

Though he were formed in the image of Joseph,

He would yet be looked upon as one of the unlovely ;

And if thou regardest a demon with the eye of desire,

He would appear to thine eye an angel and a cherub.

Whomsoever the Sultan regardeth with partiality,  
All that he doeth badly is sure to be well done ;

And whomsoever the monarch discardeth from his presence,

Will never be caressed by any one of the household.—v. i.

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There was a handsome and virtuous youth  
Who was betrothed to a beautiful girl ;  
I have read that, as they were sailing on the great  
sea,

They fell together into a whirlpool.

When a sailor came to seize his hand, and save him  
from perishing in that extremity,

He called out from the midst of the threatening  
waves : “Leave hold of me and take the hand of my  
beloved.”

Every one admired him for that speech, and when  
he was expiring he was heard to say :

“ Learn not the tale of love from that light-minded  
man who forgetteth his beloved in the hour of  
danger.”—v. 21.

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#### FROM THE SIXTH CHAPTER :

#### ON WEAKNESS AND OLD AGE.

IT was good, the answer which the aged woman  
made to her son, when she beheld him, strong as an  
elephant, able to cope with a tiger : “ Didst thou call  
to remembrance the time of thy infancy, when thou  
layest helpless in my embrace, thou wouldest not to-  
day afflict me with violence ; thou in the fulness of  
thy manhood, and I a weak old woman.”—vi. 6.

A rich but avaricious man had a son who was sick. The well-wishers said : "It would be well to recite over him a chapter of the Holy Book, or to offer a sacrifice and distribute to the poor : perchance God might restore his health." For a moment he became thoughtful and then said : "It is better to read a chapter, which can be done in an instant ; my flock is at a distance." An intelligent fellow, who heard this, said : "He prefers the Holy Book, because it is on the tip of his tongue, whilst his gold is at the bottom of his heart."—vi. 7.

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## FROM THE SEVENTH CHAPTER :

## ON THE EFFECTS OF EDUCATION.

HE who hath never learned good habits in his childhood will in his manhood never recover his superiority. You may twist the green wood in any way you please ; the dry you can make straight only by fire.—vii. 3.

A King who was sending his son to school placed on his breast a silver tablet, on which was written, in letters of gold : "The severity of the schoolmaster is better than the indulgence of the father."—vii. 4.

I heard a learned instructor saying to one of his scholars : “ Did a man fix his heart as much upon Him who affords him subsistence as upon the subsistence itself, he would raise himself into the sphere of angels.

“ He did not forget thee when thou wast as yet unformed and hidden in the womb.

“ He gave thee a soul, and reason, and form, and intellect,

“ And beauty, and speech, and thought, and judgment, and understanding ;

“ He arranged on thy hand thy ten fingers, and adapted thy two arms to thy shoulders :

“ And thinkest thou now, who art at thy best a mere nothing, that He will forget to give thee means of subsistence ? ”—vii. 7.

I saw an Arab, who was saying to his son : “ O my child, on the day of the resurrection they will ask you, What have you done ? not—Whose son are you ? The veil which they kiss in the Holy Place is not famous because it came from the silk-worm. It was associated some time with a venerable personage : that is the reason why it is so precious.”—vii. 8.

A silly fellow, having a pain in his eyes, went to a farrier and asked him for a remedy. The farrier applied to his eyes something which he would have given to an animal, and it blinded him, upon which they made an appeal to the magistrate. The magis-

trate said : "This is no case for damages ; it is plain that this fellow is an ass, or he would not have gone to a farrier." No man of enlightened understanding will commit weighty matters to one of mean abilities. A weaver of mats, though he be a weaver, will not be employed in the weaving of silk.—vii. 14.

One of the great had a worthy son. He died, and they asked him : "What shall we write on his tomb ?" He replied : "If it be necessary to write anything, this couplet will be sufficient—

"Woe is me ! When the green herbs were blooming in the garden, how joyous was my heart !

"Pass by, O my friend, in the next spring, and thou wilt see the green herbs blowing out of my clay."—vii. 15.

A holy man, passing by one of the favourites of Fortune, saw that he had bound one of his slaves tightly hand and foot, and was inflicting upon him severe punishment. He said : "O my son, the good and great God has subjected a creature like thyself to thy power, and has given to thee superiority over him. Be grateful for the benefits He has conferred on thee ; and inflict not on him this violence, lest in the resurrection he be found better than thou art, and thou be brought to shame."

Be not over much angry with thy slave ;

Treat him not unjustly, and pain not his feelings.

True, thou mayst have bought him for ten direms ;

But 'twas not by thy power that he was created.

There is a tradition of the Prophet—peace be upon him!—that on the day of the resurrection the greatest grief will be when the pious slave is carried to Paradise, and his worthless master is borne away to Hell.—vii. 16.

I saw the son of a rich man seated at the head of his father's tomb, and engaged in a dispute with the son of a poor man. “The monument over my father's grave,” said he, “is of marble; the inscription upon it in coloured letters; and the foundation is of stone, overlaid with azure tiles. What likeness is there between it and thy father's, which is of two or three bricks packed together, with nothing but a handful or two of earth cast over it?”—“Silence!” replied the poor man's son; “for whilst your father is striving to move under this heavy stone, my father will have arrived at Paradise.”—vii. 18.

Of what utility are the rich, if they are clouds of August, and do not rain upon any one; or the fountain of the sun, and do not give light to any one; or are mounted on the steed of power, and never make a charge; advance not on foot in the service of God; bestow not a dirhem without weighing it and distressing you; watch over their wealth drudgingly, and leave it grudgingly? And the sages have said, that the silver of the miser comes up from the ground at the same moment that he himself goes down into the

ground. One brings his money within his grasp anxiously and laboriously, and another comes and carries it away quietly and painlessly.—vii. 20.

Have a care that thou throw not away thy shield at the attack of the rhetorician, for his only weapons are his borrowed exaggerations. Hold fast thy faith and thy knowledge, for this skilful-in-words, and this utterer of mellifluous cadences, shows arms at the gate, but hath no defender within the castle.—vii. 20.

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#### FROM THE EIGHTH CHAPTER :

#### MAXIMS FOR THE CONDUCT OF LIFE.

RICHES are for the comfort of life, not life for the amassing of riches. I asked a wise man, Who is the fortunate, and who is the unfortunate man? He replied: "He is the fortunate who sowed and reaped, and he the unfortunate who died and enjoyed not. Offer no prayer in behalf of that worthless wretch who did nothing but spend his life in the accumulation of wealth which he used not!"—viii. 1.

Wouldst thou be the better for worldly possessions, be beneficent to others, as God has been beneficent to thee. The Arabs say: "Give, and account it not an

obligation, for the advantage of it will come back to thyself."

Wherever the tree of liberality has rooted itself, its stem and its branches will ascend to the sky.

If thou hast hopes of eating of its fruit, deem it not an obligation that thou didst not lay the axe to its root.

Be thankful to God that he has prospered thee to thy good,

And has not shut thee out from a share in His favours. Think not that thou conferrest an obligation in serving the Sultan;

Recognise the obligation he has conferred upon thee by placing thee in his service.—viii. 2.

Two persons took trouble in vain, and laboured without advantage: he who gained wealth which he enjoyed not, and he who gathered knowledge which he did not apply. Whatever amount of science you may possess, if you reduce it not to practice you are still ignorant. The beast which you load with a few books is not on that account a learned man or a philosopher. What knows that empty skull, whether it be carrying precious volumes or firewood?—viii. 3.

Three things are not stable without three things: wealth without traffic; learning without discussion; and a kingdom without government.—viii. 7.

Thou shouldst speak such words between two

enemies that, should they become friends, thou wilt not need be ashamed. A quarrel between two persons is like a fire, and he who malevolently reports their words is like one who supplies fuel to the flame. Speak softly to your friends, that the blood-thirsty enemy may not overhear. Be on your guard when you speak before a wall, that there be not an ear behind the wall.—viii. 12.

Whilst an affair can be arranged with money, it is not right to endanger life; nor till every device has failed does it become law to lay hands upon the sword.  
viii. 15.

The wicked man is a captive in the hand of an enemy, for whithersoever he goeth he cannot free himself from the grasp of his own punishment.

If the wicked man should seek refuge in heaven from his anguish,

He would still be in anguish from his own evil disposition.—viii. 21.

Hearest thou news which will afflict a heart, be thou silent, and let another bear it. O nightingale! bring thou the good news of the spring; leave to the owl the tidings of evil.—viii. 25.

He who offers advice to a self-conceited man needs himself advice from another.—viii. 25.

An affair succeeds through patience, and over-haste

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ends in disappointments. I have seen with my own eyes in the desert the slow man pass by the quick one, the wind-footed courser fall exhausted through its speed, and the camel-driver, though tardily, push on to the end.—viii. 35.

To the ignorant man nothing is better than silence, and were he aware of this he would no longer be ignorant.

When you are not possessed of perfection or excellence,

It is better that you keep your tongue within your mouth.

The tongue bringeth disgrace upon men. The nut without a kernel is light in weight.

The beast will not learn of thee how to speak ; learn thou of the beast how to be silent.

Whoever reflecteth not before he answereth,

Will probably utter inappropriate words.

Either adorn thy speech with the intelligence of a man,

Or sit in silence like a dumb animal.—viii. 36.

Whoever entereth into argument, in order to display his learning, with a man more learned than himself, will thereby be taught that he is unlearned. Though thou mayest be well informed, if one wiser than thyself take up the discourse, be not thou ready to start objections.—viii. 37.

Publish not the secret faults of others, for you

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inflict disgrace upon them, and procure thereby no honour to yourself.—viii. 39.

He who readeth and doth not practise resembleth the man who driveth the oxen but scattereth not the seed.—viii. 40.

Were every night a night of power, THE NIGHT OF POWER<sup>1</sup> would lose its worth. Were every pebble a ruby, the ruby and the pebble would be of equal value.—viii. 43.

It is very easy to deprive the living of life ;  
To give back life to him from whom thou hast taken it is impossible.

The archer should be patient ere he draw the bow,  
For when the arrow hath left the bow it returneth no more.—viii. 54.

What wonder if the nightingale loses its spirit, if a crow is the companion of his cage ?—viii. 55.

The friend whom it hath taken a lifetime to acquire, it is not right to estrange in a moment. How many years doth it require to turn the stone into a ruby ? Take heed lest with another stone thou grind it down in an instant.—viii. 57.

I heard a fellow of mean disposition slandering a person of distinguished rank. I said : “ O sir, if thou art unfortunate, why is it a crime to be one of the fortunate ? O do not invoke misery on the

envious man, for the condition of that man is misery in itself. What need of pursuing one with enmity, who has such an enemy perpetually at his heels?"—viii. 70.

I asked a wise man to give me a word of counsel. He said to me: "Take heed how you commit yourself with an ignorant man, for if you are possessed of knowledge you will become an ass, and if you are without knowledge, your folly will become still greater."—viii. 80.

The bird will not alight upon the seed,  
If it see another bird caught in the snare.  
Take thou warning from the misfortunes of others,  
That thou give no occasion to others to take  
warning from thee.—viii. 90.

The poor man whose end is good is better than the king whose end is evil.

The sorrow which thou bearest before enjoyment  
Is better than the enjoyment which precedeth sorrow.  
viii. 92.

A holy man in his prayers was wont to say: "O God, have mercy on the bad, for on the good Thou hast already had mercy, in that Thou hast created them good."—viii. 98.

Feridūn ordered his Chinese embroiderers to embroider around his pavilion: "Thou who art of

an understanding heart, be good to the wicked, for the good are great and happy of themselves."—viii. 99.

Two persons died, carrying with them vain regrets : he who had wealth which he never enjoyed, and he who had knowledge of which he made no use.—viii. 106.

No one ever saw a man who had merit, but was miserly, that people did not expatiate on his faults ; but if a generous man hath two hundred defects, his generosity will cover them all.—viii. 106.

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Generosity and kindness make the man ; think not that it is his material image. To gain all the wealth of the world is not virtue : try if thou canst conquer a single heart.

The truly wise man practiseth humility ; the bough full of fruit inclineth its head towards the ground. It is in those of high estate that humility appeareth to most advantage ; in the beggar it is only the mark of his profession.—*From the Pend-Namah, or Book of Counsels.*

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## II.—THE “BOSTĀN,” OR PLEASURE-GROUND.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, THE MERCIFUL, THE COMPASSIONATE!

In the name of the Lord, who created the soul ;  
who gave to the tongue words of wisdom ;

The Lord, the Benevolent, the Sustainer, who  
generously accepteth excuses, and forgiveth sins ;

The Mighty One, from whose door whoever turneth  
away will find Might at no other door ;

In whose court the most exalted monarchs must  
humble themselves as suppliants ;

Who is not quick to repress the arrogant, nor  
repulseth with violence those who sue for pardon ;

Who, when He is angry for some evil deed, if  
thou turnest to Him again, writeth it amongst the  
things of the past ;

Who, when He beholdeth the sin, covereth it with  
the veil of His mercy ; in the ocean of whose  
omniscience the universe is but a drop.

If a son is at variance with a father, thou wilt  
immediately behold the father in the glow of passion ;

And, if he doth not soon give him satisfaction, will  
drive him forth from his presence like a stranger.

If the slave doth not bestir himself actively at his work, his master will deem him but of little value ;

Or if thou art not amiable amongst thy companions, thy companions will flee from thee to a mile's distance ;

Or if a soldier deserteth his duty, his commander will speedily dismiss him from the service.

But He, who is Lord of the high and of the low, shutteth not the door of His riches against even the rebellious.

The expanse of the earth is the table of His people ; and to His free banquet friend and foe are alike welcome.

If He hurried to involve him in trouble, who would be secure from the hand of His power ?

Independent in His essence of the judgment of any one of His creatures, His dominion is rich in the obedience of men and spirits.

Every thing, and every person must bow down to His mandate : the sons of Adam, and the bird, and the ant, and the worm.

So broadly is the table of His bounty spread, that the vulture on the Caucasus receiveth his portion.

Benevolent, and beneficent, and the dispenser of blessings, He is the Lord of Creation, and knoweth every secret.

This man He judgeth worthy of grandeur and a high destiny, for his kingdom is ancient, and his race is wealthy.

On the head of one He setteth the diadem of fortune ; another He bringeth down from a throne to the dust.

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On the head of one He placeth the crown of prosperity ; another He clothes in the weeds of poverty.

For His friend [Abraham] he turned fire into a bed of roses, and cast into the flames the host from the waters of the Nile.<sup>2</sup>

If He did that, it was marked with His favour ; and if He did this, it was signed with His order.

He throweth His veil over evil deeds, and hideth behind it His own benefits ;

If He unsheathe His sword of power in wrath, the very Cherubim are dumb with terror ;

But if He giveth victuals from the table of His bounty, even the Evil-One says : “ I too shall have a portion.”

In the court of His benignity and greatness the greatest must lay their greatness aside ;

But to such as are cast down He is nigh with His mercy, and He ever lendeth His ear to the prayer of the suppliant.

By His prescience He foreseeth what hath not yet been ; in His goodness He provideth for what hath not yet been spoken.

By His power He is the keeper of the heights and the depths, and He is master of the Book of the Day of Account.

No one’s back is strong enough to throw off obedience ; nor is there room for any one to lay a finger on a letter.

The Ancient Benefactor is still ever beneficent ; by decree upon decree He fashioned the beautiful image in the womb.

From east to west he set in motion sun and moon,  
and spread out the earth on the face of the waters.

And though it trembleth sometimes and dreadeth  
its ruin, He hath nailed down the roots of the moun-  
tains to its skirts.

He who hath imprinted its form upon the waters  
gave to the pearl its Peri-like semblance.

He hid the ruby and the turquoise in the bosom of  
the stone, and hung the ruby-coloured rose on the  
turquoise-tinted branches.

Of one globule He maketh a pearl-white lily, and  
fashioneth another into the lofty cypress.

From His knowledge not an atom lieth concealed,  
for the hidden and open are both to Him but one.

For the ant and for the serpent he hath alike  
provided its food, and for that which hath no hand,  
nor feet, nor strength.

At His decree non-existence hath been embellished  
with existence, for no one knoweth but He how to  
change nonentity into being.

So at one time he burieth an act in silence, and  
bringeth it forth again in the Plain of the Last  
Judgment.

The universe is agreed in the acknowledgment of  
His Deity, but is confounded when it attempteth to  
investigate His Essence.

Man cannot comprehend the extent of His Majesty,  
the sight hath not penetrated to the limits of His  
excellence.

The wing of bird hath not soared to the summits of

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His knowledge, nor the hand of intelligence touched  
the skirts of His attributes.

In this whirlpool have been sunk a thousand vessels,  
of which not a single plank hath come to the shore.

How many a night have I sat completely lost, till I  
have exclaimed in terror : "Up, and be doing."

Of the kingdoms of the earth the knowledge is  
attainable ; but the knowledge of Him with thy  
measure, thou canst not attain.

The bounds of His knowledge thy intellect cannot  
reach ; nor can thy thoughts fathom the depths of His  
attributes.

To equal Sohlan in eloquence is possible ; but  
innumerable are they who have fallen exhausted in  
the race.

To urge thy steed over every ground is impossible ;  
and there are occasions on which thou must throw  
away thy shield.

If the traveller is forbidden to penetrate to the  
secret place, he will find the door barred, and will  
have to return.

To many a one at this banquet is offered the goblet,  
who findeth it to be but a stupefying drug.

Let every one tremble who hath trusted himself to  
this ocean of blood, from which no one yet ever  
brought back his vessel.

One falcon soareth up, but with bandaged eyes ;  
another returneth, but with singed eyes and feathers.

No one hath found his way to the treasure of Karūn ;  
or, if he hath found it, hath he brought anything back.

Seekest thou to survey this country, as well mayest thou begin by ham-stringing the horse on which thou wouldest return.

Let each one look into the mirror of his own soul, and gradually it will acquire the same clearness.

Perhaps the odour of love will inebriate thee, and, seeking for a compact with the Divine, thou mayest thyself become divine.

Proceed on the road of inquiry on foot, till thou reach the goal, and thence fly upwards on the pinions of affection.

Truth will rend in twain the veils of illusion ; yea, even the veil which concealeth the glory of God.

But the courser of intellect can run no further. Astonishment tighteneth the reins, and exclaimeth : “STAND !”—*Graf's Text, Vienna, 1858, p. 2. Translation, Jena, 1850, i. 1.*

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FROM Book THE FIRST :  
ON UPRIGHTNESS AND GOVERNMENT.  
THE TIGER-TAMER.

THEY relate a story of one of the great in faith,— one searching after the truth, and with an eye for the real,—

That he beheld a pious man riding along rapidly, and grasping a serpent in his hand.

One who was passing by exclaimed : “O thou who art journeying on the way towards God, direct me, too, on the road on which thou art travelling !

“ What hast thou done to tame the ravenous beast, and stamp on thy name the seal of felicity ?”

He replied : “ If I have subdued the tiger, the serpent, the elephant, or the vulture, be not thou astonished.

“ Thou, too, withdraw not thy neck from the All-Ruler, and no one will withdraw his neck from thy rule.”

When the monarch submitteth himself to the commands of the Law-Giver, God will become to him a guardian and defender ;

And when the All-Righteous is become thy Friend, it is impossible that He should deliver thee into the hand of thine enemy.

This is the right way, turn not thy face from it ;  
make this thy desire, and what thou desirest thou  
wilt find.—*Graf's Text*, p. 29. *Transl.* i. 19.

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### THE LAST WORDS OF NUSHIRVAN.

I HAVE heard that at the moment when the soul was departing, thus spake Nushirvan to his son Hormuz :

“ Be thou in heart the guardian of the poor ; be not in bondage to thine own ease.

“ No one will live in comfort in thy kingdom, if thou desirest only thine own comfort, and sayest : ‘ That is enough ! ’

“ He will receive no praise from the wise who passeth his nights in sleep whilst the wolf is amidst the flock.

“ Keep watch over the necessitous poor, for the peasant it is from whom the King deriveth his throne.

“ The King is the tree, the peasant is the root ; the tree, O my son, deriveth its strength from the root.”—*Graf's Text*, p. 31. *Transl.* i. 19.

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## KINGLY ACTIONS.

HAST thou displaced any one from his office, after a season forgive him his fault.

To fulfil the expectations of one to whom thou hast given hopes is better than to break the chains of a thousand slaves.

The just King will bear himself towards those who are under his orders, as a father who hath cause for anger with his son.

Sometimes he will strike him so as to inflict pain ; sometimes he will drop the crystal water from his eyes.

If thou art too soft, thine adversary will wax too bold ; if thou art too harsh, he will fly from thee.

Better are softness and harshness together, as the surgeon applieth at once the knife and the plaster.

Be thou generous, and gentle, and forgiving ; as God hath scattered upon thee, so scatter thou upon others.

No one hath come into the world for continuance, save him who leaveth behind him a good name ;

Nor hath any one died who hath left as an inheritance a bridge, a mosque, a hostel, or a hospital.

Whoever hath left no such memorial behind him, his existence has been but that of a tree which never bore fruit ;

And whoever hath departed and left no mark, his name after his death will never be lauded.—*Graf's Text, p. 39. Transl. i. 25.*

## KINGLY DUTIES.

IT is no crime to drink water without the command of the law ; but if thou sheddest blood, it must not be done without a decree.

If the law pronounce its decree, then thou mayest slay the criminal without any dread ;

But if thou hast those who belong to his family, them forgive, and extend to them thy mercy.

The iniquitous man it was who committed the crime : what was the offence of his helpless wife and children ?

Is thy person powerful and thine army great, make not on that account an inroad upon the lands of thine enemy.

He will flee away to his lofty castle, and thou wilt ruin only his unoffending country.

Look well into the circumstances of thy prisoners, for possibly there may be amongst them those who are innocent.

If a merchant die in thy dominions, it is unjust to lay thy hand upon his property ;

For afterwards, when they raise over him the cry of lamentation, they will unite in exclamations :

“ The unhappy man died a stranger in thy country, and a tyrant robbed him of what remained of his goods.”

Think of that little fatherless child, and dread the sigh of his miserable heart.

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Oft-times the fair name of fifty years a single ugly deed has ruined for ever.

Though a man be King from one end of the earth to the other, when he taketh away the wealth of the prosperous, he is but a beggar.

Rather will the generous man die with an empty hand than fill his stomach from the pittance of the poor.—*Graf's Text, p. 57. Transl. i. 38.*

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### THE FRUGAL MONARCH.

I HAVE heard of a just and commanding Ruler, whose cloak was of coarse serge within and without.

Some one exclaimed to him : “O thou who wast born on a fortunate day, order thyself a robe of brocade of China.”

He replied : “This stuff is sent for comfort and raiment. What goeth beyond this is all for display and ornament.

“ It is not for that purpose that I take the taxes—to embellish myself, my throne, and my diadem.

“ Were I to clothe my body with robes like women, how should I have the manliness to repel my enemies ?

“ I have myself a hundred kinds of avarice and passions, but my treasury is not for myself alone.

“ My treasury must be full for the sake of my army, not for the object of beauty and ornament.”

The soldier who is not made light-hearted by the King will hardly guard well the boundaries of the kingdom.

When the enemy hath carried off the ass of the villager, why should the King be eating the tithes and the taxes?

The enemy hath borne away the ass, and the Sultan the tillage ; what good is there in store for such a crown and throne ?

Violence towards one who hath fallen is not manly ; 'tis to be the base bird that snatcheth the grain from the emmet.

The peasant is a tree which, if thou wilt nurture it, will yield thee fruit to the hearts'-desire of thy friends.

Do not ruthlessly uproot it and destroy its produce ; for, so doing, the foolish man doeth an injury to himself.

Whoso dealeth not harshly with his subject will eat of his fruit in cheerfulness and prosperity ;

But if the subject be pushed down from his footing, be afraid of his lamenting appeal to God.

If it be allowed thee to take a city by gentle means, pour not out blood from the veins in battle ;

To subjugate by thy valour every kingdom of the earth, it would not be worth while that a drop of blood should trickle to the ground.—*Graf's Text, p. 59. Transl. i. 40.*

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### INSCRIPTION ON THE FOUNTAIN OF JEMSHID.

I HAVE heard that Jemshid, of happy disposition, inscribed on a tablet at the head of a fountain :

“ Many, like ourselves, have breathed at this fountain, and departed, and closed their eyes upon it.

“ They captured the world by courage, or violence, but carried away with them nothing to the grave.

“ They departed each one, and of that which they had tilled nothing remained to them, save a good or an evil name.

“ When thine enemy hath fallen into thy hands, grieve him not further ; he hath already tasted enough of sorrow.

“ Better hold in thy keeping a discomfited enemy alive, than to have on thy neck the stain of his blood.”

—*Graf's Text, p. 61. Transl. i. 41.*

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### THE GRANDEE AND THE BEGGAR.

AN exalted personage who dwelt in Irāk heard a poor wretch exclaim beneath his balcony :

“ There is a door at which thou art hopeful of entering ; give hope then to those who sit asking at thine.”

Dost thou desire that thine own heart should not suffer, redeem thou the sufferer from the bonds of misery.

The heart-piercing anguish of the petitioner for justice hath been enough to eject a monarch from his kingdom.

Thou sleepest at mid-day in the coolness of thy harem, and sayest to the poor stranger : “ Go thou, and be scorched in the burning noon.”

But God will do justice on behalf of the man who implored in vain the justice of the King.—*Graf's Text*, p. 64. *Graf's Transl.* i. 43.

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#### TOKIAH'S COUNSELLOR.

IN the chronicles of the elder Kings it is written, that when Tokiah sat upon the throne of Zengi,

In his time no one suffered injury from another ; each took precedence as he was equally good, and that was enough.

To an affectionate companion he one day said : “ Life is coming to an end, and without aught of profit.

“ Since royalty, and dignities, and thrones pass away, and no one carrieth anything out of the world except the devotee,

"I will seat myself in the cell of adoration, that I may discover the meaning of this brief existence."

When his enlightened friend heard him say this, he exclaimed excitedly, and with some asperity :

"Madman ! hold—enough !

"There is no devotion save in the service of others ; it consisteth not in the prayer-carpet, in rosaries, or in the garb of the dervish.

"Be on the throne of sovereignty THYSELF, and in the purity of thy morals be the dervish.

"Gird thy loins with truthfulness and good purposes ; and keep thy tongue tied from doubtful words and questionings.

"Thy way is by the foot, not by the mouth ; for words without action have no substance.

"The eminent ones who distributed the ready-money of pure deeds had the dervish's tatters under their proper garments."—*Graf's Text, p. 68. Transl. i. 46.*

#### REPLY OF A DEVOTEE TO A COMPLAINING SULTAN.

I HAVE heard that one of the Sultans of Rūm thus poured out his tearful lamentation :

"Nothing now remaineth within my power—nothing is left me save this city and castle.

"Many an effort did I make, that my children after me might become a numerous and powerful lineage ;

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“ Now a malignant enemy hath obtained the mastery, and turned from me all aid and the fruit of my labour.

“ What plan shall I adopt ? what remedy apply ? for the soul within my body is dwindling away with anguish !”

He replied : “ O brother, swallow thy grief ; for the larger and better portion of thy life is gone already !

“ Enough is still left for what remaineth ; when thou art departed, the world will be the place of another.

“ Be he wise or be he ignorant, devour not his grief ; he will assuredly have his own to devour.

“ To possess the world, it is not worth the trouble to take it with the sword and then to leave it.

“ Whom knowest thou of the Khosrus of Persia, of the age of Feridūn, of Zohāk, or Jemshid, whose throne and whose kingdom have not come to ruin ?

“ Nought save His sovereignty—the great God’s—remaineth for ever !

“ Who can have the hope of enduring eternally, when thou beholdest not one who endureth for ever ?

“ If thou keepest thy gold and silver, thy goods and thy treasure, after a few days they will be trodden under foot ;

“ But he whose soul abideth in goodness from moment to moment will find mercy to his soul.

“ The great man who leaveth behind him a good name will indubitably live in the memory of the generous.

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“ Of a surety, if thou nurtorest the tree of nobility,  
thou mayest certainly hope to eat of its fruit.

“ Let then thine aspirations be ever towards the  
noble ; for when the demons assign the habitations,

“ They will assign them only to the meed of excel-  
lence ;—

“ To the one who hath been the most forward in good  
deeds, the loftiest station in the courts of God ;

“ Whilst he who hath been faithless will veil himself  
in shame at asking for the reward of actions unper-  
formed.

“ Shame on the man—his teeth should gnaw his  
hand—who had the hot oven, and did not bake his  
loaf !

“ When thou knowest the time for gathering in the  
grain, not to have sown the seed was wilful trans-  
gression !”—*Graf's Text, p. 69. Transl. i. 47.*

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### UNSELFISHNESS.

IF the merchant is awakened by the sound of the  
trumpet, what knoweth he of how the watchers have  
passed the night ?

And if the traveller hath to bear the affliction of  
his own burthen, his heart is not troubled about the  
poor back-galled ass.

But I perceive that thou art not one of the fallen :

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wherefore, then, when thou seest another fall, art thou standing still?

Once upon a time there was so sterile a year in Damascus, that friends forgot their natural affections.

The sky was so niggardly to the earth, that neither palm tree nor cornfield moistened its lip with water.

The source of the ancient fountains was dried up, and no water remained save the water in the eye of the orphan.

Nothing was heard save the sigh of the widowed woman, nor did smoke rise out of any chimney.

I saw the tree without leaves, naked as the body of the dervish ; the strength of the arm gone, and turned into utter weakness.

On the mountain was no green, and the garden was a desert ; the locust devoured the grove, and man the locust.

In this state of things I met a friend on whose bones nothing remained but the skin.

Once he had been strong and powerful ; the possessor of rank and property and gold.

I said to him : “O my excellent friend, what misery hath come upon thee ? Tell me !”

He thundered out : “Whither are gone thy wits, to know, and to ask how ? Thy question is a sin !

“Seest thou not that the scarcity hath risen to its height—that the calamity hath arrived at the bounds of extremity ?

“No rain cometh down from the sky ; nor doth the sigh of the groaner travel in the path of his desire.”

I said to him : “ But thou, thou at least, hast no cause for dread : the poison killeth in the spot where is no antidote.

“ Should others die from want of means, for thee there is a rock ; what fear of the deluge ? ”

My teacher looked at me grieved, with the look that one casteth upon silly people :

“ Comrade, if a man be safe upon the beach, will he be at rest whilst his friends are drowning ? ”

“ Not from my own want of means is my face wan ; wan is my face for the necessities of others.

“ The thoughtful man wisheth not to see a wound, either on his own limb, or on that of another.

“ Even when I am of sound body myself, when I see the wound of another, my body is all in a tremble.

“ The pleasure of that soundness is turned to misery, if one is beside me enfeebled by sickness.

“ When I see the poor wretch who hath nothing to eat, the morsel on my palate becometh gall and poison.

“ If I behold one of my friends borne away to prison, what would be left of the pleasure of walking in my pleasure-grounds ? ”—*Graf's Text, p. 76. Transl. i. 52.*

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## SELFISHNESS.

ONE night the sighs of the people kindled a fire, and Bagdad, I have heard, was half burnt down.

“God be praised !” cried one in the midst of it quickly, “that my shop hath suffered no injury.”

One who had seen the world replied : “O selfish man, who thinkest that it is enough to bear thine own grievance,

“ And art satisfied that a lofty city should be burnt to the ground, so only thine own house be saved ! ”

Who, except a stony-hearted man, could endure to fill his own stomach, whilst a stone lieth heavy on the stomach of another ?

How can the rich man eat that morsel, when he seeth the poor man eating blood ?

Say not that the watcher by the sick man is in health, for the watcher himself twitcheth at every pang of the sick man.

The travellers who arrive weary at the resting-place, can they sleep whilst the utterly worn-out are lagging behind ?

Even the heart of a monarch must be burthened, when he seeth the poor thorn-laden ass sticking in the clay.

To him who is seated in the palace of felicity, even a syllable of one of Sadi’s sayings is enough :

Equally so to thee, then, if thou wilt listen to it,

should be this : “If thou sowest thorns, thou wilt not reap jessamine.”—*Graf's Text, p. 78. Transl. i. 54.*

### THE POOR MAN'S BURTHEN IS LESS HEAVY THAN THE KING'S.

SAY not that there is nothing higher than the Sultan's dignity ; that the mendicant is not happier than the King !

The lightly-laden will move the lighter ; and this is the truth, and pious men will listen to it.

The empty-handed may eat his bread in sorrow ; the King hath to devour the griefs of a world.

The beggar, when he hath eaten his evening's crust, sleepeth as sweetly as doth the Sultan of Syria.

Joy and sorrow alike come to an end ; in death they depart both of them together ;—

What mattereth it that on the head of the one was placed a crown ; that on the neck of the other were laid the taxes ;—

That the head of the one was exalted to Saturn ; that the other lay poverty-stricken in a dungeon ?

When the troop of Destiny fell upon them both, it was not possible to distinguish the one from the other.

Calamity is guardian of the kingdom of Fortune : the beggar is a king, and the king a beggar.

I have heard that once upon a time a skull thus spake in the grave-yard to a holy man :

“Once I possessed all the splendour of sovereignty ; the crown of greatness beamed upon my head.

“I had armies to back me, and the favour of Fortune, and I conquered Irāk by the strong arm of Destiny ;

“I had an eager desire to devour Kirmān also, but my head was itself devoured by worms !

“Take the cotton of heedlessness out of the ear of thine intellect, and thine ear may receive counsel from the dead !”—*Graf's Text*, p. 86. *Transl.* i. 60.

### FROM BOOK THE SECOND :

#### ON BENEVOLENCE AND COMPASSION.

IF thou art intelligent, prove thou the real, for the real is the permanent ; not so the image !

Whoso hath not knowledge, and benevolence, and piety, knoweth nothing of reality, dwelleth only in the semblance.

He will sleep peacefully beneath the sod who hath caused others to sleep with peaceful hearts.

Whilst thou still livest, consume thine own grief, for thine heir will not leave anything when dead.

Bestow thou then thy gold and thy wealth whilst

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they are thine, for when thou art gone they will be no longer in thy power.

And dost thou desire not to be hopeless for thyself, dismiss not from thy thoughts those who are forlorn.

Distribute thy treasure readily to-day, for to-morrow the key may no longer be in thy hand.

Make thou thyself provision for thy journey, for compassion of wife or child will not avail thee.

He who hath carried with him his heritage in eternity, he it is who hath borne from the world the ball of Fortune.

Exert thyself to cast a covering over the poor, that God's own veil may be a covering for thee.

Turn not the stranger from thy door without his portion, lest thou thyself stand a stranger at the door of others.

Look thou with pity on the condition of the heart, for one day it may be thine own lot to be heart-broken.

Try to make joyful the soul of the desponding, and remember the day of despondency for thyself.

Thou hast not to stand a petitioner at the gate of others : in gratitude drive not the petitioner from thy gate,—*Graf's Text, p. 138. Transl. i. 96.*

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## ORPHANAGE.

CAST thy shade over the head of the fatherless ; wipe away the dust from him ; draw out his thorn.

Knowest thou not what hath so sadly distressed him ?—Can the tree ever be fresh and green without its root ?

When thou beholdest the orphan cast down before thee, kiss not the face of thine own child.

If the orphan weepeth, who is there to caress him ? And if he is angry, who is there to soothe him ?

Take care that he weepeth not, for when the orphan weepeth even the throne of the Supreme trembleth.

Tenderly wipe away the tear from his eye, gently remove the dust from his face.

If his own shade no longer screeneth his head, do thou receive and nurture him under thine.

Once my head was encircled with a diadem, when my head reposeth on the breast of a father.

It but a fly settled on my body, of how many about me were the hearts disquieted !

Now, were an enemy to cast me into prison, not one of my friends would come nigh to assist me.

I have experienced myself the sorrows of children, for in childhood I lost the protection of my father.

The Lord of Khojund, who had once extracted a thorn from an orphan's foot, appeared to some one in a dream,

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And said, as he paced the meads above : “ How many roses have bloomed for me from that thorn ! ”—  
*Graf's Text, p. 140. Transl. i. 97.*

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### ABRAHAM AND THE FIRE-WORSHIPPER.

I HAVE heard that for a whole week no wayfarer had come to claim the hospitality of the Friend of God [Abraham].

From a cheerful habit he would not eat his morning meal unless some necessitous traveller arrived on his journey.

He went out and looked out on every side, and surveyed every point of the valley.

He saw only, like a reed in the desert, one solitary man, whose hair was white with the snows of age.

He addressed him with a courteous welcome, and gave him an invitation after the custom of the liberal :

“ O dear to me as the apple of mine eye, do me the kindness to eat of my bread and of my salt.”

Gladly he assented, leaped up, and quickened his step, for he knew the character of the inviter—on whom be peace !

They who ministered to the hospitality of the Friend of God seated the poor old man in the seat of honour.

He commanded and they prepared the table, and his companions placed themselves around it ;

But when the company began, “ In the name of God,” no voice from the old man reached the ear.

Then he said : “ O thou that hast seen many days, I perceive that thou art not pious and earnest as an old man should be.

“ Is it not proper, when thou eatest thy daily bread, to name the name of the Lord who gave it ? ”

He replied : “ I have not followed thy way, for I was never taught it by the Priest of the Fire-Worshippers.”

Then the Prophet of good omen knew that the old man was an Infidel, doomed to perdition ;

And when he found him to be an alien, he assailed him with contumelies as a wicked wretch too unholy to consort with the holy.

Then came an Angel from the Creator who reproved him sternly, saying :

“ I have bestowed upon him life and daily food for a hundred years, and is he become to thee an abomination in a single day ? ”

“ If he hath offered up his adoration before Fire, art thou therefore to withdraw from him the hand of benevolence ? ”—*Graf's Text, p. 142. Transl. i. 99.*

## THE WISE MAN AND THE CHEAT.

AN eloquent fellow came to a Wise-man, saying : “ I am broken-down and stuck fast, entangled in the clay.

“ I am indebted to one of the base-born rabble ten direms, the weight of which lieth on my breast like ten hundred-weights.

“ All night he maketh my condition miserable ; all day he followeth my tail like my shadow.

“ He hath sorely broken my heart with his words ; my inmost soul as the door of my house.

“ He talketh as though God, since his mother bore him, had never given him aught save those ten direms.

“ Of the books of his religion he knoweth not the first letter, and can recite only the chapter of denial.

“ Not a day doth the sun rise above the mountain that this wretched man is not battering my door with the knocker.

“ I am thinking whether some generous man will not aid me with silver to lift this stone from my breast ! ”

The old man, endowed with a happy disposition, listened to these words, and straightway placed two coins within his sleeve.

The gold fell like a fairy-gift into his hand, and off he went with a face as bright as the gold.

“ Shaikh,” said some one to him, “ thou knowest

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not what that man is ! When that man dieth there will be no weeping over him—

“A beggar, who could put a saddle on a male lion, and place his Vizier and his Horseman as cleverly as Abu Zaaid.”<sup>3</sup>

The holy man looked at him displeased, and exclaimed : “Thou who art not a man with a tongue, incline to me thine ear a moment.

“If that which I deemed him to be is right, I have saved his reputation in the face of the people ;

“And if he be but an impudent pretender, why, then—he hath played me a trick, as thou hast suspected.”—*Graf's Text*, p. 144. *Transl.* i. 100.

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#### THE TRUE WORKS OF PIETY.

I HAVE heard that an old man on a pilgrimage to the Holy-Place, at each step made two head-bowings in prayer.

So warmly was he pursuing his path towards God, that he paused not to pluck out a thorn from his foot.

At last, through the temptations of his treacherous heart, his acts appeared so praiseworthy in his own sight,

That, through the machinations of the Evil One, he was well nigh falling into the pit,

Persuading himself that he could not by possibility walk on any road preferable to this ;

And had the mercy of God not intervened, his vain glory would have hurried him on to destruction.

But his good genius in an inaudible voice whispered to him : “O happy and fortune-favoured man !

“ Think not that, because thou hast discharged a service of prayer, thou hast brought into this court a graceful free-will offering :

“ To give peace to a single heart by a kindly act is worth more than a thousand head-bowings in prayer ! ”

—*Graf's Text, p. 151. Transl. i. 105.*

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## HUMANITY.

A MAN found in the desert a thirsty dog, which from want of drink was at its last gasp.

The worthy man made a bucket of his cap, and twisted his muslin sash into a rope ;

Then he girded his waist and extended his arms for service, and gave to the feeble dog a sup of water.

The Prophet revealed of his future condition, that the Supreme Judge had for this act pardoned his sins.

Oh, if thou hast been a hard man, bethink thee ; learn to be kind, and make beneficence thy business !

If a kindness done to a dog is not lost, how should that be which is done to a worthy man ?

Do good as you find it offered to your hand ; the Master of the Universe hath closed against no one the door for doing some good.

To give from your treasury a talent of gold is of less worth than a carat bestowed by the hand of labour.

Each one shall bear the burthen proportioned to his strength : the foot of a locust would be heavy for an ant.—*Graf's Text*, p. 156. *Transl.* i. 109.

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#### THE HARD-HEARTED MAN PUNISHED.

THOU who hast been blessed with the gifts of Fortune, be gentle with the people, that God may not to-morrow deal harshly with thee.

Hath one fallen down, he will not always be perplexed, for there is ever one at hand to take the hand of the fallen.

Beware that thou command not thy slave cruelly, for maybe hereafter he may become thy commander.

Since dignity and power are not held in perpetuity, use thou no violence with the poor and feeble ;

For it may be that he may be raised to rank and authority, as the Pawn at Chess may become suddenly Vizier.

Listen then, thou far-sighted man, to good counsel ; scatter not over hearts the seed of malevolence.

The lord of the harvest injureth himself if he dealeth with the gleaner in a churlish spirit.

Let not him fear who giveth of his wealth to the poor, but him who layeth one man's burthen of grief on the heart of another.

Many a mighty one hath fallen in the course, and to many a one who hath fallen hath Fortune held out a helping hand.

Beware that thou break not the heart of thy dependants, lest one day thou become thyself dependent on others.

A poor man who hath fallen into a sad condition was complaining one day to a crabbed rich man.

The sour-hearted man gave him of money not a mite, but loaded him in his anger with loud imprecations.

The heart of the beggar was turned to gall by his violence ; he lifted up his head in passion and excitement, and exclaimed : “ Is it not wonderful !

“ Wherefore, O God, is the rich man so sour-faced ? Perchance, he knoweth nothing of the bitterness of begging !”

Short-sighted man, he commanded a slave to drive him by main force contumeliously from his gate.

I have heard that through his ingratitude to the All-Provider, Fortune at last turned away and deserted him.

His greatness laid down its head amidst ruins, and Mercury dipped his pen in blackness.

Misery left him naked and thin as his shoe-latchet ;

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nor freed him from his burthen, nor left him aught to bear it.

Fate threw the dust of poverty on his head, and, like a juggler with his cup and ball, left him empty in purse and hand.

His condition was altered from head to foot, and in the course of events Fortune abandoned him.

His servant passed into the hands of a liberal master, large of heart and hand, and of a generous nature.

At the sight of one poor and troubled in circumstances he would be as overjoyed as the needy with his gift.

One evening there came to his door one begging for a morsel, dragging along a body weakened by suffering.

The master thereupon made a sign to his slave, and commanded him to administer solace to the needy one.

The slave carried him a portion from the table, but, when he came near him, uttered a distracted cry,

And came back to the merchant with a broken heart and eyes bathed in tears at the strange mystery.

The good-natured master asked him immediately : “ What suffering hast thou that thy face is wet with tears ? ”

He replied : “ My breast hath been sadly disturbed by the shattered fortunes of this poor old man.

“ Once in times past I was his Mamlūk [*i.e.*, white slave] ; then he was master of lands and chattels and silver :

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"Now his hand is cut short of grandeur and pride,  
and is held out to beg alms from door to door."

The merchant laughed, and said : "My boy, in this  
hath been done no wrong. The revolution of the  
spheres doth injustice to no one."

"Is not this man the churlish merchant who in his  
pride exalted his head to the skies ?

"I am the man whom one day he thrust from his  
door. Now is my day, and the circling universe hath  
placed him now where I once was.

"Heaven again looked down on me with favour,  
and wiped from my face the dust of affliction.

"If God in His wisdom shutteth one door, in His  
beneficence and mercy He openeth another.

"Many a needy bankrupt hath again been made  
full ; many a prosperous state been turned topsy-  
turvy."—*Graf's Text, p. 156. Transl. i. 110.*

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#### SHABLI AND THE ANT.

LISTEN to one of the qualities of good men, if thou  
art thyself a good man, and benevolently inclined !

Shabli, returning from the shop of a corn-dealer,  
carried back to his village on his shoulder a sack of  
wheat.

He looked, and beheld in that heap of grain an ant  
which kept running bewildered from corner to corner,

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Filled with pity thereat, and unable to sleep at night, he carried it back to its own dwelling, saying :

“ It were no benevolence to wound and distract this poor ant by severing it from its own place ! ”

Soothe to rest the hearts of the distracted, wouldst thou be at rest thyself from the blows of Fortune.

How sweet are the words of the noble Ferdusi, upon whose grave be the mercy of the Benignant One ! —

“ Crush not yonder emmet as it draggeth along its grain ; for it too liveth, and its life is sweet to it.”

A shadow must there be, and a stone upon that heart, that could wish to sorrow the heart even of an emmet !

Strike not with the hand of violence the head of the feeble ; for one day, like the ant, thou mayest fall under the foot thyself !

Pity the poor moth in the flame of the taper ; see how it is scorched in the face of the assembly !

Let me remind thee, that if there be many who are weaker than thou art, there may come at last one who is stronger than thou.—*Graf's Text, p. 160. Transl. i. 113.*

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## LIVE NOT ON THE LABOUR OF OTHERS.

A MAN observed one day a fox without foot or leg, and was perplexed as to the kindness and goodness of God :

“ How will it be able to prolong its existence ? how, without leg or claw, obtain wherewith to eat ? ”

With this the dervish was sorely disturbed, but just then came up a lion with a jackal in its jaws.

The lion devoured the unfortunate jackal, but left enough to fill the maw of the fox.

The next, day by good chance, fell a falcon beside him, so that each day as it came brought sufficient for the day.

The assurance of the eye brought the man a new light, and he went away determined to rely on his Creator only ;

And thenceforth to sit down like an ant in its cell, “ since not even the elephant can get food by mere force.”

So he rested his chin within his collar, saying : “ A messenger will be sent me by the All-Giver from the unseen world.”

But neither stranger nor friend came to minister to his wants, till veins and bone and skin became hard as a claw.

When reason and patience were exhausted through weakness, from the wall of his chamber came a voice to his ear :

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“ Uprouse thee, lazy man, like a ravening lion ; cast not thyself down like a paralysed fox.

“ Put forth thy strength, like a lion, that something may be left ; not like the fox, feed on the lion’s leavings !”

He who, like a lion, is robust and active, if he lie down like a fox, is no better than a dog.

Get with thine own hand, and bestow on others, and strive not to live on another’s redundancies.

Eat so long as thou canst by the power of thine own arm, for the fruit of thine efforts will be weighed in thine own scales.

Labour like a man, and be ready in doing kindnesses ; he is a good-for-nothing fellow who eateth by the toil of another’s hand.

Take thou, young man, the hand of the poor man ; but throw not thyself on others, saying : “ Take *me* by the hand !”

The mercy of God be upon that servant, whose existence hath been the means of comforting his fellow-creatures !

He may look cheerfully for the good of both dwellings, who hath himself brought good to the people of God.—*Graf’s Text, p. 163. Transl. i. 115.*

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## FROM BOOK THE THIRD:

## OF LOVE.

HAPPY those who are disquieted with anxiety about Him, if the wound and the balsam are received together!

Scared away from sovereignty, they appear only as beggars, but, in their begging, they are patient through hope.

Every moment they are drinking the water of affliction, but, if it taste bitter, they breathe not a complaint.

In the pleasures of wine there is the pain of the after-headache, and the branch of the rose is armed with its thorn;

But patience is not bitter in memory of the dear one, for even wormwood is sugar from the hand of a friend.

Whom He hath taken captive, he desireth not liberty, and the entangled in His noose wisheth not for deliverance.

Beggars, though they live, they are kings in their isolation; though their guides have lost their track, they still look towards the resting-places.

Intoxicated with passion, they mind not reproach, as the inebriated camel beareth its burden more lightly.

How should the multitude find its way to their secret chambers, for, like the waters of life, they are hidden in darkness ?

They kindle themselves the flame, which, as a moth, consumeth them ; not wrapping themselves up like the silk-worm in its own web.

Seeking for the soul's repose on the bosom which only can give repose, their lips are still dry with thirst on the very margin of the stream :

Not that they have no power to drink the water, but that their thirst could not be quenched, even on the banks of the Nile.—*Graf's Text*, p. 191. *Transl.* i. 139.

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#### HUMILITY : THE GLOW-WORM.

PERCHANCE thou mayest have seen in the garden, or on the foot of a hillock, a small worm, which in the night shineth like a lamp.

Some one said to it : “ O night-illuminating worm, what becometh of thee that thou never comest out during the day ? ”

Hear what that little earth-born fiery worm replied :

“ In the day, as in the night, I am equally in the field ; but I veil my lustre in the presence of the sun.”

—*Graf's Text*, p. 217. *Transl.* i. 161.

## THE UNJUSTLY PUNISHED.

DURING a tumult in one of the towns of Syria, they arrested an old man of a happy disposition.

Even now his words are in my ear, whilst they were binding him hand and foot :

“ If the Sultan hath not given his authority, to whom belongeth the power of subjecting me to this violence ? ”

It may be right that I should hold even an enemy for a friend, if I know that a friend hath sent him to me.

Whether it be grandeur and dignity, whether it be degradation and chains, I know that it cometh from God, not from Omar or Zaid.\*

If thou art a wise man fear not the malady, and take, however bitter it may be, whatever medicine the physician sendeth thee.

Swallow whatever cometh through the hand of a friend : the sick man is not more learned than the doctor.—*Graf's Text, p. 217. Transl. i. 162.*

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\*Not from this man or that.

## THE MOTH AND THE TAPER.

SOME one said to the Moth : " My worthy friend, go choose for thy friend one suitable to thy condition.

" Go thy way by the path which leadeth towards hope : whither will the love of the taper conduct thee ?

" Thou art no salamander, circle not round the flame ; in the battle-field is needed the strength of a hero.

" The blind mole lieth concealed from the sun ; it is mere folly to use thy palm against an arm of iron.

" The man whom thou knowest to be thine enemy, there is no wisdom in taking for a friend.

" No one will say to thee thou doest well to hazard thy life in his affairs.

" The beggar who should demand the daughter of a king would only draw blows upon himself, and nurse a vain ambition.

" How could she take such a one as thee for a lover, upon whose countenance rest the looks of kings and sultans ?

" Think not that in that splendid circle a centre could be found for a bankrupt like thee !

" And however gentle she may be with the people, thinkest thou that she could show any warmth towards one so helpless as thou art ? "

See what the flame-loving Moth replied : " Why wonder ? Though I be burnt by it, I fear it not.

“ My fire, like that of the Friend of God,\* is in my heart ; the flame, believe me, is a bed of roses.

“ Neither of my own free will cast I myself into the fire, for the chain of affection was laid upon my neck.

“ I was still at a distance when it began to glow, nor is this the moment that it was lighted up within me.

“ Who shall impute it to me as a fault, that I am enchanted by my friend, that I am content in casting myself at his feet ?

“ Knowest thou wherefore I am eager to perish ?—If He *is*, though I am *not*, it is all right !

“ Why repeat to me : ‘ Choose a friend who is suitable to thyself ; one who is able to sympathise with thee in thy sorrows ’ ?

“ Advice to me in so distracted a condition is as though thou shouldst say to a scorpion-bitten man : ‘ Do not complain ! ’

“ Offer not counsel, wondering man, to any one, when thou knowest he will not receive it.

“ To the helpless man whose bridle hath slipped from his hand, will they say : ‘ Push on thy horse gently, my boy ? ’

“ It is good, O my son, the saying of Sindibād :† Love is the fire, advice is the wind.’

“ By wind the hot fire becometh only the hotter ; by wounds the tiger becometh only the more savage.

\* The patriarch Abraham—See note 2.

† An ancient Indian sage, the reputed author of the “ History of the King and his Seven Counsellors”—the *Book of Sindibād*.

“When I looked upon thee as good, I see thee committing evil ; how should I go after thee, when I see thee devoted only to thyself?

“Seek something better than thyself, and count it a gain, for with one like thyself it is but time lost.

“Only self-worshippers follow those like themselves, as the intoxicated rush towards the dangerous quarter.

“As soon as I engaged myself in this affair, at once I staked my head against my heart [my affections] in its pursuit.

“Whoever is sincere in his devotion will expose his life ; whoever is timid is but a lover of himself.

“Death on a sudden draweth me into his ambush ; how much better that I fall into the snares of my Beloved One !

“Since without doubt death is written on my brow, death will be sweeter by the hand of the Comforter.

“Wilt thou not one day helplessly surrender thy soul ? Better then is it that thou shouldst surrender it at the feet of one who loveth thee.”—*Graf's Text*, p. 224. *Transl.* i. 166.

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## THE SAME SUBJECT.

I REMEMBER that one night, when I could not close my eyes in sleep, I heard the Moth say to the Taper :

“I am a lover, therefore it is right that I should be burnt ; but wherefore shouldst thou be lamenting and shedding tears ?”

It replied : “O my poor airy friend, my honey-sweet Shirīn is going away ;

“And since my Shirīn hath left me, like Ferhād’s, my head is all on fire.”

So spake the Taper, and each moment a flood of sorrow flowed down over its pale cheek.

Then it continued : “O pretender, love is no affair of thine ; for thou hast neither patience nor persistency.

“Thou takest to flight before a slight flame ; I stand firm till I am totally consumed.

“Thou mayest just singe a wing at the fire of love : look at me, who burn from head to foot.”

A part of the night was not yet gone, when suddenly a Peri-faced damsel extinguished the light.

Then said the Taper : “My breath is departed, the smoke is over my head ;—such, my son, is the ending of love !”

If thou wouldst learn the moral of the story, it is this : Only will the pangs of burning affection cease, when life’s taper is extinct.

Weep not over this monument of thy perished friend—rather praise Allah, that he is accepted by Him.

If thou art indeed a lover, wash not the pains of love from thy head ; wash rather, like Sadi, thy hand from all malevolence.

The man who volunteereth a service of peril will not withdraw his grasp from his purpose, though stones and arrows rain down upon his head.

I have said to thee : “Take heed how thou goest to the sea ; but if thou wilt go, resign thyself to its billows.—*Graf's Text*, p. 228. *Transl.* i. 169.

#### FROM THE FOURTH Book :

##### ON HUMILITY.

THE Holy One, the Lord, created thee of clay ; therefore, O servant, prostrate thyself as the earth !

Be not thou covetous, arrogant, a world-spoiler ; thou art formed of the clay, resemble not fire.

Whilst the fire exalteth its neck proudly and terribly, the clay lieth prostrate in the consciousness of its helplessness.

Whilst that displayeth its haughtiness, this exhibiteth its littleness : of that were created Demons, of this was formed Man !

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A drop of rain trickled from a cloud into the ocean ; when it beheld the breadth of its waters, it was utterly confounded :

“ What a place this sea is, and what am I ? If it is existent, verily I am non-existent.”

Whilst it was thus regarding itself with the eye of contempt, an oyster received and cherished it in its bosom.

Fortune preferred it to a place of honour; for it became a renowned royal pearl.

Because it was humble, it found exaltation ; it knocked at the door of nonentity, that it might arise into being.—*Graf's Text, p. 230. Transl. i. 171.*

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## HUMILITY.

A YOUTH, intelligent and of good disposition, arrived by sea at a Grecian port.

They perceived that he was endowed with excellence, and judgment, and an inclination to asceticism, and placed him accordingly in a sacred building.

The Head of the devotees said to him one day : “ Go and cast out the dirt and the rubbish from the mosque.”

As soon as the young traveller heard the words he went forth, but no one discovered any sign of his return.

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The Superior and the brethren laid a charge against him, saying: "This young devotee hath no aptness for his vocation."

The following day one of the society met him in the road and said to him: "Thou hast showed an unseemly and perverse disposition.

"Didst thou not know, O self-opinionated boy, that it is through obedience men attain to honour?"

He began to weep, and replied: "O friend of my soul and enlightener of my heart, it is in earnestness and in sincerity that I have acted thus.

"I found in that sacred building neither dust nor defilement; only myself was polluted in that holy place.

"Therefore, immediately I drew back my foot, feeling that to withdraw *myself* was to cleanse the mosque from dirt and rubbish."

For the devotee there is only one path—to submit his body to humiliation.

Thine exaltation must come from choosing self-abasement; to reach the lofty roof there is no ladder save this.—*Graf's Text, p. 231. Transl. i. 172.*

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### THE SINNER AND JESUS.

ONE of the narrators hath committed to words that in the time of Jesus—on whom be a blessing!—

Was one of the dissolute, who had consumed his all, and reached the utmost bounds of error and folly.

Bold, hard-hearted, and of blackened name, Iblis [Satan] himself would have been ashamed of his impurity.

He had spent all his days to no profit; never tried to soothe the heart of any one.

His brain was emptied of understanding, and filled with arrogance, and his body was fat with forbidden morsels.

The skirts of his garment were stained with iniquity; begrimed like a smoky dwelling with shamelessness;

His feet not rightly directed, like those of the clear-sighted; his ear not one disposed to listen to good counsel.

Men held him in abomination, like the year of famine, pointing to him from afar, as one pointeth to the new moon.

A scorching wind had burned up his harvest, and he had not picked up a single wholesome grain.

He had run the black-book so completely through and through, that there remained no longer a page to write on.

Sinful and wilful and devoted to his pleasures, night

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and day he passed carelessly in drunkenness and revelling.

I have heard that Jesus, returning from the desert, was passing by the hermitage of a devotee.

The anchorite came down from his private cell, and fell at his feet with his head on the ground.

The Sinner at last approached them from a distance, dazzled at their presence like the moth before the candle, gazing upon them earnestly, sighing and bashful, like a poor man in the presence of a wealthy merchant.

Silent and motionless, burning pleas upon his lips, for nights spent till daylight in careless negligence,

Raining tears of sorrow from his eyes as from a cloud, that life had been passed, alas! in so much heedlessness:

“I have thrown away the ready-money of my precious life, and have brought to my account no act of goodness!

“Let no living man be ever like me, for to him to die were far better than to live!

“He hath escaped well who died in infancy ; who hath not, an old man, had to bear the burthen of shame!

“Forgive, O Creator of the world, my offences ; for if they rise with me they will be but sad companions !”

In such tones lamenting stood the ancient sinner, imploring help from Him who is the Helper ;

Hanging down his head for very shame, and a river of tears flowing upon his bosom.

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Meanwhile the Devotee, half turning away, his brain puffed up with vain self-esteem, fixed a sour brow on the wicked one, and exclaimed :

“ Why doth this ruined fellow follow our steps—ignorant and ill-omened, claim kindred with us ?

“ Encompassed with fire up to the very neck—his life given over to the storm of the passions,

“ What good can come from his polluted breath ? What right can such as he have to seek the society of the Messiah and me ?

“ What was he that he should press his companionship on us ? Rather let him follow his own deeds to hell !

“ I am pained at the very aspect of his ugly countenance ! May it never be that I should fall into his fire !

“ At the resurrection, when all men are assembled for judgment, let not my resurrection, O God, be with his ! ”

At this moment an inspired voice from the august Lord of all Perfection came to Jesus—on whom be blessings !—

“ Though this be a wise man and that be a fool, the invocation of each will be accepted by me.

“ The one who turned his bright day to corruption hath lamented it to me with burning tears.

“ Whosoever cometh to seek me in his helplessness, him will I in no wise drive away from the threshold of mercy ;

“ His evil works will I remove from him, and for what he hath done of good I will bring him to Paradise.

“And if he who hath been the devotee of holiness scorneth to sit beside him in eternity,

“Say to him : ‘Fear not that he should disgrace thee in the resurrection ; for this one shall they bear to Paradise and that one to the fire.’”

He knew not that in the court of Heaven helplessness is esteemed more highly than self-exaltation.

If thy garments be clean and thine actions be foul, thou needest no key to the door of hell.

At that threshold weakness and misery avail more than worship and presumption.

If thou numberest thyself amongst the good, thou art evil : self-estimation is not amongst the things which belong to godliness !

If thou art a man, speak not much about thine own manliness ; for not every champion driveth the ball to the goal.

He is but a simpleton who, because the onion hath a perfect rind, thinketh that it is a pistachio nut, and hath within it a kernel.

Devotion of this kind bringeth with it no good—go, ask forgiveness rather for lack of devotion !

That senseless man will gain nothing from his worship, who, good in his own esteem, thinketh evil of others.

Words are what is left as the memorials of the wise ; retain in thy memory one word of Sadi’s :

Better is the sinner who hath thoughts about God than the saint who hath only the show of sanctity.—*Graf's Text, p. 234. Transl. i. 175.*

FROM THE FIFTH BOOK :  
ON SUBMISSION TO GOOD COUNSEL.

ONE night I was burning the oil of reflection and was kindling the lamp of eloquence,

When an idle chatterer heard me reciting ; one who seeth no path but that of detraction.

Though obliged to commend, yet he found such a variety of blemishes in the pages that he was constrained by the pain to cry out against them :

“ Yes, his thoughts are eloquent and his counsels exalted, and he is elegant enough about temperance, fine sentiment, and good advice ;

“ But he hath nothing to say on javelin, mace, and heavy battle-axe ; elegancies of this kind he must leave to others.”

He knew not that my intention is not to speak of war ; but were it so, my majesty of diction is not scanty.

I am able enough to wield the sword of the tongue, and in one moment could utterly confound his very being.

Let him come, and let us do battle in *this* kind of elegance, and our foe shall rest his head on a stone, not a cushion.—*Graf's Text, p. 286. Transl. ii. 1.*

## THE CAMEL AND HER FOAL.

A CAMEL's foal said to her mother : " After journeying so long, rest for awhile."

She replied : " Were the rein in my hand, no one would behold me conveying this burthen in the file."

Fate beareth onward the ship, whither it will, howsoever the master may rend the clothes on his body.

Fix not thine eye, O Sadi, on the hand of any one ; the All-Giver will be thy provider, and that is enough !

If thou reverest God, He sufficeth thee ; and if He rejecteth thee, no one else will receive thee.

If He deigneth to crown thee, lift up thy head : but if not, sink it in hopelessness.—*Graf's Text, p. 301.*  
*Transl. ii. 12.*

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## FROM THE SIXTH Book :

## ON CONTENTMENT.

HE hath never known God, or offered real worship, who is not contented with his state and daily bread.

Contentment is the gain which maketh man truly rich ; make this well known to those who covet the riches of the world !

Try to win quietude, thou restless man ; for on a rolling stone groweth no verdure.

Nourish not the body, if thou beest a man of intelligence and wisdom ; for whilst thou thinkest thou art feeding, thou art killing it.

Men of understanding nourish the virtues ; those who nourish the body are starvers of the spirit.

Eating and sleeping are the track which the beasts pursue ; to follow their track is the way of the un instructed.

Whoso first silenced the hound of greediness, he it was who taught man to listen to morality.

Favoured indeed by Fortune is the recluse who can draw in his cell his nourishment from knowledge ;

For those to whom the walking in the truth is clear will not make choice of that which is false.

But if they cannot discern between light and darkness, what mattereth to them the aspect of a demon, or the cheek of a houri ?

It is thou who hast cast thyself into the well, because thou didst not distinguish the well from the highway.

When the male-falcon is soaring to the pinnacle of heaven, how could it do so were the stone of avidity attached to its pinions.

But if he can free his skirt from the grasp of sensuality, he may reach the Sidrah-tree itself.

If thou wilt control thine appetites, and eat less than thy want, thou mayest assume to thyself the nature of angels.

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How should the savage lion become an angel? It is impossible to fly to heaven out of the mud.

Thou must apprentice thyself to human habits; then mayest thou think of those which are angelic.

If thou art mounted with girded loins on an ungovernable colt, look well that it free not its head from thy grasp;

For if it once pluck the bridle from thy hand, it will kill itself, and spill thine own blood.—*Graf's Text*, p. 308. *Transl.* ii. 18.

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### THE FATHER AND HIS INFANT.

AN infant had arrived at the time of teething. The father sank his head on his breast, exclaiming :

“ Whence shall I bring him bread and food, and humanity will not permit me to leave him without ? ”

Whilst he was talking thus despairingly to his wife, hear the manly way in which the woman replied :

“ Let not Iblis [Satan] fright thee with thoughts that he must die. The same One who gave him teeth will give him bread also.

“ The Lord of Day hath surely power enough to provide him his daily food : be not disquieted.

“ He who formed the child in the womb will also prescribe for his life and nourishment.

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"The master who hath purchased a slave will provide—how should it be otherwise?—that which will support the slave.

"Hast thou not so much reliance on Him, the Creator, as the slave hath upon his master?"—*Graf's Text*, p. 319. *Transl.* ii. 27.

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#### BE PREPARED FOR VICISSITUDES.

THE vineyard doth not perpetually produce the moist cluster of grapes; sometimes it yieldeth its fruit, and sometimes it scattereth its leaves.

Great men, like the sun, are veiled in mist; the envious, like burning charcoal, are extinguished in the water:

The sun gradually cometh forth again from under the cloud; the charcoal dieth in the water for ever.

Fear not, my valued friend, fear not obscurity, for not unfrequently lieth hid within it the fountain of life.

Doth not the earth find rest again after the earthquake? By your painful journey, did you not obtain what you were in want of?

In disappointment consume not thy soul with anxiety; the night, O my brother, is big with the day.  
—*Graf's Text*, p. 325. *Transl.* ii. 33.

## FROM THE SEVENTH Book :

## MORAL EDUCATION AND SELF-CONTROL.

My theme is rectitude, and self-government, and good habits, not the practising-ground, and horsemen, and mace, and ball.

Thine enemy is the spirit which dwelleth with thyself ; why seek in a stranger one to contend with ?

He who can bridle his spirit from that which is forbidden hath surpassed Rustam and Sām in valour.

Chastise thou thyself like a child with thine own rod, and brain not others with thy ponderous mace.

An enemy will suffer no harm from one like thee, unless thou art able to overcome thyself.

The body is a city full of good and evil ; thou art the Sultan, and reason thy wise Vizier.

In this city, side by side, live base men, self-exaltered ;—Pride, and Sensuality—fierce Passions ;

Contentment, Conscientiousness, men of good name, Lust and Ambition, Robbery and Treachery.

When the Sultan maketh the bad his familiars, where can the prudent find a place of rest ?

Appetite, and Greediness, and Pride, and Envy, cleave to thyself as the blood in thy veins, and the soul in thy vitals.

If these enemies have once obtained the mastery

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of thee, they rush out, and will overpower all thy discretion.

There need be no contest with appetite and passion, if so be that Reason hold out a sharp claw.

The chief who knoweth not how to manage his enemy will hardly save his chieftainship from his enemy's hand.

What need can there be in this book to say much ? A little is enough for him who goeth right to his mark.

—*Graf's Text, p. 326. Transl. ii. 34.*

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#### KEEP YOUR OWN SECRET.

SULTAN TAKISH once committed a secret to his slaves, which they were enjoined to tell again to no one.

For a year it had not passed from his breast to his lips ; it was published to all the world in a single day.

He commanded the executioner to sever with the sword their heads from their bodies without mercy.

One from their midst exclaimed : “ Beware ! slay not the slaves, for the fault is thine own.

“ Why didst thou not dam up at once what at first was but a fountain ?—What availeth it to do so when it is become a torrent ? ”

Take heed that thou reveal not to any one the secret of thy heart, for he will divulge it to all the world.

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Thy jewels thou mayest consign to the keeping of thy treasurer ; but thy secret reserve for thine own keeping.

Whilst thou utterest not a word, thou hast thy hand upon it ; when thou hast uttered it, it hath laid its hand upon thee.<sup>5</sup>

Thou knowest that when the demon hath escaped from his cage, by no adjuration will he enter it again.

The word is an enchain'd demon in the pit of the heart, let it not escape to the tongue and the palate.

It is possible to open a way to the strong demon ; to retake him by stratagem is not possible.

A child may untether "Lightning,"\* but a hundred Rustams will not bring him to the halter again.

Take heed, that thou say not that which, if it come to the crowd, may bring trouble to a single individual.

It was well said by his wife to an ignorant peasant : "Either talk sensibly or hold thy tongue."—*Graf's Text, p. 329. Transl. ii. 37.*

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\* Rakhsh, "Lightning," the name of the war-horse of Rustam, the Persian hero.

## SPEECH AND SILENCE.

A MAN in Cairo, of fair mien, but clothed in rags, maintained for some time great silence.

Intelligent men from far and near circled round him, as the light-loving moth about the taper.

One night, communing with his heart, he said within himself: "The man lieth concealed beneath his tongue.

"If I thus keep my head hid in my breast, how should men know how learned I am?"

So he spake out his words, and enemy and friend discovered at once that there was not a more ignorant fellow in Cairo.

Respect for him gone and matters looking badly, he set off on his travels, and wrote on an arch of a mosque:

"If I had looked at myself in the mirror, I should not in my ignorance have rent my veil.

"I came out from that veil so ugly, because I fancied that I was so handsome."

The man of few words hath loud voices in his favour; when thou hast spoken, and thy brilliance is departed, hie thee away!

To thee who art master of thy reason, silence is a mark of calmness; to the incapable, a veil to cover him.

If thou art a wise man, destroy not reverence; and

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if thou art ignorant, rend not the veil which hideth thee.

The thought of thy heart be not hasty to reveal ;  
for thou wilt be able to show it, whensoever thou  
mayest wish :

But when a man's secret is once made public, no  
effort will avail to conceal it again.

The beasts are silent, and man is gifted with the  
faculty of speech ; but a man who talketh at random  
is worse than the beasts.

When a man uttereth his words, he should do it  
with understanding ; if not, like the beasts, he had  
better hold his peace.

He who is born of man is distinguished by articula-  
tion and reason ; let him not show his folly by  
chattering like a parrot.—*Graf's Text, p. 331. Transl.*  
ii. 38.

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### CALUMNY WORSE THAN THEFT.

SOME one said to me—I took it for a pleasantry—  
that thieving was a less unrighteous thing than  
calumny.

I replied : “O my friend, thy head is distracted ;  
thy words come to mine ears with amazement.

“What of better dost thou see in robbery, that thou  
exaltest such villany above calumny ?”—“Yes,” he

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answered ; “robbers exhibit deeds of daring : they fill their bellies by the strong hand.

“ What seeketh the simpleton to gain by calumny ? —He hath smeared the page, and got nothing to eat by it.”—*Graf's Text*, p. 341. *Transl.* ii. 46.

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### HOW TO BRING UP A SON.

WHEN thy son hath passed his tenth year, say to him : “ Sit apart from strangers.”

It is not well to kindle a fire near cotton, for whilst thou closest thine eyes thy house may be burning.

If thou desirest that thy name should remain in its place, teach thy son understanding and knowledge.

If he possess not wisdom and knowledge thou wilt die, and no one will remain after thee.

Oft-times hath the son had to bear hardships in the end, when he hath been too tenderly nurtured by his father.

Keep him within bounds of prudence and moderation ; if thou holdest him dear, indulge him not in delicacies.

In his childhood thou must give him chastisement and instruction ; must teach the good and the evil by threats and by promises.

To the young learner praise, and commendation,

and “well-done!” are better than chiding and frightening in the master.

Teach to thy pupil some kind of handicraft, hast thou in thy hand all the wealth of Karūn ;<sup>6</sup>

For what knowest thou, whether some shift of Fortune will not turn him out of his home to a distant land?

Place no reliance on present prosperity, for thy wealth may no longer remain in thy hand.

Let his hand be but skilful at some trade, and why should he stretch out the hand of necessity to any one?

Thy purse of silver and gold may come to an end; the purse of the artisan will never be empty.

Dost thou not know how Sadi attained his wishes?

He roamed not over plains, nor divided seas:

In his youth he bore cuffs from his elders, and in his age God gave him recreation.

Whoever submitteth his neck to authority, doth it not frequently happen that he cometh to authority himself?

The child who hath never felt the austerity of the teacher will have to learn from the severity of life.

Be good to the child, and treat him with kindness, that his eye may not be directed to look for it from others.

Whoever doth not himself sympathise with his child will make others sympathise, and gain him a bad name.

Take heed that thou commit him not to a vicious

teacher, for he will make him as vicious and led-astray as himself.

Thou canst not find him a blacker book than that good-for-nothing fellow, to blacken him ere his face is blackened by his beard.

Fly from that man so lost to honour, that his unworthiness causeth worthy men to weep.

If his son hath sat in the society of Kalenders,<sup>7</sup> say to his father : “ Hope no good of him.

“ Cry not Alas ! over his death or ruin ; for it is well that the degenerate one should die before his father.”—*Graf's Text, p. 354. Transl. ii. 59.*

#### FROM BOOK THE EIGHTH :

##### ON THANKFULNESS.

I CANNOT draw a breath without gratitude to the Friend, though I know no gratitude which is worthy of Him.

Every hair of my body is a gift from Him : how express my gratitude for every hair ?

Praise be to the Lord, the Giver of all good, who created His slave out of nonentity !

Who is there that hath power to describe His beneficence ? for the description of His favours would quite overwhelm him !

The Wonderful One ! who created man out of clay, and gave him a soul, and understanding, and wisdom, and a heart !

From the loins of thy father till thy hoary head, see what honour He bestoweth on thee from the unseen world !

Since He created thee holy, be thou wise and holy ; for it is shameful to return impure to the earth.

Gradually disperse the dust from the mirror, for it will not take the polish when the rust hath eaten into it.

Wast thou not in the beginning but a drop of water ? Now that thou art a man expel from thy head every grain of egotism.

When thou hast gained thy daily bread by thine own endeavours, place not thy reliance on the strength of thine own arm.

Wherfore discernest thou not God, O thou worshipper of self, who gave to thy hand and arm its activity ?

When from thy labouring thou receivest any thing, know that it is by the grace of God, not by thine own efforts.

No one by the power of his wrist drove the ball to the goal ; render the praise to Him, the All-Gracious !

Thou art not able to stand, or set one foot before another, did not assistance come to thee every moment from the unseen world !—*Graf's Text*, p.

### KING TOGHRUL AND THE SENTINEL.

I HAVE heard that King Toghrul came in his rounds on a Hindū sentinel.

The snow was falling thick, and it rained in torrents, and he shivered with the cold like the star Canopus.

The heart of the King was moved with compassion, and he said : "Thou shalt put on my fur-mantle ;

"Wait a moment at the end of the terrace, and I will send it out by the hand of a slave."

Meanwhile a piercing wind was blowing, and the King walked into his royal hall.

There the sight of a lovely lady so enchanted him, that the poor sentinel entirely slipped his memory.

As though the wintry cold was not suffering enough, to his evil fortune were added the pangs of disappointment.

Hear, whilst the King slept in comfort, what the watchman was saying towards the dawning of the morning :

"Perhaps thy good fortune made thee forgetful, for thy hand was clasped in the hand of thy beloved.

"For thee the night passed in mirth and enjoyment ; what knowest thou of how it passed with us ?

"When the company of the caravan are stooping the head over the platter, what concern have they for those who have fallen down in the sand [the desert] ?

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“O boatman, launch thy boat into the water, for it hath nearly reached the head of the helpless waders !

“Stay your steps awhile, ye active youths, for in the caravan are weak old men also.

“Thou who art sleeping sweetly in thy litter, whilst the bridle of the camel is in the hand of the driver,

“What to thee is plain, and hill, and stone, and sand ?—Ask, how it is with those who are left behind on the journey !

“Thou who art borne along on thine high and strong dromedary, how knowest thou how he fareth who is travelling on foot ?

“They who in the quiet of their hearts are reposing at the resting-place, what know they of the condition of the hungry wayfarer ?”—*Graf's Text, p. 381. Transl. ii. 81.*

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#### FROM THE NINTH BOOK :

##### ON CONVERSION.

COME thou, whose life hath reached its seventieth year !—perchance thou hast been asleep, and it is gone to the wind.

Thou hast made ample provision for thy living : what preparation hast thou made for thy departure ?

At the resurrection, when the market of heaven is

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thrown open, good works are the price which must be paid for the pleasant mansions.

Whatever capital thou bringest, so much wilt thou carry back : and if thou art bankrupt, thou canst purchase naught but shame :

For by how much the market is more abundantly supplied with wares, by so much will the empty-handed be grieved in his heart.

If out of fifty direms thou losest five, from the loss of those five thy heart is afflicted :

If fifty years have slipped from thy grasp, the five days which remain count as a treasure.

If the poor dead man had but a tongue, with shouts and groans he would cry aloud :

“O thou living-one, to whom speech is still possible, press not thy lips together—rest not, like the dead, from praising God !”

If thou hast passed thy day in carelessness, count at once as thine opportunity the few moments that still are left thee.—*Graf's Text, p. 398. Transl. ii. 97.*

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## THE GOLD-FINDER.

A MAN of unsullied morals and a worshipper of God found by chance a lump of gold.

His once clearly-discerning head was so bewildered by the gain, that his hitherto pure heart became darkened thereby.

All the night long he kept thinking : “ This wealth and treasure, whithersoever we push our journey, will suffer no exhaustion.

“ Besides, when I am too weak to rise, I shall not have to keep bowing and lifting myself up again to any one.

“ I will build myself a palace with foundations of marble, the beams of its roof of fresh aloes-wood.

“ It shall have a private chamber for the entertainment of my friends, the door of which shall open into the palace-garden.

“ I wore myself down with sewing patch to patch on my garments ; envy of others consumed mine eye and my brain.

“ Now my meat shall be cooked for me by servants, and I will cherish my soul in quietness.

“ My bed hath been hitherto a hard one and made of felt ; my couch shall henceforth be of the finest tapestry.”

The crab so plunged its claws into his brain, that his fancies turned him into dotage and insanity.

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Attention to his devotions and duties was forgotten ; and to food, and sleep, and praise, and prayers alike.

He went forth into a solitary place, his head distracted with delusions, for he found no spot in which he could sit down and remain at rest.

There he saw a man who was tempering clay at the head of a grave, and who was making bricks of the clay of the grave.

Then the holy man fell into deep thought, and said : “O short-sighted soul, take counsel from this :

“Why bind thy heart to this brick of gold, when one day they will make bricks of thine own clay ?

“Thou careless man, who in thy thought about gain and riches tramplest under foot the capital of life !

“Over our clay will blow a wind so strong, that every atom of it will be borne to a different place.

“The dust of ambition hath so choked up the eye of judgment, that the hot wind of passion hath burnt up the harvest of life.”—*Graf's Text, p. 409. Transl. ii. 107.*

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## THE TWO ENEMIES.

THERE were two men between whom was enmity and contention, and who fought like tigers for the pride of being one above the other ;

Flying from one another in their aversion to such a degree that the heavens seemed too narrow to contain them.

On the head of one of them Destiny brought down his legion, and his days of delight came to an end.

The other, in his evil thoughts, was inwardly filled with gladness, and when some time had passed he went to visit his grave.

The chamber of his tomb, which once had been ornamented with gilding like a palace, he found besmeared with clay.

Exultingly he went down to his couch, and said to himself, with a laugh on his open lip :

“ Joy for the rest of life to him who after the death of his enemy is in the embraces of a friend !

“ There is no need to weep over the death of that man, who hath lived one day after the death of his enemy.”

In the excess of his hatred, with the strength of his arm he tore down a board from the face of the sepulchre.

He saw the royal head brought down to a pit ; the

two eyes, which once looked round upon the world,  
stuffed with clay ;

His person, a captive in the prison of the tomb ; his  
body, the food of the worm and the prey of the ant ;

From the revolutions of the spheres, the full-moon of  
his countenance dwindled away to the changing moon ;  
from the violence of Fate, his cypress-like form reduced  
to a bodkin ;

The palm of his hand, and the power of his fist,  
disjoined by time, member from member.

Then was his heart so filled with pity, that with his  
weeping he changed the dust into clay.

He repented himself of what he had done, and of  
his ugly disposition, and caused to be inscribed on the  
stone of the sepulchre :

“ Make no rejoicing over the death of any one ; for  
thine own time will not be long after his.”

An intelligent holy man heard of this, and breathed  
out a prayer, saying : “ O All-Powerful Creator !

“ It would be wonderful wert Thou not to extend  
Thy mercy to one over whom his very enemy hath  
wept with many groans !

“ May my body also one day be found in such a  
condition, that the hearts of my enemies may be  
kindled towards me !

“ Perhaps the heart of the Friend will have mercy  
upon me, when He seeth that even my enemies have  
forgiven me.”—*Graf's Text, p. 411. Transl. ii. 108.*

## SADI AND THE RING.

I RECALL to my memory, how, during the life of my father—may the rain of mercy every moment descend upon him!—

He bought for me in my childhood a tablet and a writing-book, and for my finger a golden seal-ring.

As it happened, a pedlar came to the door, and in exchange for a date carried off the ring from my hand;

For a little child cannot estimate the value of a seal-ring, and will easily part with it for anything sweet.

And thou, too, dost not estimate the value of a life, who throwest it away in luxurious indulgencies.

In the resurrection, when the righteous arrive at the lofty place, and are raised from the damp pit to the region of the Pleiades,

Will thy head not be bowed down in abasement, when all *thy* works shall be assembled before thee?

O brother, be ashamed now to do the deeds of the bad, that thou mayest not need to be ashamed in the face of the good.

On that day when inquest shall be made into deeds and words, and the body even of those who have striven after holiness shall tremble,

With what excuse for thy sins wilt thou hear *thy* summons, when the very Prophets will be overwhelmed with terror?—*Graf's Text, p. 416. Transl. ii. 112.*

## THE BAD MAN AND THE SHEIKH.

KNOCK at the door of mercy, ere the chastisement come ; for lamentation is useless when thou art under the rod.

Lift up thy head from the bosom of carelessness for to-morrow shame may no longer remain in thy breast.

A man of an excellent character was passing by one addicted to forbidden things,

Who sat, his face suffused with the dew of shame, and was exclaiming : “ What shame to be seen thus by the Sheikh of my village ! ”

The holy man heard his words, and approached him and said, with some asperity :

“ O young man, shouldst thou not be ashamed of thyself, that, when God is present, thou art ashamed at seeing me ? ”

“ Feel so much shame in the presence of thy Lord as thou wouldest feel in that of the faultless and thy friends.

“ Thou wilt not find rest beside thy fellow-man : go look for it to the side of God, and that will be enough.”  
— *Graf's Text, p. 426. Transl. ii. 119.*

## ASK PARDON IN TIME.

A KING of Damaghan beat some one with a drumstick so soundly that his cries resounded like his drum.

In the night he was so restless that he was unable to sleep. A pious man, who was passing, said :

“ If thou hadst brought thy regrets to the Prince in the evening, thou wouldest not have had to bear this humiliation in the morning.”

He will not need to be ashamed in the Day of Judgment who brings his sorrows at night into the court of the Supreme.

If to-day thou canst hold up thy head in sincerity, what fear that the Merciful-One will close the door against those who ask for pardon ?

If thou art wise, petition the Just-One ; and the night of repentance will abridge the day of wrong-doing.

The Merciful-One, who brought thee, a nonentity, into being—is it wonderful that He, if thou be falling, should take thee by the hand ?

If thou art a servant, lift up the hand of supplication ; and, if thou hast cause for shame, rain down the waters of regret.

No one hath come to this door to implore forgiveness, whose transgression will not have been washed away by the torrent of repentance.

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God will not wipe out the character of him whose fault hath been wiped out by his many tears.—*Graf's Text, p. 430. Transl. ii. 123.*

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### SADI AT THE GRAVE OF HIS CHILD.

WHILST I was at Sanāa, I lost a child ;—why talk of the blow which then fell upon my head ?

Fate never formed an image of comeliness like Joseph's that a fish did not become, like Jonah's, its tomb.

In this garden no cypress ever reached its full stature, that the blast of Destiny did not tear its trunk from the root.

It is not wonderful that roses should spring out of the earth, when so many rose-like forms sleep within its clay.

I said in my heart : “ Die ! for, shame to man, the child departeth unsullied, and the old man polluted ! ”

In my melancholy and distraction, whilst dwelling on his image, I erected a stone over the spot where he reposeth.

In terror of that place, so dark and narrow, my colour paled, and my senses failed me.

When from that disturbance my understanding came back to me, a voice from my darling child struck mine ear :

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“ If that dark spot make thee feel thy desolation,  
recall thy reason, and come out into the light.

“ Wouldst thou make the night of the tomb bright  
as day, light it up with the lamp of good works.”

The body of the gardener trembleth as in a fever,  
lest the palm-tree should not produce its date.

Crowds are there of those who, greedy of the  
world’s pleasures, think that, not having scattered the  
grain, they can yet gather in the crop ;

But Sadi telleth you : Only he who planteth a tree  
will eat the fruit of it ; only he who casteth the seed  
will reap the harvest.—*Graf’s Text, p. 431. Transl.*  
ii. 124.

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#### FROM THE TENTH BOOK.

##### ON PRAYER.

COME, let us lift up our hands from the heart, for to-  
morrow it will not be possible to lift them up from the  
clay.

Dost thou not behold the tree in the winterly season,  
how it standeth leafless from the piercing cold ?

See, how it holdeth out its hands in supplication,  
that, for pity’s sake, it may not become empty-handed  
again ;

That Fate may restore to it its robe of honour ; may replace in its lap its abundance of fruit.

Bethink thee of that door which is never closed, where the upraised hand is never despairing ;

Whither all may bring their devotion, and the wretched his supplication ; and through which all may come to the court of the Comforter of the miserable.

Like the naked branch, let us lift our hands ; for we cannot sit longer before a leafless tree.

O Lord, do thou look down upon us benignantly, that our sins may be removed from Thy servants whilst still in the body !

If Thine earth-formed creatures commit faults, let it be in the hope of mercy from Him who is the Pardoner of transgressors.

O Generous-One, we have been nourished by Thy daily bread ; Thy bounties and Thy grace have made our habit.

When the beggar beholdeth liberality, kindness, and soothing, let him not turn back from the track of the Giver.

Since in this world Thou hast regarded us as precious, let us keep in our eye that also which followeth it.

Greatness or meanness assign us, and it is enough ; great as Thou art, there is meanness from no one else !

Place not one like myself a ruler over my head ; if I am to bear chastisement, it is better that it be from Thee.

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In the world, of bad there is nothing worse than to bear injustice from one like oneself.

Shame in Thy face is enough for me ; let me not be ashamed in the sight of any other !

If a shadow from Thee fall upon my head, may my shield be Thy lowest step !

If Thou shouldst place a crown on my head and give me exaltation, do Thou uphold me, so that no one else shall cast me down !—*Graf's Text*, p. 433.  
*Transl.* ii. 126.

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#### SUPPLICATION.

My body still trembleth when I recall to memory the prayers of one absorbed in ecstasy in the Holy Place,

Who kept exclaiming to God, with many lamentations : Cast me not off, for no one else will take me by the hand !

Call me to Thy mercy, or drive me from Thy door ; on Thy threshold alone will I rest my head.

Thou knowest that we are helpless and miserable, sunk under the weight of low desires,

And that these rebellious desires rush on with so much impetuosity, that wisdom is unable to check the rein.

For they come on in the spirit and power of Satan, and how can the ant contend with an army of tigers ?

O lead me in the way of those who walk in Thy way ; and from those enemies grant me Thy asylum !

By the essence of Thy Majesty, O God ; by Thine attributes without comparison or likeness ;

By the “Great is God” of the pilgrim in the Holy House ; by him who is buried at Yathreb\* —on whom be peace !

By the shout of men of the sword,† who account their antagonists in the battle as women ;

By the devotion of the aged, tried, and approved ; by the purity of the young just arisen ;

In the whirlpool of the last breath, O save us in the last cry from the shame of apostacy ! ‡

There is hope in those who have been obedient, that they may be allowed to make intercession for those who have not been obedient.

For the sake of the pure, keep me far from contamination ; and if error escape me, hold me excused.

By the aged, whose backs are bowed in obedience, whose eyes, through shame for their past misdeeds, look down upon their feet,

Grant that mine eye may not be blind to the face of happiness ; that my tongue may not be mute in bearing witness to the Faith !

Grant that the lamp of Truth may shine upon my

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\* Mohammed, who is buried at Medina. Yathreb is the ancient name of this city.

† The war-cry of Moslems : “ Great is God ! ”

‡ That is, denying God’s Unity.

path ; that my hand may be cut off from committing evil !

Cause mine eyes to be free from blindness ; withhold my hand from all that is unseemly.

A mere atom, carried about by the wind, O stay me in Thy favour !

Mean as I am, existence and non-existence in me are but one thing.

From the sun of Thy graciousness a single ray sufficeth me ; for, except in Thy ray, no one would perceive me.

Look upon my evil, for on whomsoever Thou lookest, he is the better : courtesy from a king is enough for the beggar.

If in Thy justice and mercy Thou receive me, shall I complain that the remission was not promised me ?

O God, drive me not on account of my errors from Thy door, for even in imagination I can see no other door.

And if in my ignorance I became for some days a stranger to Thee, now that I am returned, shut not Thy door in my face.

What excuse shall I bring for the disgrace of my sensuality, except to plead my weakness before the Rich-One ?

Leave me not—the poor one—in my crimes and sins !—the rich man is pitiful to him who is poor.

Why weep over my feeble condition ?—If I am feeble, I have Thee for my refuge.

O God, we have wasted our lives in carelessness !—

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what can the struggling hand do against the power of Fate?

What can we contrive with all our planning?—Our only prop is apology for our faults.

All that I have done Thou hast utterly shattered!—What strength hath our self-will against the strength of God?

My head I cannot withdraw from Thy sentence, when once Thy sentence hath been passed on my head.—*Graf's Text, p. 435. Transl. ii. 127.*



## N O T E S.

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1 “The Night of Power.”—“Verily we sent down the Korān in the Night of Al-Kadr [of power]. And what shall make thee understand how excellent the Night of Al-Kadr is? The Night of Al-Kadr is better than a thousand months. Therein do the angels descend, and the spirit of Gabriel also, with the permission of their Lord, with his decrees concerning every matter. It is peace until the rising of the morn.”—*Korān*, xcviij. (*Sale's Translation.*)

• 2 “He turned fire into a bed of roses.”—“And when Abraham was cast into the burning pile, we said : O fire, be cold, and a preservation unto Abraham.”—*Korān*, xxi.—The legend referred to is, that Nimrod, to prevent Abraham from converting his people from their ancient gods, filled a large square with an immense quantity of wood, and had Abraham cast into the blazing furnace, from which he was saved at the command of God by the angel Gabriel.

3 “Put a saddle on a male lion,” that is, by his devices and tricks control it as a horse; as we say, “can bell the cat.”—“Abu Zaaid” is the name of a chess-player who had no equal, and was, moreover, a master in words and eloquence. The “Vizier”—the wise man, the counsellor—is, but with more propriety than on our chess-board, our Queen. The “Horse” is our Knight. The change of Vizier to Queen is due probably to the chivalric spirit of the times when chess was introduced from the East into Europe.

4 (Page 336, line 4 from foot.) “Thou mayest reach the Sidrah-tree itself,” or Paradise.—The Sidrah-tree is one of the

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trees in the Seventh Heaven ; which is also the mansion of the angel Gabriel.

5 "When thou utterest not a word," says Sadi, "thou hast thy hand upon it ; when thou hast uttered it, it hath laid its hand upon thee." A curious parallel to this sagacious observation is found in the "Dictes, or Sayings of Philosophers," printed by Caxton in 1477, as follows (the spelling is modernised) : "There came before a king three wise men ; the one was a Greek, the other a Jew, and the third a Saracen ; of whom the said king desired that each of them would utter some good and notable sentence. Then the Greek said : 'I may well correct my thoughts, but not my words.' Then the Jew said : 'I have marvel of them that say things prejudicial, where silence were more profitable.' And the Saracen said : 'I am master over my words ere they be pronounced ; but when they are spoken, I am servant thereto.'" And in the preface to *Kalila wa Dimna* (the Arabian version of the Fables of Pilpay) a king is represented as saying : "I am the slave of what I have spoken, but the master of what I conceal."

6 "The wealth of Karūn ;" probably the Korah of the Bible. According to the Mohammedan legend, he possessed immense treasure, and behaving insolently towards Moses, the great Lawgiver of the Hebrews prayed that the earth might swallow up Karūn and his confederates, which immediately took place. See the 28th surah of the Korān, near the end, and Sale's note. The "wealth of Karūn" is the Oriental equivalent to our "wealth of Crœsus."

7 Kalenders are an order of Dervishes, who are obliged to be always wandering from place to place, and to live entirely on alms. They shave their beards and eyebrows.

JELĀL-AD-DĪN, RŪMĪ.

*They [the Sufis] profess eager desire, but with no carnal affection, and circulate the cup, but no material goblet; since all things are spiritual [in their sect], all is mystery within mystery.—JELĀL-AD-DĪN.*

## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

CONTEMPORARY with Sadi was a distinguished poet, who, like Sadi, wrote on moral and religious subjects, and well deserves a brief notice, and an extract or two from his works, to exhibit his character and method. This was Jelāl-ad-Dīn, the author of a poem on the Divine Love and the Sufī philosophy, of which he was an ardent professor and a zealous teacher. This philosophy he has embodied in a long and very remarkable poem, imbued with that mystical spirituality to which the genius of the Persian nation so strongly tends, and which forms so characteristic a feature of its literature, and gives it often-times a peculiar charm.

Jelāl-ad-Dīn ("Majesty of the Faith"), surnamed Rūmī, or the Syrian, from Rūm, or Syria, in which he eventually settled, was born, at Balkh, A.H. 592 (A.D. 1195-6). He was of an illustrious family ; his grandmother, according to Sir Gore Ouseley, in his "Notices of Persian Poets," being the daughter of the last king but one of the Kharismian dynasty, whose capital—the ancient Bactra—was destroyed by Jenghiz Khān, A.H. 608 (A.D. 1211) ; his mother was of the same royal house ; and his father, tracing up his ancestry to the Commander of the Faithful, the Khalif Abubeker. His father, Bāhā-ad-Dīn ("Beauty of the Faith"), is said to have merited and enjoyed, through his great sanctity and learning, the respect and affection of the inhabitants of Balkh, to such a degree as to excite the jealousy of Sultan Mohammed Kharism Shah, who held his court in that city, and to make him resolve, in consequence of the annoyances

he received, to abandon his native place, taking with him his family and many of his disciples, never to return. His family consisted of three children : the eldest, a daughter, but she was already married, and decided to remain behind with her husband ; and two sons, of whom Jelāl was the youngest, and at the time of the departure five years old. The mother also would appear to have been then alive, and one of the party.

The travellers first repaired to Mecca, by way of Bagdad ; then visited the Hijāz, the tombs of the saints in Rūm (Syria), and passed many years of an unsettled and wandering life at Damascus, Erzinjan, in Armenia, Larenda, in Asia-Minor (where Jelāl, then in his eighteenth year, married), Samarkand, and Constantinople. Bāhā-ad-Dīn ultimately determined to fix his residence at Koniah the ancient Iconium in Syria. Here he was kindly welcomed and very liberally entertained by the Sultan Alā-ad-Dīn ("Exaltation of the Faith"), founded a college, and died, rich in honours and in years, A.H. 631 (A.D. 1233-4).

After his father's death, Jelāl-ad-Dīn went to pursue his studies further at Aleppo and Damascus, whence he returned with a reputation for learning and devotion, which, in the public estimation, surpassed that of his father, and, by the general consent of Sufī scholars, or by his father's will, succeeded to the chair and direction of the college (which, it is said, soon received an addition of four hundred students), to the spiritual guidance of his numerous disciples, and to the title of Sultan-al-Ulema, or Chief and Ruler of the Learned.

The life of Jelāl-ad-Dīn does not appear to have been distinguished by any stirring or remarkable events ; but in all probability was actively, but quietly, spent in the superintendence

of his colleges, the discharge of his educational and professional duties, and his pious labours amongst the numerous disciples who embraced his doctrine, and in whom he appears to have excited a profound admiration and devoted affection. He died, according to Sir Gore Ouseley, A.H. 661 (A.D. 1262), and was buried in his father's mausoleum, at Koniah.

The posthumous fame of Jelāl-ad-Dīn rests on THE MESNEVĪ. As his work is usually spoken of and referred to under this simple name alone, it may be well to explain that the word “Mesnevī” is not properly its “title,” nor does it designate any special *kind*, or *class*, of poetry, or on any particular subject. It means strictly a certain kind of *measure* of verse—a poem composed in “rhymed couplets,” in which measure many other poems have been written. The grand poem of Jelāl-ad-Dīn has obtained this distinctive title only on account of its superior excellence : it is emphatically *the Poem in this measure—“the Poem of poems.”*

As noted above, it is, as to its substance and object, a philosophical and devotional poem, and the form into which the author has thrown it is, after the Oriental fashion, a series of Tales or Apologues, having a moral signification and purpose, and largely interspersed with pithy apothegms, wise thoughts, and practical applications. The entire work is said to comprise thirty-six thousand, six hundred, and sixty distichs, or rhymed couplets ; but Persian manuscripts vary so much that this number is not very reliable. Only three extracts are translated and here appended, in rhythmical prose, literally rendered, to exhibit a specimen of Jelāl’s style and manner, and his method of telling a story ; but those who desire to know something more

of this very remarkable production of genius, and to read the Tales for themselves in full, have now the opportunity of amply gratifying their curiosity by the recent publication (by Messrs. Trübner & Co.) of Mr. J. W. Redhouse's metrical translation of the First Book.

S. R.

*Wilmslow, Sept. 15, 1882.*



## JELĀL-AD-DĪN, RŪMĪ.

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### SPECIMENS OF "THE MESNEVĪ."

#### DIVINE AFFECTIONS.

L IST how that reed is telling its story ; how it is  
bewailing the pangs of separation :

Whilst they are cutting me away from the reed-bed,  
men and maidens are regretting my fluting.

My bosom is torn to pieces with the anguish of  
parting, in my efforts to express the yearnings of  
affection.

Every one who liveth banished from his own family  
will long for the day which will see them re-united.

To every assembly I still bore my sorrow, whether  
the companion of the happy or the unhappy.

Every one personally was ever a friend, but no one  
sought to know the secrets within me.

My affections and my regrets were never far distant,  
but neither eye nor ear can always discern the light.

The body is not veiled from the soul, nor the soul from the body, but to see the soul hath not been permitted.

It is Love that with its fire inspireth the reed ; it is Love that with its fervour inflameth the wine.

Like the reed, the wine is at once bane and antidote ; like the reed, it longeth for companionship, and to breathe the same breath.

The reed it is that painteth in blood the story of the journey, and inspired the love-tale of the frenzied Mejnūn.\*

Devoid of this sense, we are but senseless ourselves ; and the ear and the tongue are but partners to one another.

In our grief, our days glide on unprofitably ; and heart-compunctions accompany them on their way.

But if our days pass in blindness, and we are impure, O remain Thou—Thou, like whom none is pure.

No untried man can understand the condition of him who hath been sifted : therefore, let your words be short, and let him go in peace.

Rise up, young man—burst thy bonds, and be free ! How long wilt thou be the slave of thy silver and thy gold ?

If thou shouldest fill thy pitcher from the ocean, what were thy store ?—The pittance of a day !

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\* Mejnūn and Laila, the Romeo and Juliet of the East. Their love-tale forms the subject of poems by several eminent Persian poets.

*SPECIMENS OF THE MESNEVİ.*

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In the eye of the covetous man it would not be full.  
If the shell lay not contented in its bed, it would  
never be filled with the pearl.

He whose garment is rent by Love Divine—he only  
is cleansed from avarice and the multitude of sins.

Hail to thee, Love, our sweet insanity ! O thou, the  
physician of all our ills !

Thou, our Plato and our Galen, the medicine of our  
pride and our self-estimation !

By Love the earthly eye is raised to heaven, the hills  
begin to dance, and the mountains are quickened.

Could I join my lip to that of one who breatheth  
my breath, I would utter words as melodious as my  
reed.

When the rose-garden is withered, and the rose is  
gone, thou wilt hear no longer news of the nightingale.

How should I be able any longer to retain my  
understanding, when the light of my beloved one no  
longer shineth upon me ?

If the lover no longer receiveth his nourishment, he  
must perish like a bird deprived of its food.

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## THE LOVERS.

A BELOVED one said to her lover : "O dear youth, thou hast seen in thy travels many a city. Tell me, then, which of them appeared to thee the most pleasant?"

He replied : "That which contained her who robbed me of my heart."

Wherever the sovereign of my soul spreadeth her carpet of repose, that place, though it were the eye of a needle, would seem boundless as the desert.

Wherever there is a maiden beautiful as Joseph\* and radiant as the moon, that place, though the bottom of a well, would be an Eden.

With thee a prison would be a rose-garden, O thou ravisher of hearts ! with thee Hell would be a Paradise, O thou cheerer of souls !

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\* The Oriental type of youthful beauty.

## THE MERCHANT AND THE PARROT.

THERE was a merchant who possessed a parrot,  
a beautiful parrot, which he kept in a cage.

The merchant was preparing to make a journey,  
which he intended to begin with Hindūstān ;

And the kind-hearted man called before him every  
man-servant and every maid-servant, and said :  
“ What present shall I bring for thee ? tell me  
frankly.”

Each one of them answered him according to his  
desire ; and to every one the good man promised  
what he asked.

Then he said to the parrot : “ And what present  
from the regions of Hindūstān wilt thou have ? ”

And the parrot answered : “ When thou seest the  
parrots there, tell them my condition—

“ Say : ‘ A certain parrot is yearning to see you, but  
is shut out by a cage from the free space of heaven.

“ ‘ He sendeth you his benediction, and asketh you  
to do him justice, and beggeth you to save his life,  
and to show him the paths of safety.

“ ‘ Is it right that I should consume my soul in vain  
longings, and that I should die here in loneliness ?

“ ‘ Is it proper that I should be bound in hard  
shackles, whilst ye dwell amidst green places upon  
the trees ?

“ ‘ Is this the kind of faith to keep with a friend—I in a cage and ye in a garden ?

“ ‘ Call to mind, ye fortunate ones, that verdant lawn, and our morning draught in the midst of the meadows !

“ ‘ The remembrance of a friend should be a happy one to friends, as was that of Laila and Mejnūn.

“ ‘ My comrades, my precious idols, I am drinking cups of my own blood ; drink ye to my remembrance one cup of wine, if ye desire to do me justice.’ ”

The merchant received the salutation and the message he was to carry to those of its race.

And when he reached the boundaries of Hindūstān he saw in the desert a large company of parrots.

Then he stayed his horse and lifted up his voice, and delivered the salutation and the message entrusted to him.

And immediately one of the parrots fluttered excessively, and fell down, and gave up its breath, and died.

Then the merchant repented him of what he had said and done, and exclaimed : “ Did I come to bring death to a living creature ?

“ Perhaps this parrot was a relative of my parrot : perhaps they were two in body and one in soul !

“ Why did I do this ?—why deliver this message ? My heart is on fire, and for this unlucky event I see no remedy.

“ The tongue is like flint, and the lip is like iron, and that which is struck in ignorance from the tongue is as flame.

“ Do not, foolish man, whether in easy good nature, or in idle boasting, strike flint and steel together !

“ For it is dark, and there is much cotton around, and in the midst of cotton wherefore scatter sparks !

“ A single word may desolate a world—can convert dead foxes into lions !”

When the merchant had finished his business, he returned once more to his happy home.

For every man-servant he brought a present, and to every maiden he gave a token.

Then said the parrot : “ And what present hast thou brought to the captive ?—Say ! what hast thou seen, and what hast thou said ?—Tell it me again .”

He replied : “ Oh me ! that of which I much repent—that for which I could gnaw my hands and bite off my fingers !

“ Wherefore did I foolishly carry that unlucky message, which I carried ignorantly ? ”

It answered : “ O merchant, repentance is of small value ! What is it that requireth this passion and sorrow ? ”

He replied : “ I delivered thy complaint to a company of parrots, thy fellows.

“ One of those parrots took such a share in thine affliction, that its heart broke, and it fluttered, and died.”

When the parrot heard what that parrot had done, it too fluttered, and fell, and became cold [*i.e.* died].

When he saw it fall in such wise, the merchant started up, and dashed his cap upon the ground ;

And when he saw its colour and condition he leaped up, and tore the breast of his garment, and exclaimed :

“O my parrot, my beautiful, my dear one, what is this that hath befallen thee?—Wherefore art thou thus?

“Alas! and alas! my bird of the melodious voice, who didst breathe the same breath, and knewest my every secret ;

“Alas! and alas! bird of the sweet notes, and tones of the harp—pleasant to me as my garden, and sweet as my sweet-basil !”

Then the merchant cast out the dead bird from its cage, and immediately it flew up to a high branch of a tree.

He was amazed at the action of the bird, and was seized with desire to understand this strange mystery;

And turning his face upwards, he said : “O my sweet one, to me sweet as a nightingale, give me, I pray thee, some explanation of what thou hast done.”

It replied : “The message thou broughtest me gave me counsel ; it said : ‘Free thyself from speech and voice ;

“Since it was thy voice which brought thee into bondage;’—and it died itself to confirm the message.”

The parrot then gave him one or two counsels, and bestowed upon him a parting benediction.

The merchant said to it : “Depart in peace ! thou hast shown me now a new path.”

“ Farewell ! merchant,” it replied ; “ thou hast done me a mercy ; thy benevolence hath freed me from the chain and from the net.

“ Farewell! merchant; I WAS AWAY FROM MY HOME :  
may thou, by God’s grace, become FREE LIKE ME.”





HĀFIZ.

*The bird of the morning only knoweth the worth of  
the book of the rose; for not every one who readeth the  
page understandeth the meaning.—HĀFIZ.*

## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

OF the poetical productions of Persian literature, none have a wider circulation or a greater celebrity than the lyrical poems of Hāfiẓ. In the East his name is almost a household word, and wherever any collection of Persian books, however small, is found, we are told that a copy of Hāfiẓ is sure to be amongst them. His popularity is spread far beyond the bounds of his own country ; so far, indeed, as quite to justify him in exclaiming :

O Hāfiẓ, the fame of thine enchanting witchery  
Hath reached the bounds of Egypt, and China, and the  
extremities of Rai and Rūm.

In our western world his name and his writings are of course sufficiently familiar to Oriental scholars ; but to the great majority of even well-informed English readers his name is little more than a name, and his works almost unknown. Nor could this be well otherwise. There is not, so far as the Translator of the following specimens knows, any translation of his entire works in the English language, nor even of any considerable portion of them in a collected form. There is, indeed, no lack of versions of individual Odes, but they are spread through such a multitude and variety of literary journals and other publications, that it is in the highest degree improbable that of those which have been translated any single reader has seen a tenth part. Hāfiẓ, too, has been somewhat unfortunate for his fame in another respect. His character has gone forth as a mere

singer of Love and Wine—a kind of Oriental Anacreon ; and too many of his poems selected for translation have been of this description, to the neglect of many of a more elevated nature. It must be admitted without doubt, that a vast number—perhaps a considerable majority—of his lyrics make these topics their main if not their only theme, and it is very difficult to consider them as written in any other than a literal sense. On the other hand, there are others conceived in so different a spirit, that in spite of the terms employed and the manifold allusions to apparently sensuous and material objects, it is almost equally difficult not to regard them as inspired by a deeper and more spiritual signification. The Sufis claim Hāfiz as a poet of their sect, and representing their opinions ; and it must not be forgotten that the Persian Mystics perpetually and avowedly describe Divine Love under the symbols of human love and wine. So Jamī exclaims, addressing the Deity :

Sometimes the wine, sometimes the cup we call thee !  
 Sometimes the lure, sometimes the net we call thee !  
 Except thy name, there is not a letter on the tablet of the universe :  
 Say, by what name shall we call thee ?

And Nizami :

Think not that when I praise wine I mean the juice of the grape ;  
 I mean that wine which raiseth me above self.  
 “ My Cup-bearer ” is to perform my vow to God ;  
 “ My morning draught from the tavern ” is the wine of self-oblivion ;

and he adds :

By heaven, so long as I have enjoyed existence,  
 Never hath the tip of my lip been stained with wine !

It is very possible that Hāfiẓ, as a young man, may have indulged in some youthful excesses, and became a Sufī and an abstainer in later life. But this question cannot be settled, because the peculiar arrangement of the Odes in his *Divān*, which will be explained hereafter, does not allow us to ascertain the order of their production. Neither would Hāfiẓ be the only man who has written bacchanalian songs without living a bacchanalian life.

Very little appears to be recorded of the events of the life of Hāfiẓ, or of his habits and real character, and of that little, much rests on no very reliable authority. Oriental historians and biographers possess very little of the critical faculty, and incorporate in their narratives, without much discrimination, any legend which has associated itself with the subject of their story, and any popular anecdote, circumstance, or saying, which may render it attractive to the reader. As an instance, we have an amusing account given us of an interview between our poet and the celebrated Timūr which it would be pleasant to believe. When that great conqueror had subjugated Fars and had occupied Shirāz, where Hāfiẓ was living, we are told that he commanded him to appear before him, and said : “Art thou the man who has been bold enough to offer my two great cities, Samarkand and Bokhara, for the black mole on the cheek of thy mistress?”—alluding to the first verse in the first Ode of the following translations. “Yes, sir,” replied the undaunted poet, “and it is by such acts of generosity that I have been reduced to my present state of destitution, and compelled to solicit your assistance”—a rejoinder which so pleased the King that he dismissed him with a handsome present. Unfortunately for the

authenticity of the story, Timūr is said not to have taken Shirāz till 1393, and the poet died at the latest date in 1391.

Hafiz was born at Shirāz, the capital of the province of Fars, when it was in the hands of the Muzafer princes, and lived and died there. The year of his birth does not appear to have been accurately recorded, and about the year of his death there is some little discrepancy. The date inscribed on his tomb at Shirāz, which Sir Gore Ouseley says he had himself read, is A.H. 791 (A.D. 1388). A *tārīkh* (that is an inscription in which the letters of a word in the inscription numerically reckoned forms the date) reads *Khak-i-Mosella*—meaning the earth of Mosella, in which he is buried—making it A.H. 791 also. Another *tarikh*, written by his friend and editor, makes it A.H. 792. Four copies of Daulet Shah's Lives of the Poets in Sir Gore Ouseley's possession agree in making it A.H. 794. Luft Ali, in his Memoirs of the Poets, gives A.H. 791, and D'Herbelot 797. He appears to have lived a quiet and retired life in his native city, to which he was fondly attached, and which he seldom quitted except for short periods and not distant places, and always with regret. Thus he exclaims in one of his odes (No. Ivii of the present selection) :

Hail, Shirāz, and its incomparable site !  
O Lord, preserve it from every disaster !

And in another Ode (xxxvi) :

1

The gentle breezes of the ground of Mosella and the waters of Roknabad  
Have never allowed me to enjoy the delights of travelling.

The painfulness of these enforced absences and his yearnings

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to return to his home are vividly alluded to in more than one of his poems.

Once indeed—and the story appears to rest on some authority, being mentioned by Ferishta, the historian of the Dek'han—he seems to have contemplated and actually to have commenced a long and distant journey. He had heard of the munificent encouragement which Sultan Mahmūd Shah Bahmani, an accomplished prince then reigning in the Dek'han, afforded to poets and learned men, and became desirous of visiting his court. Hearing of this wish, and desirous himself of forming an acquaintance with Hāfiẓ, Sultan Mahmūd sent him, through the hands of his Vizier, Mīr Fazlullah Anjū, an invitation and a handsome sum of money to defray the expenses of his journey. Thereupon he set out and advanced on his expedition as far as Lār. Sir Gore Ouseley says, “Lahore beyond the Indus ;” but this is probably a mistake. To go by Lahore would suppose a very long, a very expensive, and very arduous land journey through many countries, Persian and Indian. Lār is on the direct route from Shirāz to Hormuz, a port on the Persian Gulf, whence he could obtain a shorter and easier passage by sea to the Dek'han. There he encountered a friend who had been plundered by robbers, on whom he bestowed a part of his money, and not having left himself sufficient to prosecute his journey, was compelled himself to accept the assistance of two merchants whom he fortunately met with there, and who kindly took him with them to Hormuz. There he found a ship ready to sail to the Dek'han, and took his passage in her. But a storm having arisen, he was so terrified by it, that he abandoned his intention, and sending a letter of excuse to the Vizier, with an ode to the King, returned himself to Shirāz. He says :

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The splendour of a Sultan's diadem, within which, like a casket  
enclosed, are fears for one's life,  
May be heart-attracting as a cap, but is not worth the loss of the  
head it covers.

. . . . .  
The sufferings of the sea may appear easy to bear in the prospect  
of its pearls ;  
But I have erred, for its waves are not worth one hundred  
munns of gold.

Hāfiz is supposed to have been a married man, and if the tender and beautiful poem No. xlvi. of the following translations was written, as has been supposed, on the death of his wife, he can hardly have been the mere gay reveller and wine-bibber which some of his odes, taken literally, would represent him to be.

The truth is, very little that is trustworthy is to be found with regard to Hāfiz, except occasional and not very frequent mention of his thoughts and feelings contained in his own poems. Some of these would lead us to suppose that he led a quiet and retired life, so far as circumstances allowed. But he lived in very troublous times for his country, when it was greatly distracted by the constant strifes between rival princes and contending parties, and the political convulsions and changes consequent upon such a condition of public affairs. To these Hāfiz sometimes, though slightly, alludes in varied tone, as suits the occasion.

His volume acquired such reputation that it was resorted to, in the same manner as the *Sortes Virgilianæ* in the middle ages, to gather from it “fatwas,” as they are called, judicial awards, and the decrees of Fate. According to the story, when

He died an opposition was raised by the priests to his interment with the usual funeral ceremonies, on the ground of the levity of some of his poems, and his supposed want of Mohammedan orthodoxy. His friends, however, procured an appeal to his book, which of course opened at the right passage :

Turn not away thy foot from the bier of Hāfiẓ,  
For though immersed in sin, he may yet be admitted into  
heaven. (*See Ode viii.*)

He is buried in a small but pleasant garden not far from Shirāz, and when the Sultan Baber, some time after the poet's death, visited that city, his prime minister erected a handsome monument over his grave. Since that time it has been frequently repaired ; and Sir Gore Ouseley says that when he was at Shirāz in 1810, he found it in excellent order. The Vakīl, Kerīm Khān Zend, had placed a slab of the finest alabaster over the tomb, with two Odes from the *Divān*, sculptured in the most beautiful Nastaalik character. He also built a neat pavilion or hall, in which a superb copy of the poet's works is open for perusal, and apartments for the mullahs and dervishes who attend the tomb ; and he beautified the little garden in such a manner as to render it the most delightful retreat in the vicinity of Shirāz, from which place it is about two miles distant north-east.

The Translator of the following selections from the works of Hāfiẓ does not deem it necessary in these preliminary remarks to enter upon a critical inquiry into the character of his genius, or the peculiar nature or value of the forms in which he has displayed it. He has presented to the mere English reader a greater number, as he believes, of his Ghazels than he could find in a collected shape, and in greater variety, or, indeed, than he

could readily meet with at all, scattered, as so many of those which have been translated are, through an infinite number of publications. He must leave it to those who may have the curiosity to peruse these specimens to form their own judgment of their intrinsic merit, or their interest in a literary point of view. Many, perhaps most, will find them repugnant to Western taste ; many to their own individual sympathies and feelings ; some will think that they have too much sameness in their sentiments, figures, and ideas ; but he cannot help believing that a few at least will recognise beneath their strange garb and mystic expressions many bold thoughts and fine images, and much of deep significance and elevating tendencies. At all events, productions which throw any light on the intellectual and moral condition of a portion of the great human family, and one so utterly different in its nature from our own, cannot be unimportant, and ought not to be uninteresting, to those who think that the proper study of mankind is man.

A word as to the dress in which the Translator has thought it best to clothe his version. No one but must feel how much the language of poetry loses by being transmuted into that of prose ; and this especially in the case of lyrical poetry, which depends so intimately for its effect on all the variety of modulation and the music of sound which the art and ear of the poet can give it. But he has wished above every thing else to preserve for his English reader the exact sense of the original, and not only the exact sense, but the peculiar and characteristic flavour—the aroma, so to say—of the Oriental style. This union, he thinks, is hardly possible in a metrical version ; at least he has seen few examples of such in English which completely satisfy him in this.

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respect. Perhaps the most beautiful rendering of a Persian Ode which has ever been made in our language is the exquisite one by Sir William Jones, of the first Ghazel in the following specimens. It is impregnated throughout with the Oriental spirit; but when we find that the twenty-one words of the first couplet of the original, literally translated into English prose, are transmuted into thirty-eight in the version, we naturally wish to know how far the beauties we admire, and the thoughts and images which are presented to us, really exist in the original text, or are introduced by the copyist to render his imitation more conformable to the Western style and the taste of the European reader. Would a versified translation of the prophetical and poetical books of the Bible be equally satisfactory to the English reader as our present literal but rhythmical prose version?

One word more as to the title *Divān* which has been given to collections of lyrical poems by Hāfiẓ and other writers, and the exact idea of the Persian Ghazel, into which form Hāfiẓ has thrown all his productions. The Ghazel, then, is a kind of sonnet, subject, like the sonnet, to certain fixed rules, which it must not transgress. It ought not to exceed sixteen or seventeen *baits*, or couplets. Of these baits or couplets, the two lines or verses of which it is composed must in the first bait of the Ghazel rhyme together; but in all the succeeding baits the first line is left without having any rhyme to answer to it, but the second line must rhyme with the two rhymed lines of the first bait of the Ghazel: so that, throughout the Ode, after the first bait, the first, or odd, line of every succeeding bait must be left unrhymed, but the second, or even, lines, must all rhyme to-

gether, and with the two rhymed lines of the first bait. Examples of this structure may be found in Ghazels xx, xxiii, xxxv, &c., of the following translations.

In another respect, however, the Persian Ghazel differs from the sonnet as widely as possible. The sonnet ought to consist of one simple thought, which it gradually develops, enlarges, and embellishes, till it culminates and closes in some natural application, or striking and emphatic termination. The Ghazel, on the contrary, is made up generally of many thoughts, not naturally arising out of one another, and often so little connected, that it is not without difficulty that the reader, even if there be a faintly visible connection at the bottom, can seize and determine it, and it seems almost immaterial in what order the baits are arranged. In point of fact, they are placed in very different order in some manuscripts and printed texts. They have been fitly described as “pearls strung at random,” “stringing pearls,” or, more literally, “piercing” them, that is for the purpose of “stringing” them, being in Persian phraseology the metaphorical expression for composing poetry. So Hāfiz, in the concluding bait of the first of the following Odes, exclaims :

Thou hast composed thy Ghazel ; thou hast strung thy pearls,  
Come, and sing it sweetly, O Hafiz !

or, as Sir William Jones has rendered it :

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,  
Whose accents flow with artless ease,  
Like Orient pearls at random strung.

And here it may be noted, as a curious fashion characteristic of the Ghazel, and amounting almost to an absolute rule, that the

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poet is expected to introduce his own name in the last bait ; generally, though not invariably, with a certain amount of self-glorification, not necessarily implying mere personal vanity. In the following Odes may be found numerous instances in which the poet glorifies himself in this way.

When a poet has composed one or more Ghazels every rhyme-bait of which terminates in the *same letter*, and one or more Ghazels for *every* letter of the alphabet, the whole collection is arranged in the alphabetical order of the bait-letter, and is then termed a DIVĀN ; and there is no greater object of ambition to the Persian lyrist than to leave a Divān. This singular arrangement, however, has the great disadvantage, as we have already observed, that it sadly interferes with any attempt to determine the order in which the poet produced his several poems, and almost prevents any light from being thrown on the growth and development of his moral and intellectual character.

The Translator hopes that the Ghazels selected will be found amongst the best, and in sufficient variety to give to the English reader a fair idea of the subjects, manners, and characteristic features of his author, and that his renderings of them will be found close and faithful. The Translator has spared no pains to make them as exact as such knowledge as he possesses of the Persian language has enabled him to do. He has compared them more than once, line by line, with the originals ; but he cannot conclude this preliminary notice without acknowledging his obligations to Professor von Rosenzweig's excellent edition of the text, published at Vienna, in 1858, in 3 vols., 8vo, accompanied by notes and a versified translation, which he has had constantly under his eye, and without the aid of which he would

not have ventured on his undertaking. Those who best know the difficulty of clothing Eastern ideas, imagery, and phraseology in a European garb, will most readily excuse some errors, in his desire to give to English readers some notion, however faint, of a poet so famed as HĀFIZ.

It may be proper to mention that fifteen of the following translations have appeared already in another little work by the same translator, published in 1872, under the title of "Flowers culled from Persian Gardens," and those who wish for some further information and specimens may consult—

D'Herbelot—*Poeseos Persicæ, Sive Haphyzi Odæ Sexdecim, Vindobonæ, 1771.* (Baron Reviczki.)

Sir William Ouseley's Oriental Collections. 3 vols. 4to. London, 1797-98. (*Passim.*)

Hindley's Persian Lyrics from the *Diwān-i-Hafiz.* London, 1880.

Specimens of Persian Poetry, or Odes of Hāfiz. By John Richardson. London, 1802.

Scott Waring's Tour to Sheeraz. London, 1817.

Sir Gore Ouseley's Biographical Notices of Persian Poets. London, Oriental Translation Fund, 1856. (*Hafiz.*)

And an article on Hāfiz, with Translations of Twelve Odes, by Professor Cowell, in No. 177 of *Macmillan's Magazine*, July, 1874.

S. R.

*Wilmslow, January, 1875.*



## HĀFIZ.



### GHAZELS, OR ODES.

FROM HIS DIVĀN.

#### I.

IF that beauty of Shirāz would take my heart in hand, I would give for her dark mole Samarkand and Bokhara.

Boy, bring me the wine that remaineth, for in Paradise thou wilt not see the banks of the water of Roknabad, nor the rose-bower of our Mosella.

Alas ! those saucy lovely ones—those charming disturbers of our city—bear away patience from my heart as Turkomans their repast of plunder !

Yet the beauty of our maidens is independent of our imperfect love !—To a lovely face what need is there of paint or dyes, of mole or down ?

Speak to me of the musician and of wine, and

search less into the secrets of futurity ; for no one in his wisdom ever hath discovered, or ever will discover, that mystery.

I can understand how the beauty of Joseph, which added new lustre to the day, withdrew Zulaikha from the veil of her modesty.<sup>1</sup>

Thou hast spoken evil of me, and I am contented—God forgive thee !—Thou hast spoken well ; for even a bitter word is beseeming, when it cometh from a ruby sugar-dropping lip.

Give ear, O my soul, to good counsel ; for better than their own souls love youths of a happy disposition the admonition of the aged wise.

Thou hast composed thy ghazel ; thou hast strung thy pearls : come and sing it sweetly, O HĀFIZ ! for Heaven hath shed upon thy poetry the harmony of the Pleiades.

*Rosenzweig-Schwannau i, 24-5. Calcutta Ed. 8, 2.*

## II.

THE heart is the veil behind which is hidden His love ; His eye is the mirror-holder which reflecteth His countenance.

I, who would not bow my head to both worlds, submit my neck to the burthen of His mercies.

Thou enjoyest the Tūba-tree,<sup>2</sup> I the image of my beloved one ! Every one's thoughts are fashioned to the measure of his aims.

What should I be within that Holy Place, in which

the morning-breeze is the veil-holder who guardeth  
the sanctuary of His honour !

If I have soiled the skirts of my raiment, what is  
the damage which I can do ? The universe is the  
pledge for His purity !

Mejnūn is long departed ;<sup>3</sup> now it is our turn : to  
each one is allowed a five-days' sojourning !

The kingdom of love and the wealth of enjoyment  
—all that I possess is bestowed by the hand of  
His destination.

If we have offered for a ransom ourselves and our  
hearts, why need we fear ? The goal towards which we  
strive is the purpose of His salvation.

Never cease to make His image the object of thine  
eye, for its cell is the peculiar chamber of His privacy.

Every new rose which adorneth the meadow is a  
mark of the colour and perfume of His benevolence.

Look not on his external poverty, for the bosom of  
HĀFIZ is a rich treasury in the exuberance of His  
benevolence !

*Rosen. i, 56-7. Calcutta Ed. 12, 2.*

### III.

THIS illustrious messenger, who has arrived from the  
country of my Friend, has brought an amulet for my  
soul in the perfumed letter of my Friend.

He giveth me a sweet token of the excellence and  
dignity of my Friend : he telleth me a delightful  
history of the majesty and glory of my Friend.

I have yielded up my heart to him for his glad tidings, but I am ashamed on account of my own base counters, which I scatter as festival-money over the head of my Friend.<sup>4</sup>

Thanks be to God ! that, propitious Fate assisting, I have brought all my desires into accord with the acts and injunctions of my Friend.

Why need I choose the march of the spheres and the mutations of the moon, since their revolutions are all computed at the free choice of my Friend ?

Though the blast of convulsion should strike both worlds, we will fix our eye on the lamp which guideth us on the road in anxious anticipation of our Friend.

Prepare me, O morning-breeze, a precious collyrium made of that fortune-favoured earth which lay in the pathway trodden by my Friend.

We will remain prostrate at the threshold of the Friend, our heads bowed down in prayer, nor raise them till we fall into slumber on the bosom of the Friend.

If an enemy should draw a breath with the purpose of injury to HĀFIZ, why should I fear, since, thanks be to God ! I have no need to be ashamed of my Friend ?

## IV.

COME, for Hope's strong castle is built on weak foundations ; bring wine, for the fabric of life is unstable as is the wind.

I am the slave of His wishes, who under the azure vault is free from the shadow of dependence.

Shall I say, when yesternight I was utterly intoxicated in the wine-house, what glad message was brought to me by an angel from the unknown world ?

“ O lofty-sighted royal falcon, whose seat is on the tree of Paradise, not in this nook of misery should be thy nest.

“ For thee are sounding the melodious voices from the Ninth Heaven ! How thou art fallen into this place of snares I cannot conceive ! ”

I will give thee a piece of counsel : keep it in mind and reduce it to practice ; for it is a precept which I have preserved in my memory from my aged guide :

“ Seek not for the fulfilment of its promise from this perfidious world, for this old hag has been the bride of a thousand wooers.”

Let not the cares of the world consume thee, and let not my advice depart from thee, for I received it in affection from one who had been a pilgrim in many lands :

“ Be content with what hath been given, and smooth thy ruffled brow ; for the door of choice will not be opened either to thee or me.”

In the smile of the rose is no sign of promise, or of performance : lament, thou loving nightingale, for there is room for lamentation.

Why, feeble poetisers, be envious of HĀFIZ, because God hath given him the power to pour out sweet words, and to win all hearts ?

*Rosen. i. 80-1. Calcutta Ed. 26, 1.*

V.

THERE is a garden everlastingly green, the lovely retreat of the pious dervish : a grand capital is the service of the pious dervish !

The treasure hidden and guarded by the wondrous talisman is revealed to the sight by the grace of the pious dervish.

That before which the sun veileth its proud diadem is a grandeur exceeded by the pious dervish.

The citadel of Paradise, of which Rizwān is the porter,<sup>5</sup> may be seen from the cheerful meadow of the pious dervish.

That which turneth by its ray the dark heart into gold is an alchemy learnt in the companionship of the pious dervish.

From shore to shore stretch the armies of tyranny, but from eternity to eternity the victory is with the pious dervish.

And the fortune, to which is attached no sorrow from the vexation of failure, is the fortune—hear ye it!—which favoureth the pious dervish.

Monarchs are the shrine to which are directed all necessities, all prayers ; but they all stand as servants in the presence of the pious dervish.

O man of might, display not all this haughtiness ; thy gold and thy head are in the keeping of the grace of the pious dervish.

The treasure of Karūn,<sup>6</sup> which vengeance hath buried until now, was due—thou mayest have read—to the zeal of the pious dervish.

The image of that which kings by their vows seek to obtain is to be seen in the face-reflecting mirror of the pious dervish.

Art thou searching, O HĀFIZ, to find the waters of eternal life ?—Their source is in the earth which lieth at the cell-door of the pious dervish.

HĀFIZ, be thou in this modest and respectful ; for the sovereignty of kings is all derived from service in the presence of the pious dervish.

*Rosen. i. 94-5. Calcutta Ed. 25, 2.*

## VI.

Is there aught sweeter than the delights of the garden and companionship of the spring ? But where is the Cup-bearer ? Say, what is the cause of his lingering ?

Every pleasant moment that cometh to your hand score up as an invaluable prize ! Let no one hesitate, for who knoweth the conclusion of the matter ?

The tie of life is but a hair ! Use thine intelligence ;

be thyself thine own comrade in sorrow, and what then is the sorrow which Fate can deal thee?

The meaning of the Fountain of Life and the Gardens of Irem<sup>7</sup>—what is it but the enjoyment of a running stream and a delicious wine?

The temperate man and the intemperate are both of one tribe; what choice is there between them, that we should surrender our souls to dubious reasonings?

What reveal the silent heavens of that which is behind the veil? O litigant, why dispute with the keeper of the veil?

If to him who is bound up in error or sin there is no room for warning or amendment, what meaning is there in the words: “Cancelling, and the Mercy of the Forgiving One?”

The devotee longs for draughts from the river Kuther,<sup>8</sup> and HĀFIZ from a goblet of wine. Between these, the will of the Creator—what would *that* be?

*Rosen, i. 138-9. Calcutta Ed. wanting.*

## VII.

CENSURE not, thou pious man, in the purity of thy soul, the lover of wine, for in thy book of account will not be written the sins of others.

Whether I be good or bad, go thou thine own way: every one will reap finally the seed that he hath sown.

Make me not hopeless, on account of the past, of the benignity of the Eternal One; what knowest thou, who, beyond the veil, will be judged to be good or evil?

Every one, whether he is abstemious or self-indulgent, is searching after the Friend : every place may be an abode of love, whether it be a mosque or a synagogue.

Not even I am an outcast from the cell of piety, and that is enough : even our Ancestor let Eden escape from his hand.

The garden of Paradise is beautiful ; but take heed that thou account as gain the shade of the willow and the borders of the corn-field.

Place no reliance on thy works, for on that day of the Eternal how knowest thou what the pen of the Creator may have written against thy name ?

On thy last day, though the cup be in thy hand, thou mayest be borne away to Paradise even from the corner of the tavern.

*Rosen. i. 148-9. Calcutta Ed. 29, 1.*

### VIII.

Now is a breeze of Paradise blowing from the garden, and here am I with my joy-bestowing draught, and my beloved-one, beautiful as a Hūrī !

Why should not the beggar to-day boast himself a king ? His canopy the shadow of a cloud, his banqueting hall the borders of the corn-field !

The meadow may tell him the story of Paradise : wise he is not who expendeth on a future Paradise the ready-money of the present !

Build up thy heart with wine, for the world is a

ruin, and the end of it will be, that they will make bricks of my clay !

Ask not for faith from an enemy, for it will not yield thee a spark ; it will be but to kindle the taper of the monastery at the lamp of the Fire-temple.

Write not my name in the black book reproachfully as “drunkard ;” for who is informed what Fate hath written on his brow ?

Turn not away thy foot from the bier of HĀFIZ, for, though immersed in sin, he may yet be admitted into heaven.<sup>9</sup>

*Rosen. i. 152-3. Calcutta Ed. 29, 1.*

## IX.

WITHOUT the sun of thy cheek, the day hath no light for me, and life is to me only one long night !

At the time of my bidding thee adieu, at a distance from thy countenance, no light was any longer left to mine eye from its much weeping.

Thine image vanished from mine eye, as I exclaimed : “Ah ! this waste ; not a nook of it now remaineth in cultivation !”

Thy presence held aloof Fate from my head ; now in thine absence it is not far distant.

The moment is now near when my rival may exclaim : “That broken-down abandoned one is not far from his departure.”

What now would it avail me, were my beloved one to wound her foot henceforth in trying to visit me,

when scarcely a spark of life remaineth in my sick body ?

Absent from thee, if mine eye no longer supply any water, say : “ Pour out thy heart’s-blood, for what else is left thee to do ? ”

Patience ought to be my remedy in separation ; yet how be patient when even the possibility no longer remaineth ?

O HĀFIZ, with sorrow and weeping, thou hast done with smiles : for him who is arrayed for the funeral obsequies, what place can there be at the nuptial banquet ?

*Rosen. i. 180-1. Calcutta Ed. 13, 2.*

## X.

My weeping eye is stained with tears of blood : see to what a state are reduced those who search after thee !

When the sun of thy countenance riseth on the east of thy village, it dawneth on a day auspicious to my happiness.

The words of Ferhād are the story of Shīrīn’s life ; the plaits of Laila’s tresses are the dwelling-place of Mejnūn.<sup>10</sup>

Be friendly to my heart, for it is captive to that graceful cypress-resembling form ; speak words to me, for thy speech is gracious, and melodious are thine accents !

Cup-bearer, with the circling wine bring comfort

to my soul ; for the sorrows of the heart are linked with the sorrows of the revolving sphere.

From the time that that precious maiden escaped from my hand, the skirt of my garment hath resembled the wild stream of the Jihūn.<sup>11</sup>

How can my troubled soul be changed to inward gladness, when the power of choice is denied me from without ?

HĀFIZ is roaming about like a frenzied man to seek his friend ; like the poor bankrupt who is yearning to discover the treasures of Karūn.<sup>6</sup>

*Rosen. i. 182-3. Calcutta Ed. 21, 2.*

## XI.

THE road of love is a road to which there is no end ; and in which there is no remedy save to resign our souls.

Frighten us not with the prohibitions of Wisdom, for that bailiff hath no authority in our jurisdiction.

For thee, whoever thou art, that givest up thy heart to love, thou hast a sweet moment ! In a good thing, what need of praying for something better ?

Ask thine own eye, who wishes to slay thee ? O my soul, it is the fault of thy star, not the sin of the constellations !

To him who hath a clear eye, it is possible to discover the first streak of the new moon ; to every eye it is not given to perceive that moonlet.<sup>12</sup>

Count it an opportunity to enter on the path of intoxication ; for the signs of it, like those which lie in the way to a treasure, are not perceptible to every one.

The lamentation of HĀFIZ on thee maketh not the slightest impression : I am amazed to find that thy heart is not less hard than marble.

*Rosen.* i. 186-7. *Calcutta Ed.* 18, 1.

## XII.

CUP-BEARER, the day of the Festival is come ; may it be to thee a happy one ! And the promise thou madest me, let it not escape thy memory.

Let the daughter of the vine be in attendance ; for the breathing of my desire to see thee hath freed my heart from its sorrow.

I am astonished that for so long a period of the days of separation thou hast severed thy heart from thy companions—that thou hadst the heart to do it !

Thanks be to God ! that from the blast of winter thy garden hath received no injury—neither jessamine, nor rose, nor marjoram, nor cypress !

Far be from thee the evil eye ! From that sad scattering thy glorious star and thine inborn good-fortune have given thee a glad salvation !

The joyfulness of the assemblies will follow the footsteps of thine arrival ; may every heart which doth not wish thee joy be a place of sorrow !

HĀFIZ, let not the fellowship of this ark of Noah go from thy hand, or the deluge of events may carry away the foundations of thy dwelling.

*Rosen.* i. 188-9. *Calcutta Ed.* 13, 2.

### XIII.

I HAVE heard a sweet word which was spoken by the old man of Canaan: “No tongue can express what meaneth the separation of friends !”<sup>13</sup>

The description which the preacher proclaimeth to the city, of the dread day of the resurrection, is but a significant name for the day of separation.

From whom shall I ask for a token of my departed friend? For, whatever he said, the breeze has cut it off, and it has perished.

Warm the old sorrow with mellow wine ; for, so sayeth the aged peasant: “This is the seed to produce a crop of cheerfulness.”

Alas ! that to that unkind moon—the friend of my enemy—it hath been so easy to abandon the society of her own loving ones !

Henceforward I resign my place contentedly to the gratitude of my rival ; for my heart hath accustomed itself to grief, nor will try any longer to medicine it.

Hope not to tie the wind, though it blow in the direction of thy wishes ; for the wind itself once gave this similitude to Solomon.

Though Fate give thee a respite, leave not thou the

right way: who hath told thee that the old hag hath bid adieu to her wonted tricks?

Utter not a word about “the How and the Wherefore,” for the faithful slave accepteth with his whole soul the commands of his Sovereign.

Who hath told thee that HĀFIZ hath recalled one thought from thee?—I have never said so; and if anyone hath so said, it is a calumny!

*Rosen. i. 190-1. Calcutta Ed. 27, 1.*

#### XIV.

IN the hour of dawn the bird of the garden thus spoke to a freshly-blown rose: “Be less disdainful, for in this garden hath bloomed many a one like thee.”

The rose smiled and said: “We have never grieved at hearing the truth, but no lover would speak so harshly to his beloved !”

To all eternity the odour of love will never reach the brain of that man who hath never swept with his brow the dust from the sill of the wine-house.

Dost thou desire to drink the ruby-tinted wine from that gold-begemmed goblet, how many a pearl must thou first pierce with the point of thine eyelashes !

Yesterday, when in the Rose-Garden of Irem,<sup>7</sup> the morning-breeze with its gentle breath began to disturb the hair of the spikenard ;

I exclaimed : “O throne of Jemshīd, where is thy magic world-reflecting mirror?”—and it replied: “Alas! that that watchful Fortune should be slumbering !”<sup>14</sup>

The words of love are not those that come to the tongue; O Cup-bearer, cut short this asking and answering.

The tears of HĀFIZ have cast patience and wisdom into the sea: how could it be otherwise? The burning pangs of love how could he conceal?

*Rosen. i. 194-5. Calcutta Ed. 27, 1.*

## XV.

GONE were heart and faith, and the heart-stealer stood up in anger and said: “Sit no longer beside me, for salvation hath deserted thee!”

Hast thou heard of anyone who hath sat down at the banquet to enjoy a pleasant moment, who in the end did not rise up and retire from its company repentant?

If the tongue of the taper boasted of that smiling countenance, did it not depart at night chastised in the presence of thine admirers?<sup>15</sup>

The vernal breeze in the garden had to sever itself from the embrace of the rose and the cypress; in vain transported with passion in admiration of their faces and stature.

Thou didst but pass by in thine intoxicating beauty, and angels from their retreats came forth to look at thee with such tumult as shall be on the day of resurrection.

In the presence of thy bearing the proud cypress stayed its foot for very shame, as it gazed on the eloquence of thy tallness and figure.

O HĀFIŽ, cast away thy fanatical garb of shreds and patches, for there cometh out fire from the garb of hypocrisy.

*Rosen. i. 196-7. Calcutta Ed. 17, 1.*

## XVI.

No one has yet seen thy face, and already thou hast a thousand who watch thee : thou art still in the bud, and yet even now a hundred nightingales are fluttering about thee.

When I come to thy village, it seemeth nothing strange ; for, stranger as myself, cometh many a one to thy country.

Though I am so far from thee—ah, me ! that anyone should be far from thee !—I still nourish the hope that I may soon enjoy thy presence.

In love the monastery and the wine-house are not so far asunder ; for wherever dwelleth love, a ray beameth from the face of a lover.

The work of the cloister sheds a splendour, whether it be by the gong of the devotees' convent, or in the name of the cross.

Where is the lover, who has not some beloved one who regardeth his condition ? O, sir, where there is suffering, there, too, will be found the physician.

The complaint of HĀFIZ is not without foundation : his tale is a strange one, and his story full of marvels.

/ Rosen. i. 198-9. Calcutta Ed. 22, 2.

## XVII.

O Hoopoo, I send thee eastward to the land of Saba ! Take heed, whence and whither I send thee !

It is unjust that a bird like thee should be confined in this dust-pit of sorrow : therefore I send thee hence to the nest of faithfulness.

In the road of affection there is no “far” or “near” as a halting-place : I behold thee as in my presence, and offer thee my congratulations.

Every morning and every evening I send thee whole caravans of good wishes, under the convoy of the east and north winds.

O banished from my sight, dear companion of my heart, I send thee my benediction and salutations.

That the army of sorrow may not lay waste thy kingdom, mine own precious life, I send thee to buy off its redemption from plunder.

That the minstrels may inform thee of my yearnings towards thee, I send thee my words and my ghazels with notes and instruments.

Cup-bearer, come ! for a heavenly herald has announced to me this glad message : “Bear thine afflictions with patience, for I will send the remedies also.”

In thine own face thou mayest enjoy the creative

power of God, but I have sent thee a mirror in which thou mayest contemplate God himself.

HĀFIZ, the song of our assemblies is a kind memorial of thee. Make haste ! to bring thee to me I have sent thee a horse and a festive garment.

*Rosen. i. 204-5. Calcutta Ed. 28, 2.*

### XVIII.

O VANISHED from my sight, God watch over thee ! Thou hast consumed my soul ; but I still hold thee dear to my heart !

So long as the skirt of my shroud is not trod under the foot of my clay, believe not that I will withdraw my hand from thy garment.

Let me still look towards the shrine of thine eyebrows, that at the morning hour I may still lift up the hand of supplication, and lay it on thy neck.

Should I have to travel to the Babylonian Harūt<sup>17</sup> I would use a hundred juggling arts to take thee with me.

Give me of thy grace unlimited permission that in this heart-burning I may rain down pearl-drops from mine eyes every moment at thy feet.

A hundred rivers of water from mine eyes have I poured into thy lap, in the hope that I might sow the seed of love in thy bosom.

I weep in the desire that by this torrent of tears I may cultivate in thy heart the germs of affection.

She hath shed my blood, but the sharpness of her

dagger-pointed eye—and for this I thank her—hath set my heart free from the pangs of separation.

One thing I could wish for before I die, thou faithless physician: that thou shouldest make a single inquiry about the sick one who is yearning to see thee.

O HĀFIZ, wine, and pleasure, and revelry are not what becometh thee! Thou must totally renounce them, or I leave thee to perish!

*Rosen. i. 208-9. Calcutta Ed. 28, 1.*

## XIX.

O MY LORD, contrive the means that my friend may return in safety, and may deliver me from the claws of censure.

Bring me the dust of the road trod by my travelled friend, that I may make my world-seeing eye her abiding dwelling-place.

Alas! that on six sides my outlet is barred by that mole and down, those cheeks and ringlets, that face and figure.

To-day, whilst I am in thy hands, show thy mercy; to-morrow, when I am clay, what will avail tears of contrition?

O thou who spendest thy breath in talk and interpretations of love, to thee we have not a word to say! Depart in peace, and good be with thee!

Thou poor man, make no lamentation under the

sword of friends ; for that tribe receiveth the price of blood from those whom they have slain !

God forbid, that I should complain of thy cruelty and tyranny ! The injustice of the lovely is all gentleness and goodness !

HĀFIZ could not make a short discourse about thy tresses : the chain would extend itself to the day of resurrection.

*Rosen. i. 212-13. Calcutta Ed. 27, 2.*

## XX.

THE profit of this our workshop, the world, is all nothing !—Set wine before me, for the things of this world are all nothing !

With heart and soul we eagerly seek the glorious society of our beloved ones, and, were it not for heart and soul, it were all nothing !

That which cometh to our bosoms without the heart-pang, that is happiness ; and are they not to be won except by labour and trouble, the gardens of Paradise are nothing !

Be not behoden to the Sidrah tree and the Tūba<sup>18</sup> for shade ; for if thou, waving Cypress, but look upon us sweetly, they are all nothing !

The five days that thou art permitted to tarry in this hostel, rest for a time in tranquillity, for our time itself is nothing !

O Cup-bearer, we are waiting in anxious expectation on the brink of this ocean of mortality ; seize

the opportunity, for, like the distance from lip to mouth, it is all nothing !

Spend not a thought on its withering, but be gay, like the rose whilst it bloometh ; for the glory of the world as it passeth is all nothing !

Devotee, feel not secure from the guiles of over-zeal, for the road from the cloister to the convent of the infidel is as nothing !

What have not I, the grief-wasted man, borne of suffering ! But of necessity for confession or explanation there seemeth to be nothing !

The name of HĀFIZ hath received a good report ; but in the presence of those who frequent the tavern, good report, or bad report, is nothing !

*Rosen. i. 222-3. Calcutta Ed. 19, 1.*

## XXI.

THE image of thy face is my companion in every path ; the fragrant breeze of thy hair is the tie of my conscious soul.

I am disgusted with the adversary who would interdict love : the beauty of thy countenance is an all-sufficient argument.

See only what sayeth the apple of thy chin : “ A thousand Egyptian Josephs have fallen into my well.”<sup>19</sup>

If my hand cannot reach thy long tresses, it is my short arm that is in fault, and my unfortunate destiny.

Say to the chamberlain who guardeth the door of the private apartments in the royal palace : "There is one who sitteth in the dust in a corner of my court ;

" Whose image, muffled-up and hidden from sight, is ever before the view of my quiet mind.

" If HAFIZ knocketh, a petitioner at my door, open it to him, for through long years he hath been yearning to gaze upon his Moon."

*Rosen i. 248-9. Calcutta Ed. 14, 2.*

## XXII.

IF the hand of thy musky tresses hath committed a fault against me, and if the dark mole of thy cheek hath been cruel towards me, it is gone ! gone !

If the lightning of love hath consumed the harvest of the poor wool-clothed Dervish, or if the violence of a powerful king hath injured the beggar, it is gone ! gone !

If a heart hath been burthened by the glance of her who had it in her keeping, or if aught hath broken the harmony between lover and beloved, it is gone ! gone !

If reproaches have been scattered abroad by the prating of tale-bearers, or if amongst companions hath been said aught that was unseemly, it is gone ! gone !

On the path-way of affection should be no heart-sorrows : bring me wine ! when aught that was turbid hath again become clear, it is gone ! gone !

In the game of love there is need of patience : be firm, O my heart ! If there was suffering, it hath passed away ; if there was cruelty, it is gone ! gone !

O Preacher, declaim not on the faults of HĀFIZ ! he has escaped from the convent : who shall bind again the free-foot?—He is gone ! gone !

*Rosen. i. 250-1. Calcutta Ed. 30, 1.*

### XXIII.

ONE sip from his ruby lip we tasted not, and he is gone ; his love-beaming face we saw not fully, and he is gone !

Our friendly converse from pleasure is changed to sorrow ; he bound up his package, we could not turn him about, and he is gone !

Many a time have we repeated the “Supplication” and “the Benediction,” and breathed forth “the Chapter of Faithfulness,”<sup>20</sup>—and he is gone !

With fond caresses he would repeat : “Never will I depart from the utterance of your desires :” thou sawest thyself at last how we won his fond caresses, and he is gone !

He would say : “He who seeks the enjoyment of my presence must cut off himself from self ;” we, in the hope of this enjoyment, cut ourselves off from self, and he is gone !

He would walk proudly in the meadows of beauty and gracefulness, but in the rose-garden we plucked not the rose-bud of his company, and he is gone !

Every night, like HĀFIZ, we pass in weeping and lamentings, for alas ! alas ! we never were permitted to say to him : “ ADIEU ! ”

*Rosen. i. 254-5. Calcutta Ed. 15, 1.*

#### XXIV.

THE Fast is over, the Festival <sup>21</sup> is come, and hearts are lifted up, and the wine is sparkling in the wine-house, and wine we must drink !

The turn of the heavy dealer in abstinence is past, the season of joy is arrived, and of joyous revellers !

Why should reproach be heaped upon him who, like me, quaffeth wine ? This is neither sin nor fault in the jovial lover !

The drinker of wine, in whom is no false show and no dissimulation, is better than he who is a trader in semblances.

We are neither dissembling revellers, nor the comrades of hypocrites : He who is the knower of all secrets knoweth this.

We discharge all our divine obligations and do evil to no man ; and whatever we are told is not right, we say not that it is right.

What mattereth it, that thou and I should quaff a few goblets of wine ? Wine is the blood of the vine ; it is not thy blood !

This is not a fault which throweth all into confusion ; and were it a fault, where is the man to be found who is free from faults ?

HĀFIZ, leave thou “the How and the Wherefore,” and drink for a moment thy wine : His wisdom hath withholden from us what is the force of the words—“ HOW and WHEREFORE.”

*Rosen. i. 270-71. Calcutta Ed. wanting.*

## XXV.

My heart-robber departed, and gave to her adorer no notice, and called not to mind companion of the city, or partner for the journey.

Either my destiny misled me in the path of friendship, or it was she who travelled not by the broad royal-road.

Whilst I stood there, like the taper, and offered my life the ransom for hers, she came not to cheer me on my way, like the breeze of the morning.

I said : “ Perchance I may render her heart more lenient by my weeping ;” but no drop of rain left a mark upon that hard marble ;

And though in my grief I stripped off my feathers, and broke my wings, even this could not drive from my head this rough passion of love.

Every one, who looked upon thy face, kissed mine eyes, for what mine eyes did, it did not without insight.<sup>22</sup>

The tongue of HĀFIZ will never publish thy secret to one of the crowd, so long as, like the reed cut for his pen, he loseth not his head.<sup>23</sup>

*Rosen. i. 338-9. Calcutta Ed. 40, 1.*

## XXVI.

I LAID my face in her path, but she passed not near me ; mine had a hundred kind glances for her, but she gave not one look at me.

O Lord, watch over that young heart-stealer, who suspecteth not the arrow of the sighing anchorite.

The torrent of my tears hath not borne away malice from her heart ; not a drop of rain hath left a mark upon that hard marble !

Would that, like a taper, I might expire under her feet, but she would not blow over me like the morning breeze.<sup>24</sup>

O my soul, what heart of stone is so devoid of sense, that it would not make itself a shield against the wounds of thine arrow !

My groanings last night suffered not bird or fish to sleep ; but see ! that saucy one never once unclosed her eyes from slumber.

Thy sweet lay, O HĀFIZ, is so heart-captivating, that every one who heareth it, longeth that it may never be lost to his bosom.

*Rosen. i. 340-1. Calcutta Ed. 38, 1.*

## XXVII.

THESE preachers who in the pulpit and at the altar make so much display, when they retire to their privacy act far otherwise.

My heart is struck with amazement at those bold-faced preachers, who of what they say in the pulpit practise so little.

I have a difficulty, and would ask the wise men of the Assembly : “ Wherefore do those who enjoin penance perform no penance themselves ? ”

Surely these talkers, who are so arrogant and deceitful in the matters of their Judge, have no belief in a day of judgment !

O Lord, set this whole band of upstarts on the backs of asses, for all this pride they have caught from a Turkish slave.

Prostrate thyself in adoration, O Angel, at the door of the wine-house of Love, for there is tempered the particle of clay of which man hath been fashioned.

When boundless beauty hath destroyed a host of lovers, a fresh host riseth up to love from the invisible world.

I am the slave of the ancient keeper of the wine-house, whose poor beggars feel themselves, in their independence, rich enough to scatter dust on the head of riches.

Leap up, beggar of the monastery ! for in the temple of the Magi<sup>25</sup> they give a water which strengtheneth [or perfecteth] all hearts.

Empty the house of idols, that it may become a station of souls ! For these aspiring ones seek hearts and souls in another place.

In the morning hour there is a tumult round the Throne, and Wisdom exclaimeth : “ It is the Holy Choir which is chanting the verses of HĀFIZ.”

## XXVIII.

WHAT hath brought on this intoxication, I know not ! Who was the cup-bearer ? Whence came the wine ?

What kind of lay hath the master of melody struck-up, that he hath introduced into his song the voice of a friend ?

The breeze with its sweet message is like the Hoo-poo of Solomon, which brought news of delight from the rose-bowers of Sheba.<sup>26</sup>

Thou also bring wine to the harp, and take the path of the fields, for the bird of sweet notes is come back with its soft-voiced thrilling harmonies.

Welcome and good cheer to the arrival of the rose and the wild-rose ! The joy-scattering violet is come, and the jasmine hath brought its gladness !

O my heart, make no complaint, that, like the rosebud, thou art bound up in thine acts ; for with the morning-breeze are come soft airs to untie all knots !

The smile of the Cup-bearer hath brought healing to my sick heart ; lift up thy head—the physician hath arrived, and hath brought the remedy !

I am a disciple of the old Magian<sup>25</sup> : be not angry with me, O Sheikh ! for thou gavest me a promise only ; he hath brought me the reality.

Fate seemeth now disposed to serve HĀFIZ as a slave, since, fleeing for refuge, it hath brought me to the door of good fortune !

## XXIX.

SHE is not the beauty who hath only waist and hair to boast of: be the obedient slave of her commands only who is all perfection !

The blandishments of Hūri and Peri are pleasant; but one whom I could name is the lovely and delightful one.

O rose, approach smilingly the fountain of mine eye, which, in the hope of beholding thee, welleth forth in sweet waters.

The curving of thine eyebrows with an archer's skill taketh the arrow out of the hand of all who hold the bow.

My words must touch the heart, since thou deignest to receive them: indeed and indeed the words of love do leave their tokens !

In the way of love no one hath been fully initiated into the mystery; every one hath a judgment about it according to the measure of his intelligence.

Amongst the sitters in the tavern vaunt not thy miracles; every word hath its time, and every subtlety its place.

The sagacious bird will not pour out in the mead the full music of its song; it will remember that on the heels of the Spring followeth the Autumn.

Beareth any one from thee the ball of beauty here below, bethink thee that even the sun is a rider who sometimes letteth fall the bridle from his hands !<sup>27</sup>

Say to the rival : " Try not thy pithy speeches  
and thy ambiguous words on HĀFIZ, for my writing-  
reed also hath its tongue and its meaning ! "

*Rosen. i. 388-9. Calcutta Ed. 44, 1.*

## XXX.

MUSSELMANS, I once possessed a hearty friend, to  
whom I could speak about every difficulty ;

A heart which could sympathise with any calamity,  
and a friend who could counsel me in every perplexity ;

To me, when disturbed by any misfortune, a com-  
panion at once experienced and capable.

When my tearful eye plunged me into a whirl-  
pool of sorrow, my hope of the shore was under his  
management.

When I went wandering astray in the region of  
love, whose was the skirt like his to cling to ?

In my search to find him, my tears trickled like pearls,  
but to regain his presence my efforts were fruitless.

No skill existeth without the drawback of dis-  
appointment, but never was beggar so disappointed as I !

In this distracted bewilderment have pity upon me,  
who once was an intelligent and thorough man !

My words, so long as they were dictated by love,  
were admired for their subtlety in every assembly ;

But never speak again of the subtle sayings of  
HĀFIZ, for we have seen ourselves that he was a con-  
firmed fool.

*Rosen. i. 398-9. Calcutta Ed. 64, 1.*

## XXXI.

GLAD tidings, O my heart ! for the gentle breeze is come again, and Hoopoo, the messenger of good news, is returned from the bounds of Sheba.<sup>28</sup>

Prolong, bird of the morning, thy David-sweet melodies ; for the rose, glorious as Solomon, is come back on the wings of the zephyr.

The tulip hath found the perfume of the grape-juice in the breath of the morning : she sheweth the wounds on her heart [*i. e.* her streaks], but is hopeful of a remedy.

Where is the learned one who can interpret the language of the lily ; that he may enquire of her, whither she went, and wherefore she is come back again ?

My eyes were filled with tears as they followed the departed caravan, till to the ear of my heart came again the voice of the returning camel-bell.

Kindness and a gracious lot hath God granted me ; for it was the grace of God which restored to me that flinty-hearted idol.

Though HĀFIZ knocked at the door of injustice and broke his faith, behold His benignity, who came to my door with a message of peace !

*Rosen. i. 408-9. Calcutta Ed. 64, 1.*

## XXXII.

THE rose would not be sweet without the face of my beloved ; the spring would not be sweet without the juice of the grape.

The borders of the lawn and the breezes of the pleasure-ground would not be sweet without the tulip-cheek of my maiden.

The sugar-lip and the roseate image of my beloved would not be sweet without her kiss and her embraces.

The dancing of the cypress and the ecstacy of the rose would not be sweet without the notes of the thousand-voiced nightingale.

No picture which the hand of genius could design would be sweet as the portrait of my idol.

Sweet are the garden, the rose, and wine, but they would not be sweet without the company of my darling.

Thy life, O HĀFIZ ! is but a debased coinage ; it is not of value enough to throw amidst the crowd at a festive celebration.<sup>4</sup>

*Rosen. i. 410-11. Calcutta Ed. 51, 1.*

### XXXIII.

MAY thy beauty be perpetually on the increase ; may thy tulip-cheek every year preserve its bloom !

May the vision of thy love, which is fixed in my brain, be every day that I live stronger and stronger !

May the forms of all the charmers in the world bow themselves down for ever, as now, in the service of thine image !

May every cypress, which groweth in our meadows, be ungraceful for ever, as now, beside thy tall and slender stature !<sup>29</sup>

May the eye, which is not bewitched in looking at thee, instead of pearly tears shed an ocean of blood !

May its glance, that it may steal every heart, be endowed with every trick to work its enchantments !

Is there a soul anywhere which would sorrow thine, may it be deprived of patience, and constancy, and quietude !

May thy ruby-lip, dear as his life to HĀFIZ, be ever far from that of the base and the ignoble !

*Rosen. i. 424-5. Calcutta Ed. 49, 1.*

#### XXXIV.

HE who gave to thy cheek the bloom of the rose, and the whiteness of the wild rose, can also give to me, the unhappy one, patience and repose.

And He who taught thy ringlets the way to conquer is also able in His kindness to bestow upon me all that is my due.

I cut off all my hopes about Ferhād the day that he resigned the reins of his frenzied heart to the lips of Shirīn.<sup>10</sup>

If I possess not a treasure of gold, the treasure of contentment is still left me : He who gave that to kings, hath given this to beggars also.

The world is a fair bride as respecteth her beauty, but he who has betrothed her hath pledged his life for her dowry.

Henceforth I will seek my pleasure in the borders of the cypress and the margin of the rivulet, especi-

ally now that the morning-breeze bringeth to me the glad tidings of the return of February.

In the mournful hand of vicissitude, the heart of HĀFIZ is charged with anguish : in the severance from thy person, I throw myself, great sir, on thee—THE SUPPORT OF THE FAITH.<sup>30</sup>

*Rosen. i. 438-9. Calcutta Ed. 50, 1.*

### XXXV.

THE glad news is arrived that the days of grief are not for ever ; that stayed not, nor will this continue for ever.

What though I was as dust in the eyes of my beloved, my rival will not remain so honoured for ever.

The guardian of the veil will strike with his scimitar, and no one will remain a dweller in the sanctuary of the harem for ever.

Count as gain, O Taper, the affection of the Moth, for before the dawn this attachment will cease for ever.

An angel from the invisible world hath brought me a sweet message : “No one on earth will remain afflicted for ever.”

What room is there for rejoicing or complaint in the embroidered web of good and evil, since not a character on the page of existence will remain for ever ?

It is said that this was the song in the assemblies

of Jemshīd : “ Jemshīd himself will not remain for ever.”

O rich man, be ready to relieve the wants of the poor man, for thy treasure of gold and thy store of silver will not be thine for ever.

On the emerald vault of heaven is written in letters of gold : “ Nothing, save the good deed of the generous man, will remain for ever.”

The morning, with a kindly salutation, brought me a sweet message that no one will remain the captive of sorrow for ever.

O HĀFIZ, never renounce thy benevolence, for the image of violence and the form of injustice will not be seen for ever.

*Rosen. i. 458-9. Calcutta Ed. 61, 1.*

### XXXVI.

WINE and sweet pleasure, what are they ?—Things without a foundation ! We dashed into the ranks of the inebriated : let be what may be !

Untie the knots of thy heart, and think not too much of Destiny ; for the science of no geometer hath ever untied that knot.

Be not astonished at the mutations of Fortune, for its wheel hath counted thousands and thousands of such stories.

Take the cup in thy hand with reverence, for it hath been fashioned out of the skulls of Jemshīd, and Kobād, and Bāhman.

What information can be given whither are gone  
Kai and Kaus? Who is knowing enough to say  
whither the wind hath transported the throne of  
Jem.<sup>31</sup>

Now I see how, from eagerness for the lip of  
Shirīn, the tulip sprang up from the tears of blood  
shed by Ferhād.<sup>10</sup>

Come, O come, for I am desolate, for the moment,  
from the effects of wine; perhaps amidst these deso-  
late ruins we may discover a treasure.

Perchance the tulip knew the faithlessness of futur-  
ity; for ever since she was born and hath loved, she  
never putteth down the wine-cup from her hand.

The gentle breezes of the ground of Mosella and  
the waters of Roknabad have never allowed me to  
enjoy the delights of travelling.

From the sorrows of affection hath come to my soul  
what hath come: may the evil-eye of Destiny never  
inflict a wound on his soul!

Like HĀFIZ, never take the cup into thy hand save  
to the wailings of the lute; for the mirth of the glad  
heart is tied to it only by a silken thread.

*Rosen. i. 520. Calcutta Ed. 49, 1.*

### XXXVII.

THE good news is arrived, that Spring is returned  
in its verdure: if the gratuity is arrived, spend it in  
wine and roses!

The chant of the bird is heard once more, but

where is the wine-flask ? The nightingale is lamenting  
—“ Who will withdraw the veil from the rose ? ”

I will cast into the fire my rags stained like the  
rose with wine, for the old wine-seller<sup>25</sup> will not give  
for them the dregs of his goblet.

From the cheek of a cup-bearer beaming as the  
moon pluck a rose ; for round the face of the garden  
is blooming the dawn of the violet.

In the domain of love plant not a foot without one  
to direct thee ; for he is lost who travelleth this road  
without a guide.

What relish can he have for the fruits of Paradise,  
who hath never tasted the apple of a fair one’s cheek ?

The smiling glances of the Cup-bearer have so  
snatched my heart from my hand, that I have no  
power any longer to talk of or listen to any other.

The wonders on the road of love, O comrade, are  
many ; in this desert the lion trembleth before the fawn !

Complain not of suffering ; for, exploring this  
track, he will not come to his rest who hath not  
achieved it through trouble.

By heaven, my guide, assist me on this holy journey,  
for to this desert of love no bounds are visible !

HĀFIZ hath not gathered a rose in this garden of  
beauty ; perhaps the breeze of humanity hath not  
blown over this meadow.

The Spring hath passed by ; find out the just one :  
for the season is gone, and HĀFIZ hath not yet tasted  
the wine !

## XXXVIII.

THE breath of the eastern breeze is scattering its musky odours ; the old world hath once more renewed its youth !

The arghavān<sup>32</sup> is presenting its onyx-cup to the jessamine ; the eye of the narcissus is darting its glances towards the anemone.

The tyranny of the grief of separation from the nightingale is extending its clamour to the pavilion of the rose.

If I leave the mosque to repair to the wine-house, censure me not ; the preaching to the congregation was long, and time was running away.

O my heart, if the delights of the day thou castest away till the morrow, who will be thy surety for the ready-capital of life which still is left thee ?

This month of Shabān let not the cup be set down from thy hand, for this sun will go out of sight till the night of the Fast of Ramazān.<sup>33</sup>

The rose is precious ! count its society as a rich plunder ; for it came to the garden this way and departeth by that.

O minstrel, this is an assembly of familiar friends ; recite thy lay and sing thy song : how long wilt thou repeat : " So it hath been, and so it will ever be ? "

HĀFIZ for thy sake came into the realms of existence : prepare to bid him adieu, for he will soon be going !

## XXXIX.

IN no one find I amity: what hath happened to those who are so loving?—How hath friendship come to an end?—What is become of those who were so friendly?

The Fountain of Life is troubled: whither is Khizar gone who knew its blessedness?<sup>7</sup>—The rose hath lost its bloom: what is become of the vernal breezes?

No one sayeth that he hath a friend who hath the sincerity of friendship: what hath happened to those who believed in sincerity?—What hath become of their friends?

The ball of good augury and of fair fortune hath been thrown into the midst of the field; but no one appeareth upon the ground: what is become of the horsemen [*i.e.* the champions]?

Hundreds of thousands of roses have blossomed, but no note of a bird hath arisen: whither are gone the nightingales?—What is become of the thousand-voiced songsters?

Zohra [Venus] playeth not her sweet melodies: hath she, perchance, burnt her lute?—No one enjoyeth the delight of the grape-juice; what hath happened to the quaffers of wine?

This land was once called “the Friends of the City;”—“the Land of Friends:” how hath friendship come to an end?—What hath become of the Friends of the City?

No ruby hath been brought up from the mine of

humanity for many a year : the warmth of the sun, the force of the wind, and the rain, whither are they departed ?

No one knoweth the divine secrets ; therefore, be silent, O HĀFIZ : for of whom wilt thou ask what will be revealed by the revolutions of futurity ?

*Rosen i. 586-7. Calcutta Ed. wanting.*

#### XL.

AGAIN for a second time hath the wine deprived me of self-possession ; again seduced me by its caresses and destroyed my self-control.

A thousand praises on that ruddy wine which hath taken from my face its sallow complexion !

Blessings on the hand which gathered the grape ; may the foot never slip which crushed it together !

Love was written on my brow by the hand of Fate ; the fate which is written it is impossible to cancel.

Breathe not a word about wisdom ; for in the hour of death Aristotle must yield up his soul like the wretched Kurd.

Go, pious man, and reproach me not ! for what God hath created is not a trifling thing.

Spend not thy life in such wise in the world that when thou art dead, they shall say only—"Dead!"

Intoxicated with "Unity" from the cup of "the old original contract" will be every one who quaffeth the pure wine like HĀFIZ !<sup>34</sup>

*Rosen. i. 592. Calcutta Ed. 65, 1.*

## XLI.

How should a tender verse proceed from a sorrowing heart? A delicate utterance from the book of my sayings would be all in the same strain!

Could I find in thy ruby-lip a ring of manumission,<sup>35</sup>  
I would subject, like Solomon, a hundred kingdoms to  
my seal!

It is not well, O my heart, to be overcome with  
grief through the wounds of envy: it may be that  
when thou lookest at it again it may be for good.

For him who hath no capacity for comprehending  
my imaginative reed, his pictures I would not pur-  
chase though he were a painter from China!

Every one hath his gift—one a cup of wine—  
another heart's blood; such are the obligations of the  
cycle of Destiny!

In the market of rose and rose-water this is the  
condition, that this should be exposed in the public  
market, and that should remain sitting behind the  
veil.

It cannot be that the love of revelling should quit  
the heart of HĀFIZ, for the old custom of the former  
days will last to the after-ones.

*Rosen. i. 594-5. Calcutta Ed. 50, 1.*

## XLII.

THAT friend who made my dwelling the abode of a  
Peri; who from head to foot was, like a Peri, free  
from blemish;

That moon who was the gaze of my own intelligence—who was endowed with beauty, urbanity, winning manners, and clear-sightedness ;

Of whom my heart said : “ I will subdue that city to my desires ”—but knew not, unhappy one ! that its friend was bound on another journey ;<sup>36</sup>

That friend hath a malignant star torn from my grasp !—Ah, no !—what shall I do ? The moon in its circling hath wrought me this calamity !

Nor hath the veil fallen from the secret of my heart alone, since by the decree of Heaven the veil of her blandishments hath been torn in twain also.<sup>37</sup>

Sweet is the rose, and the margin of the streamlet, and its verdure ; alas ! that that fleeting treasure should be so fugitive !

Sweet were the moments I passed with my friend ; what time is still left me must be spent ignorantly and unprofitably !

The nightingale destroyed himself through jealousy, because the rose caressed the eastern breeze in the hours of the morning.

Excuse him, O my heart, for thou art poor, and she was a crowned head in the kingdom of beauty !

Every treasure of happiness which God hath given to HĀFIZ hath been the blessing of the nightly prayer and the morning supplication.

*Rosen. i. 596-7. Calcutta Ed. wanting.*

## XLIII.

IN the midst of the prayers the remembrance of thine arched eyebrows came into my mind ; and it went so far, that the very shrine broke out in exclamations.

Expect no longer from me patience of heart or reason ; for that composure thou sawest in me came but on the wind.

The wine is bright, the birds of the mead are intoxicated ; it is the season of love, and all is on a good foundation.

The rose hath brought its gladness, and the soft breeze its joyousness, and everything breatheth an odour of wholesomeness.

O bride of virtue, make no complaint of Fortune ; prepare the bridal chamber of beauty, for the bridegroom is coming.

The heart-alluring plants are arrayed in all their jewels, but our charmer cometh in the beauty of her Lord.

Every tree that beareth fruit is bending beneath its load : ah, happy cypress, which art free from the burthen of sorrow !

Minstrel, sing a sweet strain from the lays of HĀFIZ, that I may say : “ It recalleth to my remembrance the days of gladness.”

## XLIV.

IF from thy garden I plucked a mouthful of fruit,  
what mattereth it? If in the splendour of thy lamp  
I abased my looks to my feet, what mattereth it?

O my Lord, if I—a sun-scorched man—reclined a moment under the shade of that tall cypress, what mattereth it?

O signet of Jemshid,<sup>38</sup> of auspicious memories, if a reflection from thee should fall upon my ruby-ring, what mattereth it?

Wisdom hath gone out of the door of its dwelling, and if this wine be the cause, I foresaw what would happen in the house of faith: what mattereth it?

The pious man of the city seeketh the favour of the King and the Governor; if I prefer the favour of a fair picture, what mattereth it?

My precious life hath alternated between wine and my beloved; and if aught hath befallen me, from this or from that, what mattereth it?

The master knew that I was a lover; and if HĀFIZ knoweth that I am in like case, what mattereth it?

*Rozen. i. 612-13. Calcutta Ed. 63, 2.*

## XLV.

IF my heart attract me to the musky wine, be it so! From over-sanctity and hypocrisy cometh no good odour.

Were every one in the world to forbid to love, I would still do what the Lord commandeth.

Let not avarice withdraw thee from the overflowings of generosity, for generous people perceive the faults, but forgive the lover.

My heart remaineth steady within the circle of supplication, and hopeth thereby to win a ringlet from the tresses of its beloved one?

To thee, on whom Heaven hath bestowed beauty and the bridal-chamber of Fortune, what need is there of the tire-woman to array thee?

The mead is sweet, and the air heart-ravishing, and the wine genuine; what now is there wanting save a satisfied heart?

The world is a bride which is very beautiful; but bethink thee that this veiled maiden is not completely bound to any one.

The field is never entirely emptied of cypress and tulip; one departeth, but another still cometh in its place.

No need to ask the heart about our beggarly condition, for that mirror showeth in its face every thing that is.

I said to her sportively: "Ah! face mild as the moon, where were the harm wert thou to give to me—a broken-hearted man—one bit of sugar for my rest?"

Laughing, she replied: "Heaven forbid, HĀFIZ, that a kiss of thine should sully my moon-mild face!"

## XLVI.

WHOSOEVER departeth from thy village in weariness, his affairs will never succeed, and he himself will go away at last in shame.

The traveller who is seeking the way to his friend will need the light of direction ; for if he take the wrong path he will never arrive at the goal.

Take a pledge for the residue of life from wine and the beloved one : woe for the time of which one moment is wasted in idleness !

O guide of my lost heart, let me appeal to God for assistance ; for the stranger to the road needeth direction from a guide !

In the seal of Destiny lieth the power of intoxication and sobriety ; no one knoweth what at the last will be his condition !

The caravan which travelleth under the shield of God's protection will sit down to rest well provided, and set forth again on its march in grandeur.

HĀFIZ, take into thy hand a cup from the fountain of wisdom : take heed, and rub out from the tablet of thy heart every image of folly.

*Rosen. i. 638-9. Calcutta Ed. 54, 2.*

## XLVII.

THE east-wind at the morning-dawn brought a perfume from the locks of my beloved, which at once threw anew into commotion my foolish heart.

I thought, that I had rooted up that fir-sapling from the garden of my heart, for every germ which sprouted from its grief bore only the fruit of sorrow.

From dread of the assaults of her love, I set my heart free with bloody struggles ; my heart shed on my pathway drops of blood, which tracked my footsteps.

I beheld from the terrace of her castle, how the radiant splendour of the moon hid itself in shame behind the wall in the face of that glorious sun.

At the voice of the minstrel and the cup-bearer I go to the door in season and out of season ; for the message-carrier escapeth with difficulty from a heavy road.

The gift of my beloved I accept altogether in the way of courtesy and kindness, whether she command a Mohammedan rosary, or a Christian or Jewish girdle.<sup>39</sup>

Heaven ward off evil from such eyebrows ! For though they have reduced me to weakness, with a kind salutation they have brought comfort also to the sick man's head.

Joy to the season and the hour when I escaped from the bondage of her knotted tresses, and achieved a victory which even my enemy confessed !

From envy of the black locks of my beloved, the eastern breeze scattered every grain of musk which she had brought from Tatary.<sup>40</sup>

I was astonished, when yesternight I found beside HĀFIZ cup and flagon ; but I raised no argument, for he brought them in Sufī fashion.<sup>41</sup>

## XLVIII.

NEVER shall thy image be washed-out from the tablet of my heart and soul : never ! Never shall the form of that gracefully-waving Cypress be blotted-out from my remembrance : never !

Never shall the vision of thy cheek be effaced from my distracted brain by the severity of the skies, nor by the cruelty of Destiny : never !

From eternity without beginning my heart made a compact with thy ringlets ; to eternity without end it shall not be dissolved, nor my promise be broken : never !

All that is in my miserable heart will pass away from my heart, except the burthen of sorrow which thou hast laid upon me ; but that will never pass away from my heart : no, never !

So great is the love of thee which hath possessed itself of my heart and soul, that, though I should lose my head, my heart will never lose its love : never !

If my heart should wander in the pursuit of beauty, it is excusable : what can it do ? It is in pain, and can never cease from seeking the remedy : never !

Whoever desireth not to become distracted like HĀFIZ, let him never give up his heart to a fair one, nor follow her footsteps : never !

## XLIX.

WERE God to punish every one for his sins, the earth would be filled with sighs, and time with groanings.

In the presence of the Lord alike are mountains and grass ; one while He pardoneth the mountain, and one while He calleth the grass to judgment.

Great are thy sins as the surface of the earth ; knowest thou not that it is sin which darkeneth the moon in heaven ?

Thou seemest to be clothed in white garments, O heart ! but thy sins will appear to-morrow, when the accuser shall ask for justice before the judgment-seat.

The night through, in shame for my sins, I will weep so abundantly, that the spot of my supplication shall that night be clothed with grass.

The night of my farewell, rivers of tears shall well forth from mine eyes, till my friends shall exclaim : “They will stay his departure.”

When the King, O HĀFIZ, hath decreed that the man shall die, who will have the boldness or strength to go before the King, and rebuke him ?

*Rosen. i. 704-5. Calcutta Ed. 53, 2.*

## L.

EVERY breath I complain of the hand of separation ! Ah, that the wind would carry to thee the groans of my wailings !

How should I not utter sighs, and groans, and lamentations, when through absence from thee I am in such condition as I would wish every one to be who is thine enemy?

Night and day my grief is choking; and how should it not be so? So far from thine eye, how should I be joyous?

Since thou hast been so far from my sight, a heart-consumed man, how many fountains of blood hath not my heart opened through mine eyes!

From every eyelash trickle forth more than a hundred drops, when my heart uplifteth its wailings under the tyranny of separation.

The heart of HĀFIZ is drowned in memories of the day and night; but thou—thou hast thoroughly set thyself free from thy heart-desponding slave.

*Rosen. i. 708-9. Calcutta Ed. 46, 2.*

## LI.

HAD I once more the power of enjoying thy society, what more could I desire from the star of my nativity?

If the clamour of adorers be around thy threshold, what wonder is it? For round the sugar-refinery must needs be found the fly!

What necessity for a sword to slay the lover, when a glance can deprive him of half his life?

If in both worlds I could breathe a moment with my beloved, that moment would be the gain of both worlds.

Fortune hath so shortened the arm of my passion,  
how shall I be able to reach the height of thy lofty  
cypress?

How shall the drowning wretch find a way of  
deliverance, when the torrent of love overwhelmeth  
him impetuously before and behind?

If a thousand times I meet my friend, the next  
time that she seeth me she will exclaim : "Who is  
that man?"

*Rosen. i. 710. Calcutta Ed. 65.*

## LII.

THE affection thou hast experienced will give thee  
happiness, for this is the way in which Jupiter  
administereth his affairs.

The object of Time in thus testing thee is to impress  
on thy heart the sign of abstinence and purity.

And this is the reason why the Holy Volume is  
exalted above all else, because time had tested it in  
every letter.

The brave in wisdom is the man who in every con-  
dition first considereth the course he should pursue.

The taste of his soul will be free from the bitterness  
of grief, who taketh into his mouth the sugar of  
gratitude.

Whoever will eat of the fruits of life will ponder  
within himself the path which he shall choose.

When he seeth not the occasion for the battle, he  
will take the cup into his hand ; and when he seeth

the time for action, he will grasp the life-destroying sword.

In the time of hardship turn not away thy face from the hidden mercy, for the good marrow hath its place in the hard bone.

The sugar findeth in long abstinence the perfection of sweetness, and therefore is its first dwelling in a narrow cell.

In the same place in which the torrent of accidents leaveth no hope of escape to the shore, what anxiety hath the firm mountain, however proudly swell the ocean-billows ?

However arrogantly thine enemy may bear himself just now, rejoice that his very arrogance will seize his bridle !

Although he hath spoken untruthful words against this favoured princely house, retribution will be his in wife, and child, and kindred !

The years of thy life be permanent, for thy fortunes are a gift bestowed on the souls of men and spirits !

HĀFIZ, thou art a monarch in the realms of words ; every moment thou winnest victories, like Zu'l-Fikar,<sup>42</sup> in the field of eloquence !

*Rosen. i. 728-9. Calcutta Ed. wanting.*

#### LIII.

GRIEVE not : the lost Joseph will yet come back to Canaan : the cell of misery will become one day a garden of roses.

Grieve not, sorrow-stricken heart : thy condition will change to good ; ponder not the evil : this distracted head will recover its reason.

Grieve not : if the spring-tide of life should again be enthroned in the garden, thou wilt soon, O chantress of the night, see spread over thy head a bower of roses.

Grieve not : be not hopeless because thou understandest not the strange mystery ; behind the veil is hidden many an illusion.

Grieve not : for two or three days the circling sphere may not revolve according to our wishes ; the round of time moveth not perpetually in one orbit.

Grieve not, when, through love of the Caaba,<sup>43</sup> thou plantest thy foot in the desert, and when thou art lacerated by the pricks of the wild thorn.

Grieve not, my soul, if the torrent of mortality upheave the very foundations of existence, since in the midst of the deluge thou hast Noah for thy pilot.

Grieve not : though the journey of life be rugged, and the end of it is not to be seen, there is no road which does not lead to the goal.

Grieve not : in the separation of our beloved ones, and in the pressure of rivals, all is known to God, who ordereth our condition.

Grieve not, O HĀFIZ, in the corner of poverty, and in the solitude of dark nights, whilst to solace thy pain there remaineth to thee prayer and the reading of the Korān.

## LIV.

A THOUSAND thanks, that I have once more beholden thee according to my desire ; that with thy true and bright countenance thou art again become the partner of my soul !

Travellers must sometimes encounter paths of toil-someness ; the companions of the road must not think about ascents and descents.

The sorrow of a concealed passion is better than the seeking and searching of a rival ; for the breasts of the malevolent are not to be entrusted with such secrets.

Be thankful that the Assembly is lighted up by the presence of the beloved ; if thou art misused, imitate the taper : be consumed, but burn on !

With a half-kiss buy thyself a blessing from one who hath a heart ; for this will preserve thee, body and soul, from the machinations of thine enemy.

The sadness which hath overspread my face from the sorrow thou hast caused me would take me, O Asaf,<sup>44</sup> a long year to explain.

The chant of love hath made known in Irāk and Hejāz<sup>45</sup> the melodious voice of the ghazels of HĀFIZ of Shirāz.

## LV.

WHO told thee, my soul, not to inquire about my condition ; to make thyself a stranger, and to ask no news about thy Friend ?

Because Thou art universally kind and merciful to every one of Thy creatures, cancel my past sin, and ask not why I committed it.

Dost thou desire, that the fire of love should burn brilliantly, hear its tale from the taper, ask it not from the east-wind.

No knowledge hath that man of the world of devotees who says to thee : “ Ask not devotees about it.”

The Dervish-clad recluse ask not for ready-money ; ask not the poor bankrupt, if he can tell thee how to make gold.

We have never read the history of Iskandar and Dara [Alexander and Darius] ; ask of us no tale, but that of love and of faithfulness.

In the book of the most skilful physician is to be found no chapter on love : O my heart, accustom thyself to suffering, and inquire not about the remedy.

O HĀFIZ ! the season of the rose is come ; talk not about science : understand the value of opportunity, and ask nothing about the HOW and the WHEREFORE.

*Rosen. ii. 78. Calcutta Ed. 75, 1.*

## LVI.

O MY HEART, ask good Fortune to be the companion of thy journey, and it is enough ! A gentle breeze from the garden of Shirāz for thy running-footman is enough !

O Dervish, travel not again away from the resting-place of souls ; for a spiritual walk and a corner in thy monastery is enough !

The air of the familiar dwelling, and thine obligations towards thine old friend will excuse thee with the experienced way-farer, and enough !

Seat thyself on the bench in the place of honour, and quaff a goblet of wine ; for this portion of worldly wealth and dignity is enough !

And if a sorrow be lurking in a corner of thy heart, the sanctuary of the old Magian's court<sup>25</sup> shall be thy refuge, and enough !

Seek not for more than sufficeth thee, and take thy burthen easily ; for a glass of ruby-wine and an idol radiant as the moon are enough !

Heaven giveth to the fool into his own hands the reins of passion ; thou, who countest thyself amongst the wise ones and virtuous, art also faulty, and enough !

For no other task is there a necessity for thee, O HĀFIZ, save the midnight-prayer and the morning-devotions ; and it is enough !

Accustom not thyself to depend on the bounty of others ; for in both worlds the grace of God and the favours of thy King are enough !

## LVII.

HAIL, Shirāz ! incomparable site ! O Lord preserve it from every disaster !

God forbid a hundred times that our Roknabād be dimmed, to which the life of Khizar hath given its brightness !<sup>46</sup>

For between Jafferabād and Mosella<sup>47</sup> cometh his north-wind perfumed with amber.

O come to Shirāz, and the overflow of the Holy Spirit implore for it from the man who is the possessor of all perfection !

Let no one boast here the sugar-candy of Egypt, for our sweet ones have no reason for the blush of shame.

O morning-breeze, what news bringest thou of that tipsy lovely-one ? What information canst thou give me of her condition ?

Awaken me not from my dream, O God, that I may sweeten my solitude with that fair vision !

Yea, if that sweet one should desire me to pour out my blood, yield it up, my heart, as freely as mother's milk !

Wherefore, O HĀFIZ, if thou wouldest be terrified by the thought of separation, wast thou not grateful for the days of her presence ?

## LVIII.

LAST night spake to me a quick-witted and experienced man, and said : “The wine-seller’s secret must no longer be concealed from thee.”

Then he continued : “Take matters easily upon thyself, for, from its very nature, the world layeth hard burthens on him who is willing to do hard work.”

Then he gave into my hand a cup which flashed back the splendour of heaven so gloriously, that Zahra [Venus] broke out into dancing, and the lute-player exclaimed : “Drink !”

“Give ear to my counsel, O my son, and grieve not thyself about the things of the world ; I will give thee advice precious as pearls, if thou art able to lend an ear to it.

“Take, like this cup, with a smiling lip, even though with a bleeding heart, whatever betide thee ; nor, even if it be left wounded, lament like a wailing lute.

“Till thou hast made acquaintance behind the veil, thou wilt hear no mystery ; the ear of the uninitiated is no place for an angel’s message.

“In the sanctuary of Love draw not a breath of question and answer ; for there every member must be all eye and ear.

“On the carpet of the acute and discerning there is no room for self-laudation ; either speak words of wisdom, man of intelligence, or be silent !”

Cup-bearer, give me wine ; for the follies of the

inebriated HĀFIZ have been known by the Asaf of the mighty hero—the lord of felicity, the pardoner of sins, and overlooker of errors.<sup>48</sup>

*Rosen. ii. 110-11. Calcutta Ed. 78, 2.*

### LIX.

O LORD, that smiling rose, which thou gavest me in charge, I return to Thy charge to preserve her from the envious eye of her meadow.

Although she be removed a hundred stages from the village of faithfulness, far be the mischiefs of the revolutions of the moon from her soul and body!

Whithersoever she goeth the heart of her friend shall be the companion of her journey; the kindness of the benevolent the shield of her soul and body!

If, morning-wind, thou passest by the bounds of Sulima's station, I shall look that thou carry a salutation from me to Sulima.

Scatter thy musky fragrance gently upon those black tresses; they are the abode of dear hearts, do not disturb them!

Say to her: “ My heart preserveth its vow of fidelity to the mole and down of thy cheek; ” therefore hold sacred those amber-plaited ringlets.

In the place where they drink to the memory of her lip, base would be the intoxicated one who should remain conscious of himself!

Merchandise and money expect not to gain at the

door of the wine-house. Whoever partaketh of this beverage will cast his pack into the sea.

Whoever is in dread of the restlessness of anxiety, not genuine is his love: either be her foot upon my head, or be my lip upon her mouth !

The poetry of HĀFIZ is the primary couplet of wisdom : praise be on her soul-attracting and grace-inspiring breath !

*Rosen. ii. 128-9. Calcutta Ed. 80, 2.*

## LX.

IN the dawn of the morning, when from the secret chambers of the palace of wonders the torch of the east casteth its beams on every side ;

When the sky draweth forth its mirror from the bosom of the horizon, and displayeth the countenance of the universe with its thousand varieties ;

When from the recesses of the mansion of delights, wherein dwelleth the Jemshīd of heaven [the sun], Zahra [Venus] tuneth her organ in sympathy with the dance of the spheres ;—

Then is the lute excited to ecstasy, and seemeth to exclaim : “ Who is he who denieth ? ” and the cup laughingly to reply : “ Who is bold enough to refuse ? ”

Contemplate the operations of the revolving sphere, and seize the goblet of enjoyment ; for in every circumstance this is the best resource !

The waving ringlets of the tresses of the world are a

delusion and a snare ; the wisest beyond dispute will not seek the end of that thread.

Pray for the life of the King, if thou seek the profit of the world ; for a being generous, magnificent, beneficent—

An object of eternal grace, bright as the eye of hope, a union of all knowledge and activity, the soul of the world, is Shah Shejāa !

O HĀFIZ, like a slave in waiting, be thou a dweller at his door ; for he is a sovereign obedient himself, and a king who deserveth to be obeyed.

*Rosen. ii. 152-3. Calcutta Ed. wanting.*

## LXI.

IN the morning I went to the garden, attracted by the perfume of the roses, that, like the disheartened nightingale, I might still the disturbance of my brain.

I gazed on the face of a red, red rose, which like a lamp illumined the darkness of the night.

So arrogant was she in admiration of her own youth and beauty, that she had chased from the heart of the poor nightingale all repose.

The eye of the lovely narcissus was filled with water from sympathy ; the tulip, in her sadness, showed a hundred wounds in her heart and soul ;

The lily extended her tongue like a sword in reproof ; the anemone opened her mouth like a tell-tale :

Now with flask in hand, like worshippers of wine ;

now like cup-bearers ministering to the revellers with glass in hand.

Cheerfulness, and pleasure, and youth, like the rose,  
count thou as spoil ; for, HĀFIZ, the messenger hath  
nothing to do but deliver his message.<sup>49</sup>

*Rosen. ii. 158-9. Calcutta Ed. 82, 2.*

## LXII.

LET no one be sorely tried, like me, the stricken one,  
by separation ; for all my life hath been passed in the  
pangs of separation.

A stranger—a lover—desponding, poor, and bewildered, I drag on my days in sorrow and the wounds of separation.

If he fall into my hands I will slay Separation ; I will pay back with tears the blood-price of Separation.

Whither shall I go?—what shall I do?—to whom tell the condition of my heart ? Who will do me justice?—who will repay me what I deserve for the pain of separation ?

I will sorely try Separation by separation from thee ; I will make the blood trickle from the eyes of Separation.

Whence am I?—whence cometh separation?—and wherefore is sorrow? Perhaps my mother bore me, in order to suffer separation !

For this reason, with the wounds of love, night and day, like the heart-broken HĀFIZ, I answer the morning nightingale with the wailings of separation.

*Rosen. ii. 172-3. Calcutta Ed. 83, 2.*

## LXIII.

HEART-WOUNDED as I am, I have the claims of salt upon thy lip : ah, guard thou its faith, for I am departing : God preserve thee !

Thou art that pure Pearl the celebration of whose excellence might in the Holy World be the befitting hymn of angels.

If thou hast a doubt of the sincerity of my affection, submit it to the proof: nothing can test the genuineness of fine gold like the touchstone !

Thou hadst said to me : “I am intoxicated ; I will give thee two kisses.” Thou hast made promises without end, but thou givest me neither two nor one.

Open thy smiling pistachio [*i.e.* mouth], and scatter sugar around ; leave not the people in doubt of thy mouth itself [*i.e.* of its beauty].

The spheres I will shatter to pieces if they revolve not according to my desires : I am not the man to let myself be crushed under the wheels of Fate !

If thou permittest not herself at times to have access to HĀFIZ, be pleased, O my rival, to remove thyself one or two paces from her person !

*Rosen. ii. 174-5. Calcutta Ed. 84, 1.*

## LXIV.

By the witchery of thine eye, thou puppet of happy qualities ; by the mystery of thy down, thou miracle of blessed omens ;

By the draught of thy ruby-lip, by thy tints and fragrance, O spring of beauty and loveliness ;

By the dust of thy path, which is the pavilion of Hope ; by the ground of thy foot, which is the envy of limpid water ;

By thy steps, like the coquettish gait of the mountain partridge ; by thy glances, like the gentle eyes of the gazelle ;

By the delicacy of thy nature, and by thy breath—the perfume of the morning ; by the fragrance of thy locks, and thy respirations, grateful as the northern breeze ;

By that onyx-eye, which is to me the signet-seal of mine own ; by those gems [thy teeth], which are the pearls of the casket of eloquence ;

By that leaf of thy cheek, which is a rosebud of intelligence ; by that garden of looks,<sup>50</sup> which is the dwelling-place of my fancies ;—

HĀFIZ sweareth that, if thou wilt turn thy regards to him, for thy contentment he will sacrifice not only wealth and all that he hath, but life itself.

*Rosen. ii. 200-1. Calcutta Ed. 86, 1.*

## LXV.

THROUGH thy black eyelashes thou hast made a thousand breaches in my Faith ; come, that from thy languishing eye I may pluck a thousand sorrows.

O companion of my heart, from whom hath departed all memory of thy friends, may there never be

a day in which I shall sit a moment without remembrance of thee !

The world is old and hath lost its foundation ; it uttereth a cry of distress for the slaying of Ferhād ; its sorceries and deceptions have disturbed the soul of Shirīn.<sup>10</sup>

The world which perisheth, and the world which endureth, I will offer as a ransom for my beloved one and the cup-bearer ; for I see in the sovereignty of the world only the child of love.

If my friend choose a stranger in my place, let him be the judge ; but let it never be lawful to me to choose life in preference to a friend !

From the hotness of the fire of separation, I have been bathed like a rose in dew ; bring me, O night-wind, a breeze to cool my burning.

The recital of the yearnings which this letter attesteth is surely without error, for HĀFIZ himself hath given me the information it containeth.

*Rosen. ii. 224-5. Calcutta Ed. 86, 2.*

## LXVI.

WHEREFORE should I not be steadfast in following the track to my own country ? Why should I not desire to prostrate myself on the earth in the village of my friend ?<sup>51</sup>

No longer able to endure the sorrow of estrangement and trouble, I will return to my own city ; and become my own monarch.

I will be one of those who are admitted behind the veil of the Presence ; I will become one of the slaves of my own lord [*i.e.* his mistress].

Since the events of life are hidden from our view, would that in the day of Fate I might be found in the presence of the beloved !

Continually hath my employment been love and revelry ; henceforward I will work and apply myself to my own proper business.

Hitherto I have been led by the hand of Fortune to be a sleeper and a sluggard ; profuse of words, I will henceforth be the keeper of my own secret.

Perchance, O HĀFIZ, the Mercy Eternal without beginning will be the guide of thy ways ; if not, to Eternity without end will be thy shame.

*Rosen. ii. 250-1. Calcutta Ed. wanting.*

## LXVII.

WE are not come to this portal in pursuit of wealth or grandeur ; we are come to a refuge from evil accidents.

Pilgrims in the stages on the journey of Love, we are come a long way from the brink of annihilation to reach the climes of existence.

We beheld the fresh down of thy cheek, and we come from the garden of Paradise in search of the green pastures of affection.

With such treasure as is his—the Faithful Spirit who is its treasure<sup>52</sup>—we come as come beggars to the door of the King's palace.

O vessel of the divine grace, where is thine anchor of clemency ; for in this ocean of mercy we are overwhelmed with our sins ?

Our glory is departing ! O cloud, wash out our offences to the root ; for black are the letters in which our names are inscribed in the book of actions !

HĀFIZ, fling off thy woolly garment of rags [*i.e.* hypocrisy], for we follow the track of the caravan with the fire of our exclamations !<sup>53</sup>

*Rosen.* ii. 380-1. *Calcutta Ed.* 100, 2.

## LXVIII.

WE will not speak evil nor incline towards injustice ; we will blacken no man's face, nor dye blue our own garment.<sup>54</sup>

We will not dwell more or less on the faults of rich or poor ; it is better that we commit no bad deed at all.

We will pursue our journey through the world quietly in the sight of other wayfarers, nor bestow a thought on black steed or high saddle ;

We will not trace a line of impropriety on the records of knowledge ; we will not append to the mysteries of the Truth the pages of jugglers !

If the abstemious man forbiddeth us wine, we will not pay him respect with wine pure and refined ;

And if the King giveth us to drink without consideration the leavings of the revellers, on no

account will we offer it to him in its genuineness and brightness.

Heaven favoureth in shipwreck the bark of the virtuous ; but better not pillow ourselves on that pendulous ocean !

And if the envious speak ill of thee, and the friend was angry, say to him : “ Be calm ! we lend no ear to fools ! ”

HĀFIZ, if an enemy hath spoken of thy faults, go thy way ! If it be true what he said, let us not quarrel with the words of truth !

*Rosen. ii. 382-3. Calcutta Ed. 100, 2.*

## LXIX.

I HAVE made a compact with the mistress of my soul, that so long as I have a soul within my body I will hold as mine own soul the well-wishers of her village.

In the privacy of my breast I see light from that taper of Chighil ; splendour to mine eye and brightness to my heart from that moon of Khoten.<sup>55</sup>

Since, in accordance with my wishes and yearnings, I have gained the privacy of my breast, why need I care for the slander of evil-speakers in the midst of the crowd ?

If a hundred armies of lovely ones should be lying in ambush to assault my heart, I have, by the mercy and to the praise of Heaven, an idol which will shatter armies to pieces.

Would to Heaven, my rival, that this night thou wouldest close thine eye for awhile, that I might whisper a hundred words to her silent ruby-lips !

No inclination have I for tulip, or white rose, or the leaf of the narcissus, so long as by Heaven's grace I walk proudly in the rose-garden of her favour.

Oh, mine ancient wise one, lay not thy prohibition on the wine-house ; for, abandoning the wine-cup, I should break a pledge to mine own heart.

My beverage is easy of digestion, and my mistress is beautiful as a picture ; no one hath a mistress—such a mistress—as I have !

I have a Cypress in my dwelling, under the shade of whose tall stature I can dispense with the cypress of the grove, and the box-tree of the meadow.

I can boast that the seal of her ruby-lip is potent as was that of Solomon : in possession of the Great Name, why should I dread the Evil One !

After long abstinence, HĀFIZ is become a notorious reveller ; but why grieve, so long as there is in the world an Emin-ad Din Hassan !<sup>56</sup>

*Rosen. ii. 384-7. Calcutta Ed. 101, 1.*

## LXX.

WHO am I, that I should pass over that fragrant heart ; that thou shouldest bestow on me such favours ;—on me, on whose brow the dust of thy door-way would be a diadem ?

Tell me, thou robber of hearts, who hath taught

thee this courtesy? For I will never reveal thy opinion to those who watch thee.

O sacred bird, be my guide in the way of my desires, for the journey I propose is a long one, and I am new to travelling !

O morning-breeze, bear with thee my service, and say : “Forget me not at the time of the morning-prayer !”<sup>26</sup>

Joyful the day when I shall bind up my pack for that journey!—when my companions shall inquire of me : “How far are we from thy village ?”

Show me the way to thy private retreat, that I may drink wine with thee, and rid myself of worldly sorrow.

Exalted and world-entrancing is the dignity of Poetry ! Bid, therefore, the ruler of the sea omit not to fill thy mouth with pearls.

O HĀFIZ, it may well be, that in thy search after the jewel of fruition thine eye may become an ocean of tears, and thyself be overwhelmed in its depths !

*Rosen. ii. 388-9. Calcutta Ed. 101, 2.*

## LXXI.

THOU lookest at me, and every moment thou augmentest my pain : I look upon thee, and every moment my affection for thee becometh greater !

Thou inquirest not about my condition ; I know not what are thy secret thoughts ; thou preparest me no medicine ; thou knowest not, perchance, even that I am ill !

This is not the way—that thou shouldest cast me to the ground, and pass me by! Ah, come back, and inquire once more, how it is with me; for I would become to thee the dust of thy path!

I will not keep my hand off thy skirt, even when I turn to clay; for when thou passest my grave, my hand shall seize hold of thy garment.

The sorrows of thy love have deprived me of breath: restore it me again! How long wilt thou take away my breath, and not say to me: “Take it back!”

One night in the darkness I demanded back my heart from thy ringlets! I beheld thy cheek, and quaffed the cup of thy ruby-lip!

I drew thee quickly to my bosom, and thy ringlets burst into flame; I pressed lip to lip, and gave for thy ransom my heart and soul.

When without me thou wanderest for thy pleasure through the green fields, a red tear starteth and courseth down my pale cheek.

Be kind to HĀFIZ! Go, say to my enemy: “Resign thy life!” If I but find warmth in thee, what sorrow can I feel from the cold breath of my enemy?

*Rosen. 390-1. Calcutta Ed. 101, 1.*

## LXXII.

ALTHOUGH I am old, and feeble, and broken-hearted, whenever I call to remembrance thy face, I become once more young.

Thanks be to God, that, whatever I have sought of God, when undertaken with a will, it hath had a successful issue !

On the royal road of eternal Destiny I have ascended the throne of Fortune, and, as was the desire of my friends, with a goblet of wine in my hand.

O young rosebud, pluck, whilst thou canst, the fruit of happiness ; for I, beneath thy shade, became the nightingale of the garden of the universe !

Once no voice or letter had given note of me to the world, it was in thy school of sorrow that I learned these subtle graces.

From the moment that the seduction of thine eye fell upon me, I was freed for all after-time from every other seduction.

That day the door of reality was opened to my heart, on which I became one of those who sought the court of the old Magian.<sup>25</sup>

My fate was decreed to me to be a frequenter of the tavern ; into such road I struck, and such did I become !

It is not years and months that have made me old ; it was my faithless friend ! That it was, which, like passing life, made me an old man.

Last night the Divine Mercy sent me a sweet message : "Return, HĀFIZ ; I will be thy surety that thy sin shall be forgiven thee."

## LXXIII.

SPRING is come again, and the joy-exciting and vow-breaking rose : in the delight of gazing on the cheek of the rose tear up the root of sorrow from thy heart !

The soft east-wind is arrived ; the rosebud in its passion hath burst forth and torn its own garment.

Learn, O my heart, the way of sincerity from the clear water ; in uprightness seek freedom from the cypress of the meadow.

The bride of the rosebud with her jewels and sweet smile hath stolen away with her black eye my heart and my religion.

The warbling of the enamoured nightingale and the piping of the bird of the thousand notes come to enjoy the meeting with the rose from her house of mourning [*i.e.* her pod].

See how the gentle breeze hath entwined with his hand the ringlets of the rose ! Look how the plaited locks of the hyacinth bend over the face of the jessamine !<sup>57</sup>

The story of the revolving sphere seek to learn from the cup, O HĀFIZ ! as the voice of the minstrel and the judgment of the wise advise thee !

*Rosen. ii. 422-3 Calcutta Ed. 107, 2.*

## LXXIV.

THE bird of my heart is a sacred bird, whose nest is the Throne of God : sick of its cage of the body, it is satiated with the things of the world.

If once the bird of the spirit wingeth its flight  
from this pit of mire, it findeth its resting-place once  
more only at the door of that palace;

And when the bird of my heart flieth upward, its  
place is the Sidrah-tree:<sup>58</sup> for know that our falcon  
reposeth only on the pinnacle of the Throne.

The shadow of good fortune falleth upon the world,  
whenever our bird spreadeth its pinions and feathers  
over the earth.

In both worlds its station is only in the loftiest  
sphere: its body is from the quarry, but its soul is  
confined to no dwelling.

Only the highest heaven is the secret bower of our  
bird; its drinking-place is in the rose-arbours of the  
Garden of Paradise.

O HĀFIZ, thou perplexed one, when thou breathest  
a word about Unity, inscribe Unity with thy reed on  
the page of man and spirit!

*Rosen. ii. 458-9. Calcutta Ed. 104, 2.*

### LXXV.

THE violet is angered in envy at her musky, waving  
ringlets; at thy heart-expanding smile the rose-bud  
teareth its leaves to pieces.

O my perfume-breathing Rose, destroy not thine  
own Nightingale, who with sincere affection prayeth  
for thee night after night.

Behold the power of Love! how, in his majesty  
and glory, he dareth, beggar as he is, to break off a  
tip from the diadem of royalty.

I, whom the breath of angels made melancholy,  
can for thy sake endure the talk and the opinions of  
the world.

Thee to love is the fate written on my brow ; the  
dust of thy doorway is my Paradise ; thy sunny  
cheek, my element ; to pleasure thee, my rest.

The rags of the saint and the goblet of wine—  
although they are not well paired—I have melted  
into one because of my passion for thee.

Love, like the beggarly Dervish, still hideth a  
treasure in his sleeve ; and soon he who was thy  
beggar mounteth the throne of sovereignty.

The resting-place of thy form is my royal balcony  
—my oratory : O my Queen, let not thy place be  
deserted by thee.

This confusion of wine, and this tumult of love, will  
not depart from my head, till I prostrate it, full of  
passion, in the dust at the portal of thy dwelling.

Thy cheek is a pleasant flower-bed, especially when,  
in the lovely spring, HĀFIZ of the sweet speech is thy  
melodious Nightingale.

*Rosen. ii, 476-7. Calcutta Ed. 109, 1.*

## LXXVI.

I LOOKED at the heavens spread out like a fresh  
cornfield, and at the sickle of the moon, and I  
thought of my own farm and the time of harvest.

And I said : “O Fate, the sun hath dawned, and

thou hast laid thyself down to sleep." And it replied : " For all that hath happened, do not despair !

" If thou wilt raise thyself pure and naked as the Messiah to heaven, from thy lamp will yet ascend towards the sun a hundred rays."

Place no reliance on those midnight thieves, the stars, for they have stolen away the diadem of Kaus and the girdle of Kai-Khosru.

O heavens, ask not so high a price for your magnificence, for in love the harvest of the Moon is valued only at one, and the cluster of the Pleiades at two barley-corns.

Though a heavy ear-ring of gold or ruby hang upon thine ear, the duration of beauty is fleeting : attend to my counsel !

Far be the evil eye from the mole on thy cheek ! for on the chessboard of beauty a pawn pushed forward hath often won the stakes from sun and moon.

The fire of hypocrisy and deceit will burn the harvest of faith. O HĀFIZ, cast away thy saintly woollen garment, and go thy way.

*Rosen.* ii. 490-1. *Calcutta Ed.* 110, 1.

## LXXVII.

SHE said : " Thou wentest forth to gaze upon the new moon ; be ashamed of the moon of mine eyebrow, and go !

" Life-long thy heart hath been the captive of my

tresses ; be not so neglectful of keeping at the side of thy friends !”

Sell not for the dark tresses of a loved one the perfume of thy understanding, for in that a thousand pods of musk are to be had for half a barley-corn.

In this old corn-field look not that the seed of love and faithfulness will become visible to the eye till the season of harvest.

Cup-bearer, bring me wine, and I will tell thee a riddle, about the mystery of the ancient constellations and the journeyings of the new-moon.

The shape of the waning moon at the conclusion of every month giveth thee a sign, what hath been the end of the crown of Zhū, and of the diadem of Siāmek.

O HĀFIZ, a fortress of trust is the threshold of the keeper of the wine-house,<sup>25</sup> where thou mayest hear and read the story of love.

*Rosen. ii. 492-3. Calcutta Ed. 110. 2.*

### LXXVIII.

AT early dawn after a night of revelry I seized the lute, the goblet, and the wine ;

I gave to wisdom provision for its journey, and set it forward towards the city of intoxication.

The vendor of wine regarded me with caressing looks, so that I felt freed from the tricks of Destiny.

Then from the arch-browed Cup-bearer I heard : “O thou who art a butt for the arrow of reproach,

“Never wilt thou embrace that waist like a girdle,  
so long as thou seest within it nothing but thyself.

“Go, spread thy net before some other bird ; the  
Anka<sup>59</sup> buildeth his nest in a lofty place !

“The boon-companion, the musician, the Cup-bearer  
—all are but a phantom of clay and water; all nothing  
save empty evasions !”

Give me then a vessel of wine, that I may steer  
safely out of this shoreless sea !—

Who girdeth his loins in a royal service, and  
looketh for a gracious recompense, who is eternally  
playing at love with himself !

O HĀFIZ, our existence is a dark problem ! The  
pretence to solve it is a delusion and a fable !

*Rosen. ii. 516-7. Calcutta Ed. III, 1.*

### LXXIX.

BETTER than eternal life is union with her : Lord,  
give me that, for that is the best !

Oh, smite me with a sword, but to no one I told it ;  
to hide the secret of a friend from his enemy is the  
best.

Abide, O my heart, a beggar in her village,  
according to the proverb, “an abiding fortune is  
the best.”

O pious man, bid me not accept thine invitation to  
Paradise ; for this apple-like chin, rather than that  
garden, is the best.

To die at this door with the mark of servitude, I

swear by her soul, compared with the sovereignty of the world, is the best.

The rose which my cypress hath trodden under foot, rather than the blood-dyed arghavān<sup>32</sup> is best.

For Heaven's sake, ask my physician how shall this prostration be in the end for the best !

O young man, turn not away thy head from the counsel of the aged ; for the old man's wisdom compared with the young man's fortune is the best.

One night she said to me: "No eye hath seen a brighter gem than the pearl which hangeth in mine ear ; 'tis the best."

Words from the mouth of a friend are jewels ; but those which are spoken by HĀFIZ are the best.

*Rosen. ii. 534-5. Calcutta Ed. 112, 2.*

### LXXX.

O THOU who art without knowledge, work till thou art a master in knowledge ; so long as thou art not a wayfarer, how shouldest thou be able to show the way ?

In the school of verities, in the presence of the Professors of Love, labour continually, my son, that thou mayest one day become a father !

Sleep and over-feeding have kept thee far from the exaltation of Love ; wouldest thou attain Love, thou must withhold thyself from food and slumber.

When the light of the love of God shall have fallen on thy heart and soul, then, by Heaven !

thou wilt have become more beautiful than is the sun in the sky.

Wash thyself clean from the copper of the body, like men of the road, that thou mayest discover the alchemy of Love, and become gold.<sup>60</sup>

From head to foot all the light of God will surround thee, when, like the headless and footless, thou shalt be borne along the path of the glorified.

Plunge for one moment into God's ocean, and think not that the water of the seven seas will wet a single feather.<sup>61</sup>

If the countenance of God shall be the object of thy gaze, not a doubt will remain that thou art one of the clear-sighted.

Though the foundation of thy life shall have been turned upside-down, have not thou a thought in thy heart that thou thyself art become a ruin !

But if, HĀFIZ, there be in thy head a desire of fruition, thou wilt have to become as dust at the threshold of the gifted with discernment.

*Rosen. iii. 46-7. Calcutta Ed. 127, 2.*

### LXXXI.

IF, at the voice of the turtle-dove and the nightingale, thou wilt not quaff wine, how can I cure thee, save by the last remedy—Burning ?<sup>62</sup>

When the Rose hath cast her veil and the bird is reciting his “Hu, Hu,” put not the cup from thy hand!—what meaneth thine “Oh ! Oh !”

Whilst the Water of Life is in thy hand, die not of thirst! “WATER GIVETH LIFE TO ALL THINGS.”<sup>63</sup>

Lay up treasures for thyself from the hues and odours of Spring-tide, for follow quickly on its heels the Autumn and the Winter.

Fate bestoweth no gift which it taketh not back: ask not aught of sordid humanity; the trifle it bestoweth is a nothing.

The grandeur of sovereignty and power, how should it be stable? Of the throne of Jem, and the diadem of Kai, what is left, save a fable?

Whoso heapeth-up riches to be the heritage of the mean is an infidel: so say the minstrel and the cup-bearer; such is the decree of the cymbal and the fife!

It is written on the portico of the mansion of Paradise: “WOE TO HIM WHO HATH PURCHASED THE SMILES OF THE WORLD!”

Generosity is departed! I fold up my words. Where is the wine?—that I may give: “May the soul of Hatim Tai dwell in bliss for ever!”<sup>64</sup>

The miser will never breathe the fragrance of heaven! Come, HĀFIZ! take the cup, and practice liberality, and I will be thy surety!

*Rosen. iii. 56-7. Calcutta Ed. 131, 2.*

## LXXXII.

To gaze for a time in tranquillity of soul on that mild radiance of the moon is better than to wear one's whole life a kingly crown.

By Heaven, mine own eye is jealous of that cheek,  
that its look with such benignity of countenance  
should yet be so repellant.

My heart is departed, and I know not what is  
become of my stranger; for my life hath passed  
away, and no news cometh to me from any quarter.

My breath is come to an end, and mine eye is still  
unsatisfied; beyond this there remaineth to me neither  
desire nor ambition.

Disturb not, O breeze, one ringlet of that Peri-  
countenance; for HĀFIZ would give a thousand lives  
to ransom the tip of a single hair!

*Rosen. iii. 60-1. Calcutta Ed. 127, 1.*

### LXXXIII.

THY beauty, like my love, hath reached perfection!  
—Lord, may neither one, nor the other, suffer  
diminution!

To my imagination it cometh not, that within the  
portrayings of intelligence any degree of loveliness  
should exceed this!

Every moment that I am with thee a year seemeth  
to me but a day, and every moment that I am with-  
out thee the twinkling of an eye appeareth to me a  
year.

Every line of life is gain, if expended with thee;  
were life but a day, that day would be all that I  
could desire.

How should I behold, O my soul, the image of thy

face in my dreams, when in my dreams I have never yet seen aught but an image?

Have mercy on my poor heart, for the love of thy beautiful face hath reduced me, like a vanishing moon, to a grain of sand!

O HĀFIZ, make no complaint, if thou desirest to win thy beloved ; for thou wilt yet have to bear a heavier burthen of separation !

*Rosen.* iii. 62-3. *Calcutta Ed.* 125, 2.

#### LXXXIV.

THE nightingale from the bough of the cypress chanted last night in her ancient strain to the assembled audience a significant lecture.

Come, for the rose-bush is on fire like the bush of Moses, that thou mayest learn from a plant the subtle meaning of Unity.<sup>65</sup>

The birds of the garden are measuring out their melodies and gay cadences, that the master may quaff his wine to the old ditties.

Sweet to the beggar is the hour when he spreadeth out his mat, and enjoyeth untroubled sleep ; for such enjoyment is not allowed on the kingly throne.

Jemshīd took nothing out of the world save the story of his magic glass;<sup>14</sup> take heed that thou bind not thy heart to the things of the world !

Well said the time-worn peasant to his son : "O light of mine eyes, what thou hast sown, that only wilt thou reap."

Thine eye with a glance hath darkened a man's dwelling; let not thy intoxication wholly overcome thee, lest thou treat him rudely.

Perhaps the Cup-bearer hath given to HĀFIZ more than his allowance, for the tags of the Maulavi's turban hang disordered.<sup>66</sup>

*Rosen.* iii. 64-5. *Calcutta Ed.* 119, 2.

## LXXXV.

HEAVEN hath wonderfully granted its assistance on this day of judgment! How wilt thou show thy thankfulness? What will be thy tribute of gratitude?<sup>67</sup>

In the village of Love royal magnificence hath no value; perform the conditions of slavery, and fulfil thy contract of servitude.

Over him that hath fallen, and whom God hath taken by the hand, say to thyself: "Be it thy part to feel the sorrows of the fallen."

O Cup-bearer, enter my door with glad tidings of joy, that for one moment thou mayest banish from my heart the troubles of the world.

In the royal road of dignity and greatness there is much hazard; over this rough way it is well to travel heedfully!

The Sultan's thought is about enemies, his ambition is crowns and treasure; the Dervish's thought is the garb of the heart and the nook of the Kalender.<sup>68</sup>

The attainment of our desires must go to the

account of reflection and resolution ; with the aid of the King's good gift and the grace of God.

I will repeat to thee—if thou wilt permit me—one word of the wise man : “ Peace is better than war and dominion ! ”

O HĀFIZ, wash not from thy face this dust of poverty ; for better is this dust than all the works of alchemy.

*Rosen. iii. 80-1. Calcutta Ed. 129, 2.*

### LXXXVI.

A TWAIN of clever friends, a flagon of old wine, quiet and a book, and a corner of the lawn ;

I would not exchange this condition, either for this world, or that which is to come, although the crowd every moment should pursue me with its censures.

Whoever hath given up the treasure of contentment for the treasure of the world hath sold for a very trifling sum an Egyptian Joseph.

Come, for the capacity of this workshop is not small ; it will admit a pious man like thee, or a rebel like myself.

On the day of death we may have to tell our sorrows to wine ; for in such a conjuncture we can put confidence in no one.

Seat thyself cheerfully in thy nook, and take thy pleasure, for no man can call to mind so strange a calamity.<sup>69</sup>

I behold my picture in the hand of mean people :

is it thus that Heaven recogniseth the service of such a one as me ?

But work on in patience, my heart ! For God will not suffer so precious a ring to remain in the hands of the Evil One !

From the rough wind of events it is not possible to perceive that on this lawn was once rose or jessamine.

The hot blast of the simoon which hath passed over this garden maketh it wonderful that hue of rose should remain, or smell of narcissus.

The temper of the times is sick ! In this calamity, O HAFIZ, where is the thoughtfulness of the physician, or the counsel of the Brahmin ?

*Rosen.* iii. 82-85. *Calcutta Ed.* 123, 1.

#### LXXXVII.

I WENT into the garden to pluck a morning-rose, when suddenly came to my ear the voice of a nightingale.

Miserable as myself—afflicted with his passion for the rose—he filled the whole glade with the clamour of his lamentation.

Again and again I paced the terrace of the garden, musing on this matter of the rose and the nightingale:

The rose become the friend of the thorn, and the nightingale still the faithful lover ; the one remaining ever unchanged—the other discovering signs of mutability.

The voice of the nightingale penetrated my heart,  
till I was so moved, that I lost all power of endurance.

How many a rose hath blossomed in this garden,  
yet no one hath plucked a rose without feeling the  
prick of its thorn !

O HĀFIZ ! nourish no hope of gladness in this  
sublunary world ; for amidst its thousand defects it  
can show no perfect excellence.

*Rosen.* iii. 98-9. *Calcutta Ed.* 128, 1.

### LXXXVIII.

FROM the village of my friend cometh a gentle breeze  
of the New Year, by whose aid, if thou desirest it,  
thou mayest kindle the lamp of thine own heart.

If, like the rose, thou hast a particle of gold about  
thee, for Heaven's sake, expend it on enjoyment !  
For the cause of the error of Karūn was his passion for  
amassing gold.

I have wine pure as the soul, yet the Sufī findeth  
fault with it : O heavens, may no evil fortune one day  
befall the man of understanding !

How search out the way which leadeth us to our  
desires ?—By renouncing our desires ! The crown of  
pre-eminence is to make this renouncement.

I know not wherefore cometh the wail of the turtle-  
dove from the margin of the streamlet : perchance, like  
me, she hath a daily and nightly sorrow !

Thy sweet friend hath left thee ; now sit alone, O

Taper ! For whether thou workest or art consumed is equally the disposal of Heaven.

I will say to thee a word behind the veil : “ Like the rose-bud, come out of thyself ; for not more than five days tarrieth the Empress of the Spring.”

In the pride of knowledge forbid not thyself the objects of enjoyment : come, Cup-bearer ; for “ to the idiot cometh the greatest good fortune ! ”<sup>70</sup>

Go thy ways and indulge in wine and revelry, and abandon hypocrisy ! I shall be astonished if thou canst teach me a better way than this !

Go to the garden, and there learn from the nightingale the mystery of love ; come to the assembly, and learn from HĀFIZ how thou shouldest sing a lay !

*Rosen.* iii. 106-7. *Calcutta Ed.* 132, I.

### LXXXIX.

ONE morning, on the bounds of his land thus spake his proverb a wanderer to his neighbour :

“ O Sufī, only will the wine become clear when thou shalt have kept it fourteen days in the bottle.”

If it were not for the finger of Solomon, what special value would have his seal-ring ?

Hundreds of times doth God regard with aversion the garb of the devotee, which concealeth in its sleeve a hundred idolatries.

The inward parts were darkened, but it may be that the anchorite may bring from another world a lamp to enlighten them.

Though humanity be a name without a mark, still  
offer thou thy petition to the benign.

A recompense may be awarded thee, lord of the  
harvest, if thou art pitiful to the poor gleaner!

I behold not in any one pleasure or enjoyment ; nor  
medicine for the heart, nor sympathy with the faith.

My spirit is no longer hopeful of exultation ; nor is  
there a picture of Love on the tablet of my brow.

Nor hath HĀFIZ any rest in study or retirement ;  
nor hath the learned man to offer any science of  
certainty.

Show me the door of the wine-house, that I may  
inquire of the seer the worth of my condition.

Though the manners of the Beauty may be proud  
and ungentle, what may be thy fate, if thou dealest  
with the pitying ?

*Rosen. iii. 112-13. Calcutta Ed. 126, 2.*

## XC.

IN the dawn of the morning I told to the breeze  
the tale of my yearnings ; and it returned me an  
answer : "Have confidence in the mercies of the  
Lord."

Words have no tongue which can fully express the  
secrets of love ; and beyond the bounds of recital is  
the interpretation of yearnings.

Bind thy heart to the locks of Laila, and let thy  
deeds be done after the example of Mejnūn ;<sup>3</sup> for all  
the words of wisdom are accounted a fraud by the lover.

O thou, my Joseph of Egypt, occupied with thy sovereignty, ask the father : "What were the limits to the affection of the child?"

Cast on us the witchery of one of thy glances, at once bringing the medicine and creating the pain ; let us pluck those musk-scattering ringlets, at once heart-soothing and heart-enslaving.

The world, at once aged and beautiful, never yet had in her nature a touch of sympathy.—What dost thou seek from her affection ? Where dost thou see in her the fulfilment of thy desires ?

In this market, if there be any gain, it resteth with the prudent, poor devotee.—O God, make me satisfied with poverty and prudence !

The morning petition and the nightly sigh are the key of the treasure-house of thy proper object ; in this road and this direction persist in travelling, if thou wouldest be united with the one who hath thy heart in keeping.

How long will a nobly-endowed Humai<sup>71</sup> like thee nourish its cupidity for bones and garbage ; alas, that thou shouldest cast away that shadowing of fortune on the unworthy !

Give not thy heart, O HĀFIZ, to the fair-ones ; see what were the faithless acts which were wrought by those Turks of Samarkand on the poor Kharasmians.<sup>72</sup>

When they hear the lays of HĀFIZ of Shirāz there is dancing and jubilation amidst the black-eyed maidens of Kashmīr and the damsels of Samarkand.

## XCI.

SALUTATIONS, fragrant as the perfume of friendship,  
to the man whose eye is beaming with light !

Benedictions, like the brightness of the pure in  
heart, to the taper which illumineth the lonely cell of  
the pious !

I see no longer in his place one who breatheth the  
same breath that I do ; my heart is bleeding with  
choking sorrow ! The Cup-bearer, where is he ?

Where do they sell the wine which mastereth the  
Sufi ? For I burn with rage at this hypocrisy of the  
devotee.

My companions have so broken the contract of  
friendship, that thou wouldest say, that friendship  
itself had never been !

Turn not away thy face from the village of the  
Magian, for there they sell keys which unlock all  
difficulties.

The bride of the world, though of surpassing loveli-  
ness, surpasseth, too, all bounds of faithless coquetry.

My broken heart, could it have its desires, would  
not draw its balsam from those marble hearts.

Wouldest thou learn the alchemy of happiness,  
keep thyself separate from all that incline to evil.

If thou wilt spare me, O greedy soul, I shall  
become many times a monarch in my beggary !

O HĀFIZ, make no complaint of the violence of the  
spheres : what knowest thou, O slave, of the acts of  
the Master ?

## XCII.

ONE morning an unseen voice in friendly tone called to me from the wine-house : “ Come back, thou who so long hast served at this threshold.

“ Like Jemshid, quaff a draught of wine, for a ray from his world-displaying Cup may give thee a glimpse of the world of spirits.

“ At the door of the wine-house they are inebriated Kalenders, who give and take back princely diadems.

“ A brick under their heads, their feet rest on the seven stars : look at them, and thou mayest see the value of power and the worth of dignity.”

I will place my head on the threshold of the wine-house ; for though its walls be lowly, its roof reacheth to the heavens.

O wayfarer, be courteous to the beggar at the door of the tavern, if thou wouldest have some knowledge of the mysteries of God.

If they make thee a sultan in the kingdom of poverty, thy smallest territory will be from the moon to the fishes.

But enter not on the journey, unless thou have Khizar<sup>7</sup> for thy companion ; for the road is dark, and dread thou the danger of losing thy way !

O HĀFIZ—the prey of crude avarice—be ashamed of thy deeds !—What are thy deeds that thou shouldest claim the rewards of both worlds ?

Thou knowest not how to knock at the door of poverty ; therefore let not go from thy hand the cushion of luxury and the royal assemblies of Turān.

## XCIII.

My heart is brimful of pain : alas, who will bring me a remedy ? My heart in its loneliness is well-nigh dead !—O God, who will give me a companion ?

Who looketh for an eye of repose from the sour-faced world ? Cup-bearer, bring me a cup, that I may enjoy a moment's rest !

Rise, that we may give our hearts to those lovely damsels of Samarkand ; for the breeze wafteth us fragrance from the river of Muliān.<sup>73</sup>

I exclaimed to a quick-witted man : “Behold this our condition !” He laughed, and replied : “Yes, our condition is hard, our state is full of marvels, the world is a ruin !”

I am burning in the pit of patience on account of that taper of Chighil ! The King of Turkistān careth not for our welfare ! Where is there a Rustam ?<sup>74</sup>

In the path of love, suffering is security and pleasure : may the heart that would medicine thy wound be itself wounded !

To the village of the inebriated there is no road for the soft and indulgent ; there are conflagrations for the wayfarer, and sorrows for the inexperienced !

In this world of clay there is no real man ! We must make another world, and create a new Adam !

O HĀFIZ, what is weeping weighed in the balance of love ?—In this deluge the seven seas seem but as the night-dew !

## XCIV.

COME, cupbearer, for the cup of the tulip is already full of wine ; how many doubtful words ! and how long these fooleries ?

Let go thy pomps and thy daintiness ; for Time hath seen the robe of the Emperor wrinkled, and the end of the diadem of Kai.

Be sober ; for the bird of the garden is continually intoxicated. Awake : for the sleep of inexistence is close behind thee.

Gently and gracefully wave, thou branch of the fresh spring ; never may calamity overtake thee from the shock of the winter's wind !

Rely not upon the affection of the spheres, or their caresses ; woe unto him who feeleth himself secure from their machinations !

To-morrow our draught may be from the river of Paradise, and amidst the Hūris ; but to-day enjoy the radiant looks of the Cup-bearer and a goblet of wine !

The morning-breeze calleth to my remembrance the promises of childhood ; oh, that childhood could bring a medicine to my soul to chase away sorrow !

Regard not the pomp and royalty of the rose, for the wind will scatter every leaf beneath its feet.

Give a full goblet to the memory of Hatim Tai,<sup>64</sup> that we may close the black-book of the votaries of avarice.

Carry the cushions to the garden ; for the cypress is standing like a slave in waiting, and the reed hath girded its waist for service.

List, how the musicians of the meadow join in concord!—the harmony of harp and lute; the voice of the flute and the lyre!

O HĀFIZ, the fame of thine enchanting witchery hath reached the boundaries of Egypt and China, and the extremities of Rai and Rūm!

*Rosen.* iii. 140-1. *Calcutta Ed.* 118, 2.

### XCV.

A CITY it is, full of graceful forms; a picture on every side! My friends, it is the proclamation of Love, if ye are desirous of trafficking.

The eye of the world will never behold younglings fresher than these; a fairer prey hath never yet fallen into the hands of the hunter!

Who hath ever seen created material forms so resembling spirit? Oh, may no dust of earth-made beings sully their garments!

Wherefore dost thou drive from thy presence one so broken down as I am? Lost entirely is every expectation of a kiss or an embrace.

The wine is genuine, drink it speedily; the time is propitious, know how to seize it! Another year, who may hope for another spring-tide?

The guests are assembled in the garden, like tulips and roses; each with a cup in his hand, and a remembrance to the face of his beloved-one.

How shall I untie this knot? How resolve this problem? Painful—very painful—it is! A problem difficult—very difficult:

Every tip of the hair of HĀFIZ is in the hands of a saucy one's ringlets ; very dangerous it is to dwell in a city like this !

*Rosen.* iii. 144-5. *Calcutta Ed.* 122, 2.

## XCVI.

O BREEZE, whence hast thou the fragrance of my beloved? Thou hast stolen it from her odoriferous breath.

Have a care how thou committest a theft on her ! What hast thou to do with her wavy ringlets ?

O Rose, what art thou in the presence of her lovely face? Sweet as musk is she, and thou—thy fruit is a thorn.

Sweet-basil, where art thou, compared with the tender down of her cheek ? She is all freshness, and thou art soiled with dust.

Where art thou, Narcissus, in view of her sportive eyes ? Hers are but merry, but thine are tipsy ones.

O Cypress, where art thou beside her graceful stature? How wilt thou be valued any longer in the garden ?

O Wisdom, what is there to choose between thee and the reality of her affection ?

One day, O HĀFIZ, thou wilt come to the joy of fruition, if thou pine not away, meanwhile, in the anxiety of expectation.

*Rosen.* iii. 162. *Calcutta Ed.* 121, 1.

## XCVII.

EVERYWHERE appear vestiges of unfaithfulness ; no one sheweth signs of friendship any longer !

Excellent men, reduced to poverty, now stretch out to the mean the hand of poverty ;

And in the mutations of the revolving sphere the virtuous man enjoyeth not a moment's respite from sorrow ;

Whilst fools live in the enjoyment of every comfort : for this is the merchandise which hath its value at present.

And doth a poet pour out a lay pellucid as water, which sheddeth over the heart an increase of brightness,

Avarice and parsimony will not give him a barley-corn, even were he to sing as melodiously as Sinayi.<sup>75</sup>

Wisdom whispered yesterday in the ear of mine understanding : “ Go, in thy weakness still keep thy patience !

“ Still make contentment thy capital stock, and suffer ; and in pain and sorrow and indigence bear it ! ”

Come, HĀFIZ ! lay this counsel to thy soul ; and if thou stumble on thy feet, raise up thy head and stand again erect !

*Rosen.* iii. 164-5. *Calcutta Ed.* 115, 2.

### XCVIII.

CUP-BEARER, hast thou a passion for wine, bring not before me aught but wine !

Come with suffering, if through suffering cometh the remedy : see, in Love both worlds are as nothing !

The secrets of the heart in the path of love are the voice of the guitar and the wailing of the lute.

A poor sincere bankrupt in the path of love is of more worth than a thousand Hatim Tāis.<sup>64</sup>

A Peri-faced idol but steppeth forth Sultana-like, and a crowd from the city followeth her from the city.

Men stand agaze at that lovely countenance ; and her cheek is crimsoned with the blush of modesty.

How long will HĀFIZ have to bear the sorrow thou causest him ? How long still endure his broken heart ?

*Rosen.* iii. 180-1. *Calcutta Ed.* 118, 1.

### XCIX.

IT is the fresh spring ! Labour to be of a cheerful heart, for it will behold yet many a rose when thou shalt be under the sod.

The harp, too, behind the veil, might give counsel to thy heart, but its warning can only profit thee when thou shalt be capable of listening to it.

I tell thee not now with whom to sit down or what to drink, for thou thyself knowest, if thou be wise and subtle, what thou shouldest do.

Every leaf in the meadow is a volume of a different kind ; it were an injustice to thee to suppose that thou canst be neglectful of them all.

Although the path which leadeth from us to our friend's be full of terrors, yet the journey will be easy, if thou be acquainted with the stations.

The choking grasp of the world hath carried off with impunity the ready-money of thy life, if day and night thou art occupied with this perplexing problem.

O HĀFIZ, if high Fortune shall favour thee with assistance, thou wilt yet become the prey of that richly-gifted fair one.

*Rosen. 204-5. Calcutta Ed. 117, 2.*

### C.

THE mirror of abnegation reflecteth the light of God ; if thou art a searcher after the Eternal Love, enter thou in at my door.

Give me wine ! If in hell is inscribed the name of my sin, Mohammed's miracle hath cast water upon its fire.

Thou art every moment playing the juggler with thyself ; and this is not right, for the Prophet hath said : "O Lord, I have never gamed !"

If thou wouldest walk over the lawn in all thy beauty and splendour, the lily, the cypress, and the rose would with one consent become thy imitators.

O HĀFIZ, the bird of thy heart is entangled in the net of appetite ; dependent, as thou art, on what should be thy shame, breathe not thou a word about abnegation !

*Rosen. iii. 228-9. Calcutta Ed. 129, 2.*

## N O T E S.

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1 Joseph is universally regarded by Moslems as the perfect type of youthful beauty, and is so described by their poets. His story, according to Mohammedan accounts (derived from Hebrew sources, and probably in part from oral traditions), is found in the 12th chapter of the Korān, and is the theme of a beautiful poem, *Joseph and Zulaikha*, by Jamī, a translation of which is included in the present volume.

2 The Tūba is one of the trees of Paradise, bearing delicious fruit.

3 The story of the Loves of Mejnūn and Laila is very famous throughout the East, and has been the theme of several poets ; amongst others, of Nizāmī and Jamī. The former has been made known to European readers by Atkinson's English metrical translation, and the latter by Hartmann's German, and by Chezy's elegant French, renderings.

4 Alluding to the Oriental custom of throwing small money over the heads of the crowd at marriages and other festive occasions.

5 Rizwān means Paradise, and is also the name of its porter or gardener.

6 For the story of Karūn, see Sadī, Note 6, page 366, of the present volume.

7 The “Fountain of Life” (here employed by Hāfiẓ in a mystical sense) is a very old Asiatic myth. According to the Eastern legend, an ancient Persian King, called

Alexander (not of Macedon), or Kaikobād, despatched Khizar (who is often confounded with Moses, or Elias) to procure him some of the Water of Life ; and after a long and painful journey, at length reaching the Stream of Immortality, and having himself taken a draught of it, the stream suddenly disappeared. Khizar, it is believed, still lives, and sometimes appears to those whom he desires to favour, always clad in green. Solomon is said to have procured some of this water, but abstained from using it, because he would not survive all his friends, or continue young while they were become decrepit. In Eastern fiction many tales have for their subject the quest of the Fountain of Life ; and in European folk-tales also (as in the German collection of the Brothers Grimm) the same legend is not uncommon. In Conrad of Wartzburg's *Trojan War*, written in the 13th century, Medea obtains the Water of Paradise to renew the youth of Jason's father, as the English translator of Grimm has observed.

The "Garden of Irem" is another ancient myth, referred to in the Korān, chap. lxxxix, and Sale's note. A King of Yemen named Sheddād, who was very impious, resolved to make for his own sole pleasure an earthly paradise which should equal if not excel that of the spiritual world. After the treasures of the earth had been employed in the construction and embellishment of this garden, during five hundred years, when at length it was completed, the impious King vaunted his own greatness and magnificence, but just as he was about to enter it, the angel of death appeared before him, and compelled him to render up his soul ; and the garden immediately disappeared beneath the surface of the earth. Mohammedans profess to believe that this terrestrial paradise has been seen occasionally by peculiarly favoured individuals, in the sandy desert, not far distant from Aden [Eden], the British stronghold. The Garden of Irem, as well as the Fountain of Life, is very frequently referred to in Oriental Poetry.

8 Kuther is the name of a river in Paradise, from which all the other rivers are said to derive their source.

9 This, as is mentioned in the Preliminary Notice, is the verse which is said to have decided the question raised by the priests against the interment of Hāfiẓ with the usual religious ceremonies. Sir William Jones has thus rendered it :

Turn not away from Hāfiẓ' bier,  
Nor mournful check the pitying tear ;  
For though immersed in sin he lies,  
His soul forgiven to heaven shall rise.

10 For reference to the story of *Laila and Mejnūn* see Note 2, above.—The story of Ferhād, the celebrated sculptor, and his love for Shīrīn, the beautiful wife of the Persian monarch, Khosru Parviz, has been the favourite theme of many romantic Eastern love-poems; one of the best of which being that by Nizami—see page 126 *et seq.* of the present volume. The poet in this passage means, that we love to dwell on what most engrosses our affections, like Ferhād on the charms of Shīrīn, and Mejnūn on the tresses of Laila.

11 The river Jihūn is the Oxus of our maps.

12 “To every eye is not given to perceive the moonlight.” As it needs a bright and clear eye to discover the first glimpse of the new moon, which marks the beginning and ending of Ramazān, the month of fasting; for only when witnesses have sworn in court that they have really seen it, does the obligation of fasting commence. (*Rosen., in loco.*)

13 “The old man of Canaan;” that is, the patriarch Jacob, when he had to part for so long a time from his dearly beloved son Joseph. The extraordinary grief of Jacob for the loss of his son is a favourite similitude for great sorrow in Eastern poetry.

14 The marvellous Cup of Jemshīd, one of the ancient Kings of Persia, which, according to Eastern fabulists, represented the whole world, and mirrored all its events and circumstances.

15 The allusion here is somewhat obscure; perhaps it

means : Did not the taper expiate its fault by its being itself consumed and extinguished ?

16 (Page 413, line 6, figures omitted in text.) According to Sadi's commentary : Because those who hypocritically pretend to virtues which they have not, awaken the fire of disgrace and shaming in themselves.

17 For some account of the fabulous angels Harūt and Marūt see foot-note, page 240 of this volume.

18 Sidrah and Tūba are the names of two trees in Paradise.

19 Alluding to the unrivalled beauty of Joseph (see Note 1), and his being cast into a well by his brethren.—See also Jami's *Joseph and Zulaikha*, “The Well,” in the present volume.

20 The first surah (or chapter) of the Korān, which is regarded by Moslems as Christians regard the Pater Noster. The “Chapter of Faithfulness”—perhaps more correctly rendered “Sincerity,” or “Purity”—is the 112th surah of the Korān, which has the same superscription in the original as here in the text.

21 The Bairam Festival, which follows the Fast of Ramazān.

22 “Kissed mine eyes” : as a sign of his' approval.

23 As the reed does not make known its secret till it has lost its head—that is to say, is prepared for writing—so Hāfiz will never communicate the secret of his love till he dies.

24 In other words : But she will not deign to destroy me, as the wind extinguishes the taper.

25 The “temple of the Magi,” that is, the wine-house, or tavern, which, in the mystical phraseology of the Sufis, signifies the cell where the searcher after Truth becomes intoxicated with the wine of Divine Love.

26 The hoopoo and the morning-breeze were, according to

Eastern legends, the love-messengers between Solomon and the beautiful Balkīs, the Queen of Saba, or Sheba (see Sale's *Korān*, ch. xxvii. and notes). It is very usual in Oriental poetry for the zephyr to be employed as the messenger of love. Thus the celebrated poet Bahā-ad-Dīn Zoheir, of Egypt, says (according to Professor Palmer's translation) :

And now I bind the very wind  
To speed my loving message on,  
As though I might its fury bind,  
Like Solomon.

And the Arabian poet-hero Antar exclaims : “O may the western breeze tell thee of my ardent wish to return home !” And the Turkish poet Latifi (Mr. Gibb's *Ottoman Poems*) :

“ O Zephyr ! shouldst thou pass the home of her we love so well,  
Full many blessings bear to her from us who her obey !”

Compare also these lines from a Scottish ballad :

“ O gentle wind, that bloweth south  
From where my love repaireth,  
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth  
And tell me how he fareth !”

In like manner, a cloud is made the messenger of love in Hindū poetry, and it is remarkable that in Schiller's *Mary Stuart* the hapless Queen is also represented as addressing the “light clouds —ye barks of air,” with a message to her “youth's home.”

27 The sun is here thought of as a horseman who lets his bridle fall from his hand at the sight of the lovely one. In the language of Sufis he is called a sun-rider who has already advanced into the higher spiritual world.

28 This ghazel is one of those written on the return of Shah Manssar after driving away the Turkomans from Shirāz.—See Note 26 above, for reference to the hoopoo.

29 Translated literally, this would hardly be intelligible to

the mere English reader ; it would be : “ May every *alif*-like stature be like a *nūn*. ” Alīf, the first letter of the Persian alphabet, is a tall, slender, and graceful character, while the *nūn* (our N) is in comparison broad and ungraceful.

30 “ The Support of the Faith,” Kawām-ad-Dīn, the name of his patron the Vizier.

31 All the names mentioned in these two couplets are those of ancient Persian Kings of the first, or Kaianian, dynasty, whose history, mixed up, of course, with all kinds of fabulous legends and poetic embellishments, is told in detail in the celebrated heroic poem of Ferdusi, entitled *Shah-Nameh*, or Book of Kings.

32 The *arghavān*, called also the *syringa*, is the *cercis siliquastrum* of botanists, and is popularly known in the East as the Judas-tree, being that on which it is believed the arch-traitor hanged himself, after betraying his Master, when it wept blood, and hence the bright red colour of its flowers. In Ferdusi’s *Shah-Nameh*, the ruddy cheeks of Zāl, the father of Rustam, are compared to the flower of arghavān (see page 35 of the present volume) ; and in old Arabian poetry the blood-stained armour of heroes in battle is said to be dyed like the syringa-flower.

33 Shabān is the eighth month of the Mohammedan year, which immediately precedes the Fast of Ramazān.

34 He who, like Hāfiz, hath drunk the wine of Love, will, with the thought of His Unity and Aloneness, feel himself intoxicated with the eternal existence—an intoxication to which he was destined already from the first day of his creation. (*Rosen., note in loco.*)

35 “ A ring of manumission.”—The name of the ring which the master in former times gave to a slave when he gave him his freedom, as he now gives him a letter of freedom.

36 “ Bound on another journey : ” that is, was doomed to

die. This ode seems to have been written on the death of a beloved friend ; possibly, as some commentator supposes, his wife.

37 The allusion is a little obscure. Rosenzweig says : “Through the death of my friend, Fate hath unveiled to him the secret of my love, as, generally, it leaves nothing unveiled then.” (*Note, in loco.*)

38 By “the seal-ring of Jemshīd,” which, like that of Solomon, commanded men and spirits, the poet understands the ruby lip of his beloved, which he wishes to exercise the same power over him.

39 “Every present of my beloved I accept with gratitude.” —The Mohammedan rosary consists of ninety-nine beads, which correspond with the ninety-nine qualities (or “Most Comely Names”) of God. The girdle named Sormas was introduced in A.H. 235 (A.D. 849), by the Abbasidi Khalif Mutawakkil as a mark of distinction of Mohammedans from Jews and Christians. (*Rosen., Notes*, vol. i., pp. 770 and 825.)

40 It is pretty generally known that musk, the perfume which is so highly prized in the East, is obtained from the navel of a species of deer, found in Thibet, Cathay, and Tartary.

41 “In Sufī fashion”—that is, under his cloak, hypocritically, like a Sufī.

42 Zu'l-Fikar, the name of the celebrated, irresistible, two-pointed sword of Ali, the Prophet's brother-in-law.

43 The Caaba, or Cubical House : the Temple at Mecca—the Holy Place.

44 Asaf, the grand vizier of King Solomon ; regarded in the East as the type of ministerial wisdom.

45 Irāk, the ancient Hyrcania, and Hijāz, Stony Arabia, are also names of two of the three principal *pardas*, or modes, of

Persian music : the *Irākī*, the *Hijāzī*, and the *Isfahānī* ; corresponding with the Grecian arrangement of the *Phrygian*, *Doric*, *Ionic*, &c.

46 Roknabād is the little stream near Shirāz, immortalised by Hāfiz.—For reference to Khizar see Note 7, above.

47 Jafferabād is the name of a suburb near Shirāz, which contains within itself many gardens and villas.—Mosella, a pleasure-garden near Shirāz, in which Hāfiz lies buried.

48 Asaf—see Note 44, above ;—here “the Asaf of the mighty hero” is the Vizier of Shāh-Shejā, namely, Kawām-ad-Dīn, the patron of Hāfiz.

49 I gave thee counsel to enjoy thyself ; if thou wilt not do so, I am no longer responsible : “we have only to deliver our message.” (See Johnson’s *Persian Dictionary* ; art. *Balagh*.)

50 Hāfiz, we see, compares the “looks” of his beloved to a garden ; and it is curious to find the Persian poet and our own poet Cowley both employ precisely the same expression ;—the latter, in an ode to Evelyn the Diarist, thus gracefully refers to his love of literature and his taste in horticulture :

In Books and Gardens thou hast placed aright  
 (Things well which thou dost understand,  
 And both dost make with thy laborious hand)  
 Thy noble, innocent delight ;  
 And in thy virtuous Wife, where thou again dost meet  
 Both pleasures more refined and sweet :  
*The fairest garden in her looks,*  
 And in her mind the wisest books.

51 This ghazel was composed, it is said, while staying at Yezd, from which place he was yearning to return to his beloved Shirāz.

52 The “faithful spirit” is the Archangel Gabriel, through whom the Korān was revealed to Mohammed. (Korān, ch. ii.)

53 That is : We follow the caravan of hypocrites with the firebrand of our hot execrations, in order to consume them.

54 Blue is the colour of the garments of the Sufīs, who by this colour pretend to symbolise their aspirations towards heaven, and whom Hāfiz disliked.

55 Like the district of Khōten, Chighil, in Turkistān, is the native land of handsome youths and lovely maidens.

56 Amin-ad-Dīn, a patron of Hāfiz, was secretary and keeper of the seals to the Sultan Uweiz.

57 The rose and the jessamine symbolise the cheeks of the beloved, and the hyacinth perpetually represents her hair.

58 The angel Gabriel has his abode in the Sidrah-tree. (See also Note 18, above.)

59 The Anka is a fabulous bird which makes a distinguished figure in Eastern poetry and romance, and is described as “known as to name—unknown as to body.” (Johnson’s *Persian and Arabic Dict.*)

60 Free thyself from all entanglement with baser matters of the world, like those who are journeying on the heavenly road, that thy affections may become like pure gold in the hands of the alchemist.

61 That is : “Not all the water of all the oceans of the world ;” of which the Orientals reckon seven.

62 The extreme cautery—the last remedy of the surgeon : a proverb taken from the Traditions of the Prophet. (*Rosen., Note in loco.*)

63 “Water giveth life to all things,” an Arabian proverb, frequently inscribed on fountains.

64 Hatim Taï, an Arabian chief, who flourished in the sixth century of our era, and whose name is throughout the Moham-

median world synonymous with unbounded generosity. For interesting anecdotes of him, see selections from Sadi's *Gulistān*, in the present volume, pages 268, 269, and Mr. Clouston's *Arabian Poetry for English Readers*, pages 406-410.

65 The rose-bush is compared by the nightingale to the burning bush in which God appeared to Moses, and said : "I am the only God." (*Rosen., Note in loco.*)

66 The Maulavīs are the Sufī sect, known to Europeans as the Dancing Dervishes, whose founder was the far-famed Jelāl-ad-Dīn, Rūmī.

67 This ghazel, as well as No. xxxi. of the present selection, is supposed to have been written at the time when King Manssar drove the Turkomans out of his territory.

68 Kalenders, an order of Dervishes—see Note 7, page 366.

69 This ghazel was composed when the Turkomans had occupied Shirāz, and had committed terrible devastations there.—"I behold my picture," &c., in the next verse, perhaps refers to the seizure of his house, or some valued object, by the enemy.

70 A translation of the Arabian proverb, "The idiot is the fortunate one."

71 The Humai, a fabulous bird, which, according to the legend, portends good fortune to all whom it overshadows with its wings, and refuses to prey, like common birds, on garbage.

72 An allusion to an event in Hulugu's time. The princes of Samarkand and Kharasm made war on one another, when the first-named sued for peace. But hardly was it agreed upon, when he treacherously fell upon the unsuspecting prince of Kharasm, caused him to be slain, and plundered his country.—Samarkand is celebrated for the beauty of its young men and maidens, and Kashmīr for its delightful climate and scenery.

73 The Muliān is one of the names of the river Oxus.

74 The “Taper of Chighil” is the beloved one.—Rustām is the name of the famous hero—the Hercules of Persia—whose exploits form a large portion of the narratives of the *Shah-Nāmeh* of Ferdusi. The allusion is to his liberating his nephew, Prince Pishen, the son of the Persian King, Kai Khosru, from a well into which the King of Turkistān, Afrasiab, had thrown him, because he had secretly married his daughter.

75 Sinayi, the name of one of the great mystic poets. He lived under Sultan Mahmūd, the Ghaznavide, and died A.H. 576 (A.D. 1180).



J A M I.

*I can understand how the beauty of Joseph, which  
added fresh lustre to the day, drew forth Zulaikha from  
behind the veil of her modesty.—HĀFIZ : Alif. 8.*

## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

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THE poem of which a full analysis and very copious specimens are now, so far as the Translator is aware, for the first time submitted to the English reader is one of the most celebrated in the Persian language, and is considered by competent judges to be the finest work which exists in the East.

“German and English,” says Rosenzweig, in the Preface to his German Translation of the *Joseph and Zulaikha*, “as those nations which have dedicated themselves, especially since the latter half of the last century, with the greatest predilection to the study of Oriental literature, have recognised the excellence of Jamī, and particularly of this poem ; which, through the living nature and freshness of its colouring, and the truth of the feelings therein delineated, would beyond doubt be alone sufficient to establish the glory of its author, and to prove that he deserves to be placed boldly by the side of the most distinguished and greatest poets. So the valuable journals of literature, almost in the first volume, expressed the wish for a translation of Jamī’s poetical works. So in the Flowers of Persian Literature, of the poem in question it is said : ‘Jamī, whose poem on the loves of Joseph and Zulaikha is one of the finest compositions in the language, and deserves to be translated into every European language’—and ‘Jamī has decorated with all the graces of poetry the romantic story of the youthful Canaanite.’ So says Thornton in his *Present State of Turkey*.”

Jamī was born in the year of the Hejra 817, or of the Christian era 1414. His father was a native of Ispahan. He dedicated his whole life to literature, and is one of the most prolific writers of Persia. We have the titles given of thirty-four of his works in prose, and sixteen in verse. Those in prose are on a great variety of subjects : Letters ; Grammar and Prosody ; a History of Herat ; Religious, Theological, and Moral Treatises ; and numerous expositions and commentaries on the mystical doctrines of the Sufis, the Mohammedan sect to which he attached himself. Of his poetical works, the most celebrated are his *Joseph and Zulaikha*, his *Laila and Mejnūn*, his four *Divāns*, or collections of Odes, and his *Baharistān* or Spring-garden, in eight gardens, after the type of the Eight Gardens of Paradise.

Jamī was the last of the great poets of Persia, and if any of them have assumed a loftier position, it is rather in virtue of their having concentrated all their powers on special subjects—as Ferdusi and Nizāmī on Epic, Sadi on Moral, and Hāfiẓ on Lyric Poetry—than from any defect of genius. In variety he has probably surpassed them all, attaining high excellence in every one which he attempted, and furnishing gratification to many kinds of taste. But if the English reader does not perceive in the following poem all the merit which the translator fancies it possesses, he is asked to receive it kindly as a contribution to the general history of literature, and may find some pleasure in comparing the agreements and differences of eastern and western ideas and feelings, and some profit from enlarging his acquaintance with the great family of man and his knowledge of human nature.

The reader of the Oriental writers of Erotic poetry should

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bear in mind, that, whilst they are prone to veil a probably merely sensuous and earthly love in mystical and exalted terms and figures, there are, on the other hand, very many whose descriptions of the passion, though couched in natural and ordinary language, are undoubtedly intended by the poet to bear a deeper signification, and to shadow forth a higher and diviner affection. That Jamī wrote his poem in this spirit can scarcely be questioned, both from the known character of the man, the circumstances of his life, and the spiritual tone which pervades the whole work.

The Translator wishes frankly to confess that he could not have executed the present little work without the assistance of the Persian text, and notes and German translation, of Professor Rosenzweig, with which his own has been carefully compared, line by line and word by word ; so that he hopes that it is a fair representation of the original ; so far at least as the difference of the two languages will allow, and the highly figurative character of the Persian composition, which he has been anxious to preserve.

S. R.

*December, 1872.*





## J A M I.

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### JOSEPH AND ZULAIKHA.

#### INVOCATION.



XPAND for me, O God, the blossom of  
hope,  
Show me a rose from the Eternal  
Garden !  
Cause my garden to smile from the lip  
of that rose-bud,  
And invigorate my brain with the sense of its perfume !  
In this abode of affliction, where is no rest,  
Make me ready to acknowledge the multitude of Thy  
mercies !  
Fill my mind full of thoughts to Thy praise,  
Make thanksgiving the business of my tongue !  
Give me for a spear the power of my reason,  
In the battle-field of words give me the victory !  
Thou hast made my heart a treasure-house—jewel  
upon jewel :  
Let my tongue duly weigh the jewels of my heart !

Thou hast placed in my navel the musk-pod of musk,  
Let my musk spread its fragrance from Kāf to Kāf!<sup>1</sup>  
Give to my reed a sugar-sweet tongue to write my  
poem :

Shed over my book an amber-diffusing perfume !  
For the object of my words has not yet been attained,  
And nothing but a name has yet been left of its story.  
In this the wine-house of pleasant histories  
I find not an echo of this sweet melody.  
The guests drank their wine, and forthwith departed—  
Departed, and left only the empty wine-jars.  
Of those who are seasoned or unseasoned in such  
banquets,  
I see not one whose hand holds a goblet of this wine :  
Come then, Jami, throw off thy timidity ;  
Be it clear, or the dregs only, bring to us what thou  
hast !

### CELEBRATION OF DIVINE GREATNESS.

IN the name of Him whose name is the Fortress of the  
Universe,  
Whom to praise is the gem on the sword of the tongue,  
Whose name satisfies every desire of the palate,  
And from the fountain of whose benefits is derived all  
its freshness !  
From Him proceed the thousand subtleties

Which, fine as a hair, the reason discovers with every breath :

The High God—the Eternal—the All-knowing !  
Who is able to give strength to him that is weak ;  
Who hath lighted up the sky with the host of heaven,  
And ornamented the earth with the multitude of men.

He planned the vault of the revolving sphere,  
And fixed it on the walls of the Four Elements ;  
He planted the musk-pod in the navel of the rose ;  
He clasped its ornaments round the beautiful rose-bush ;

He wove their delicate vestures for the brides of the spring ;

He gave its stature to the cypress on the rivulet ;  
He gives its loftiness to every lofty thought ;  
He abases to humility every self-lauding fancy,  
Forgives the sins of the reckless drunkard,  
And takes back to His service the repentant hypocrite.

He is the companion of the lonely night-watchers,  
The comrade of those who toil through the day ;  
From the ocean of His kindness the vernal cloud  
Sheds its water on the thorn and the jessamine ;  
From the mine of His bounty the autumnal wind  
Spangles with gold the carpet of the meadow ;  
The palate of the good man He sweetens with the sugar of His benefits,  
His indignation turns the delights of the bitter-tongued into poison ;

From His being flows that burning sun,  
 By which every atom is penetrated with light.  
 Were He to hide His face from sun or from moon,  
 Its ball would drop into the void of non-existence.  
 On us His favour has bestowed our being,  
 For He Is, and His Being gives being to us.  
 From the vault of heaven to the centre of the earth,  
 Shouldst thou travel without stopping on the foot of  
     conjecture or comprehension,  
 Shouldst thou descend downwards, or shouldst thou  
     hasten upwards,  
 Thou canst not go beyond the bounds of His wisdom.

His essence, free from "How" and "How Much,"  
 Is freer still from "Low" and "Lofty."  
 Incomparable Himself, He determines "all quantities  
     and degrees,"  
 And, compared with His sublime greatness, all  
     grandeur is meanness.  
 Wisdom in His presence is disturbed in its counsels ;  
 In search of His ways we are without hand or foot.  
 If in His benignity He advances not His steps to meet us,  
 Our distance from Him is every moment greater and  
     greater.  
 When rises the loud cry to the exaltation of His glory,  
 The very Angels in His everlasting Court  
 Stand abashed at their own ignorance,  
 And heaven itself is amazed at its own distraction :  
 Therefore, better for us that we, an inquisitive handful,  
 Should polish our mirror from the rust of curiosity,

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Sink into forgetfulness of our own existence,  
And seat ourselves henceforth on the knees of silence.

---

ARGUMENTS FOR THE BEING OF GOD,  
AND EXHORTATION TO LABOUR IN HIS SERVICE.

How long, O heart, in this deceptive summer-dwelling  
Wilt thou, like children, build houses of clay ?

Thou art a bold bird to quit the fostering hand,  
For not in this summer-dwelling is thine own nest !

Wherefore hast thou become a stranger to that nest ?  
Wherefore, like a grave owl, hast thou chosen this  
desolate waste ?

Cleanse thy wings and thy feathers from all admixture  
of dust,

And soar upwards to the pinnacles of heaven !

Behold in the dance those blue-fringed turbans—

Those garments of light streaming out to the world !

They whirl round and round by night and by day,

They intend to arrive victorious at the goal of their  
aspirations !

But each one, like the ball which receives its motion  
from the bat,

Is impelled to the dance by his own desires :

One turns his face from the sunset to the sunrise ;

One launches his vessel in the tides of the ocean ;

One plunges ardently into the tumult of the day-mart ;

One kindles his lights in the nightly throng ;  
 One traces out the letters of felicity ;  
 One breaks in twain the threads of prosperity !  
 So they eagerly run forwards to shorten their journey,  
 And from their onward movement can never rest ;  
 Yet they are never worn down by the toils of travel,  
 Nor is there pain to their loins, or soreness to their feet.  
 But what knows any one on what he bestows so much  
     labour ?

Who knows to whom they turn their faces ?  
 At every moment they show some fresh painting ;  
 Yet in the Society of Painters\* they are nothing worth.

How long wilt thou give the reins into the hand of  
     Doubt ?

How long say to everything, “This is my Lord ?”  
 Like the Friend, knock at the door of the True King,  
 And cry, “I like not that which sets.”<sup>2</sup>  
 Dismiss every vain fancy, and abandon every doubt ;  
 Blend into One every spirit and form and place ;  
 See One—know One—speak of One—  
 Desire One—chant of One—and seek One.

For every atom there is a pathway and approach to  
     God ;  
 To every one is pledged the certainty of his existence ;  
 On the heart of every thoughtful man is painted His  
     image,  
 And for every painting there must be a painter.

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\* A religious sect.

If a thousand characters appear upon the board,  
Not a stroke will be right without the pen of a writer ;  
Amidst the ruins thou canst not find a brick  
Which has not come forth from a shaping mould.  
On every brick the pen of the finger hath written,  
That the Hand of Wisdom traced the letters.  
When thou readest these letters on the brick,  
Thou canst not but think of the existence of the brick-  
maker :  
When thou beholdest displayed before thee the archi-  
tecture of the universe,  
How is it that thy mind is not busied about the  
Architect ?  
When thou seest the work, turn thy face towards the  
Workman :  
Gather a judgment of the Workman from the work !  
In the last hour, which no man can escape,  
The reckoning for thy work will be with the Over-  
looker only :  
To Him only lift up the eye of thy desires,  
And ask Him with His blessedness to seal thy labour !

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#### PRAISE OF GOD.

O LORD, once we had no existence,  
And were free from the fear of annihilation.  
Thou first didst call us into existence from non-  
existence ;

Thou hast bound our feet in the fetters of water and  
clay ;

Thou hast set us free from the infirmity of powerlessness,

And hast led us onward from ignorance to knowledge ;

Thou hast shed upon us the light of Thy Book ;

Thou hast decreed what is to be done, and not done ;

But we are ever mingling the evil with the good,

One while doing too much, one while too little.

We often have lost the way of Thy commandments,

Have often trodden the paths of disobedience ;

Yet Thou hast not withdrawn the promise of Thy grace,

Thou hast not hidden from us the light of Thy guidance.

But from that light, if through Thy kindness it be not  
hidden,

What profit can we gain, if we work not on our own  
parts ?

It is our own idleness which we have to lament ;

Bestow on our work Thy gracious aid, that we work  
not in vain !

If the wise man drowns himself, like the fool,

What difference remains between ignorance and know-  
ledge ?

From the chords of sensuality comes no responsive  
symphony !

Narrow not to our feet the way of good deeds !

In this straitened pathway of groans in which we travel,

Open to us, in Thy mercy, an outlet of safety ;  
By that road call us to Thine own Court,  
And be our fellow-traveller to the portals of salvation !

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## THE POET'S PRAYER.

I AM the bird whose snare hath been Thy grain,  
Whose enchantment in the desert hath been thy tale !  
Thou it is who hast prepared for me the materials of  
my labour,  
It is Thy kindness which opened to me the door of  
mercy !  
It is Thy liberality which hath kindly accepted my  
service,  
And whose grace hath exalted me from the prostration  
of devotion.  
Through Thee I have rubbed my forehead in the dust  
of Thy ways,  
With Thy collyrium Thou hast sharpened mine eyes to  
discern Thy paths.  
Thou hast given to my tongue the power of praise,  
Thou hast touched my heart with the memory of Thy  
goodness.  
Thou hast tipped my tongue with richness and sweet-  
ness,  
Thou hast put into my mouth a delicate morsel,  
The bite of which inflicts no injury on the tooth,

And from the eating of which the throat receives no suffering.

Give me for thankfulness a sugared speech,  
 Let no bitterness mar the suavity of my acts ;  
 Suffer not my tongue to run into evil-speaking,  
 Let not my tongue become an injury to myself :  
 Should a sinful letter trickle from my pen,  
 Before the How and the Why is before me,  
 Over that sinful letter draw the line of erasure,  
 Throw me not, like the reed, into the conflict.  
 I am a blade of grass, nourished in the faith of Thy promises,  
 Which Thou hast brought out from the clay and the water ;  
 My head waves on every side to the wind,  
 But my foot is set in the clay of Thy valley ;  
 And the clay of the valley in which my foot is fast  
 Is better than the rose which has neither colour nor fragrance for Thee :  
 Make me in this garden like a rose-bud of one core ;  
 Mark me like the tulip with Thine own streaks.  
 In this path no gain is to be made but by singleness of heart ;  
 To be double-hearted is to lose every advantage.  
 The blooming pistachio sees not two kernels,  
 Like the double almond, to injure the teeth ;  
 Since the corn-ear nourishes a hundred grains in one bosom,  
 The sickle cuts down all at a single stroke ;

When the single-hearted rosebud shows its face upon  
the thorn,  
It receives not a wound from its thousand daggers.

Although my sins are beyond all measure,  
Thy mercy is a thousand times more redundant still !  
Nay ! though my sin were two hundred sheaves,  
Thou couldst burn them up, if thou wouldest, with the  
lightning of my sighs ;  
And though my rebellious acts were to fill a hundred  
volumes,  
Thou art able to wash them out by the waters of mine  
eyes.  
For all eagerness for fame which hath glowed in mine  
eye,  
My eyelids have trickled with drops of blood.  
May I wash out from mine eyes all vain dreams of  
renown—  
May the blood-tinged drop suffuse my countenance,  
If my looks strain towards the hope of celebrity.  
Let a tear be the reputation to which I aspire !  
Let my two eyes become two rivers of repentance !  
Let this be my glory till the Day of Resurrection !  
Let this be the gain which crowns my ambition—  
To carry my salutation to the ears of the Prophet !

Then follow five sections : IN PRAISE OF THE PROPHET—  
THE PROPHET'S JOURNEY TO HEAVEN—SUPPLICATION FOR  
THE INTERCESSION OF THE PROPHET—PRAYERS FOR HIS  
BLESSING—THE PRAISE OF SULTAN HUSSAIN.—These, as  
they would not probably be interesting to many readers, and

have no necessary connection with the subject of the Poem, have not been translated, except a short passage from the JOURNEY TO HEAVEN, in which the poet narrates how the Angel Gabriel awakes him as he is slumbering on his bed, and informs him that he has brought him the wonderful horse, Borak (a kind of mysterious animal, like some of those described in Ezekiel), to convey him to Paradise. Mounting this, he first visits Jerusalem, as the Hebrew Prophets had done, and then wings his flight through the eight inferior heavens to the ninth and highest.

No sooner was this bower dignified by his presence,  
Than he was quickly transported to the Court of the  
Eternal ;

There he flings off, like rags, the vesture of his body,  
And exalts his standard in the incorporeal world ;  
Leaves with his earthly clay this humble vestibule,  
And touches with his hand the Sublime Throne.

And when he had moved his piece from the  
chequered board,

And his courser had sprung out of the narrow  
bounds of extension,

Then found he space unlimited by space,  
Into which neither body nor spirit is admitted ;  
ONE Only, who is beyond the praise of all—  
Whose being knows nothing of great or little.

He saw there what no other eye ever saw—  
Ask not of us what was its nature !

That place is not measured by “ How ” and “ How  
Much ” ;

Therefore close thy lips as to the “ Less ” or “ More ” ;  
No tongue nor palate hath given account of it,

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Nor hath speech ever explained its meaning.  
He heard what no voice hath ever uttered in words ;  
Meaning in meaning, mystery in mystery ;  
The ear of the spirit drinks nothing but wind,  
The finger of the heart can transcribe not a letter ;  
The robe of the understanding is too contracted for its  
size,  
The steed of intellect is lamed in its career ;  
It is loftier than aught that can be seen or heard ;  
The tongue should be cut out which discourses about it.  
O JAMĪ, plant not thy foot beyond thy bounds,  
And escape from this life devouring sea !  
Expend not a breath in this idle conversation !  
Put a seal on thy talk—GOD IS THE GREATEST !

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### BEAUTY.

IN that solitude, in which Being is without a mark,  
The universe still lay hidden in the treasure-house  
of non-existence ;  
Whilst its substance had not yet taken the form of  
duality,  
And was far from speech and talk, from “We”  
and “Ye”—  
BEAUTY was free from the shackles of form,  
And by its own light alone was it visible to itself ;  
It was a lovely bride behind the veil of her nuptial-  
chamber,

Her vesture unsullied by suspicion of a speck.  
There was no mirror to reflect back its countenance,  
Nor had ever comb passed a hand through its ringlets ;  
No breeze had ever ruffled a lock of its tresses ;  
Its eye had never been touched by a grain of surma-dust ;  
No nightingale had yet nestled under the shade of his  
rose ;

No rose had put yet on her adornment of verdure ;  
Its cheek was not yet embellished by mole or down,  
And no eye had yet beheld it even in imagination ;  
Its voice of endearment was with itself alone,  
And with itself was played its game of affection.

But wherever the power of Beauty exists,  
Beauty is angered to be hidden by a veil.  
A lovely face will not endure concealment :  
Bar but the door, it will escape by the window !  
Behold the tulip on the mountain-top,  
How smilingly it comes forth in the vernal season ;  
It shoots out of the earth thro' every cleft of the rock,  
And forces itself into notice by its own loveliness.  
When a feeling of Beauty once falls upon the sight,  
And strangely threads itself on the tie of sensation,  
It can never again pass away from the fancy ;  
It insists henceforth on being heard or spoken of.  
Wherever is the Beautiful, this is its law,  
Imposed by the action of the Eternal Beauty ;  
Coming from the realms of the Holy, here it pitched  
its station,  
And revealed itself in every quarter and to every spirit.

In every mirror is reflected its face,  
 In every place is heard its conversation and language ;  
 And all the holy who are seeking the Holy  
 Exclaim in ecstacy, “ O Thou Holy One ! ”  
 And from all the divers in this celestial ocean  
 Rises the shout, “ Glory to the Lord of Angels ! ”

From its brightness a beam fell upon the Rose,  
 And from the Rose came its melody into the soul of  
     the Nightingale ;<sup>3</sup>

From its fire the Taper kindled up its cheek,  
 And forthwith a hundred Moths were burnt in every  
     chamber :<sup>4</sup>

From its light a spark set on fire the sun,  
 And straightway the Nile-lily raised its head from the  
     water.<sup>5</sup>

By its countenance Laila arrayed her own,  
 And Mejnūn’s passion was inflamed by every hair ;<sup>6</sup>  
 The mouth of Shirīn opened its sugared lip,  
 And stole the heart of Parviz and the soul of Ferhad ;<sup>7</sup>  
 The Moon of Canaan<sup>8</sup> raised its head from its breast,  
 And bore away reason from the brain of Zulaikha.

Yes !—Beauty unveils its countenance in the private  
     chamber,

Even when hid behind the veil from earthly lovers ;  
 Of every veil which thou seest it is the veil-holder,  
 ’Tis its decree which carries every heart into bondage ;  
 In its love only has the heart its life ;  
 In its love only has the soul its felicity.

The heart of every one who is enamoured with the  
lovely

Is inspired by its love, whether he knows it or not.  
Beware that thou fall into no error as to Beauty ;  
Love we must when it shows forth its charms ;  
For as each thing is fair, so is it worthy of love ;  
It is the stem whence comes the object :  
Thou art the mirror, it brings thee the image ;  
Thou art hid by a veil, it shows itself openly ;  
When thou lookest on Beauty, it is the mirror also,  
For it is not only the treasure, but the treasure-house  
too.

We have in this matter no right to intermeddle—thou  
and I ;

Our opinions about it are but vain fancies !  
Be silent !—for this is a tale which has no ending ;  
Its language is one which has no interpreter.  
Better for us that our business be love,  
For without its converse we are nothing—nothing !

### LOVE.

A HEART which is void of the pains of love is no heart ;  
A body without heart-woes is nothing but clay and  
water.

Turn thy face away from the world to the pangs of  
love,

For the world of love is a world of sweetness.  
Let there not be in the world an unloving heart !  
Let not the pangs of love be less in the bosom of any  
one !

Heaven itself is confused with longings after love ;  
Earth is filled with tumult at the clamours of its  
passion.

Become the captive of love, in order to become free ;  
Lay its sorrows to thy heart, that thou mayest know  
its gladness.

The wine of love will inebriate and warm thee,  
Will free thee from coldness and devotion to self.  
In the memories of love the lover renews his freshness,  
In his devotion to it he creates for himself a lofty fame.  
If Mejnūn had never drunk the wine from this cup,  
Who would have spread his name throughout both  
worlds ?

Thousands of the wise and learned have passed away,  
Passed away—forgotten, because strangers to love ;  
No name or trace remains of their existence,  
No history of them is left on the records of Time.  
Many are the birds of beautiful forms,  
Which the people closes its lips and refuses to speak of ;  
When those who have hearts tell stories of love,  
The stories they tell are of the Moth and the Nightin-  
gale.

In the world thou mayst be skilled in a hundred arts,  
Love is the only one which will free thee from thyself.  
Turn not thy face from love, even if it be shallow,  
It is thy apprenticeship for learning the true one ;

If thou dost not first learn thine A B C on thy slate,  
 How wilt thou be ever able to read a lesson from the  
 Korān ?

I heard of a scholar who besought a teacher  
 To assist him in treading the path of his doctrine ;  
 The teacher replied : “ Thou hast never yet stirred a  
 foot in the way of love ;

Go—become a lover, and then appear before me ;  
 For till thou hast tasted the symbolical wine-cup,  
 Thou wilt never drain the real one to the lees.”<sup>9</sup>  
 No ! thou must not stay lingering over the image,  
 But quickly transport thyself over this bridge :  
 If thou desirest ever to reach the inn,  
 Thou must not remain standing at the bridge-head.  
 Praise be to God ! that so long as I have dwelt in this  
 monastery,

I have been a nimble traveller in the road of love !  
 When the mid-wife first divided the navel-string,  
 She divided it with the knife of love ;  
 When my mother first put my lips to her breast,  
 She gave me to suck the blood-tinged milk of love ;  
 Although my hair is now white as milk,  
 The savour of love still dwells in my mind.  
 In youth or in age there is nothing like love ;  
 The enchantment of love breathes upon me for ever.  
 “ JAMI,” it says, “ thou hast grown old in love ;  
 Rouse up thy spirit, and in love die !  
 Compose a tale on the pleasures of love,  
 That thou mayst leave to the world some memorial of  
 thy existence :

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Draw thou a picture with thy delicate pencil,  
Which, when thou quittest thy place, may remain in  
thy stead."

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### ADAM'S VISION.

After these introductory pieces, and a eulogy of the WORD—  
Speech—beginning,

The Word—the exordium of the Book of Love ;  
The Word—first fruits of the Garden of Love ;  
Wisdom has no greatness or efficacy comparable to  
the Word ;

The earth has no memorial enduring as the Word,

the Poet enters on the proper subject of his work with a description of Adam's first awaking to a sense of his existence, and a perception of the world around him. Beholding the long line of his descendants—here the Prophets—there the Saints—Kings and Leaders of the People—each in his destined rank and office—his eye is arrested as he scans the multitude by the surpassing beauty of Joseph ; whom the Orientals consider the perfection of the human form and the model of manly grace and elegance.

Then Joseph struck his eye like a radiant moon—  
Moon !—no !—a sun in the zenith of his splendour and  
glory !

The distinguished taper of a select assembly ;  
A high-flashing torch in a festive gathering.

The loveliness of the lovely in his presence was as nothing,  
 As stars vanish in the beams of the sun ;  
 The perfection of his beauty and loveliness passed conception,  
 Exceeded all limits of the powers of thought ;  
 The vesture of Divine power robed his shoulders,  
 His head bore the crown of royal splendour ;  
 His brow was like the dawn of the morning of felicity.  
 And his face changed the gloomy night into the day  
 of brightness ;  
 All the Prophets before and after him,  
 Purified from the darkness of their mortal bodies ;  
 All the holy spirits without failure or diminution,  
 Waving high their standards, right and left,  
 Shouted aloud, “ In the name of God,” and “ There is  
 no God but God.”  
 And Adam was amazed at that majesty and glory,  
 And in a tone of astonishment whispered softly,  
 “ God !—from what rose-bed comes this seedling,  
 And of whose eye is he the bright beauty-spot ?  
 How hath this ray of fortune beamed upon him ?  
 Where hath he found this perfection and honour ? ”  
 And a voice answered : “ It is the light of thine eye,  
 The joy-giving solace of a sorrow-stricken heart ;  
 He is a sapling from the garden of Jacob,  
 A gazelle from the plains of the Friend of God [Abra-  
 ham] ;  
 The height of his dome shall be more exalted than  
 Saturn’s,

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The land of Egypt shall be his royal palace ;  
The excess of loveliness which shines in his countenance

Will inflame with envy the loveliest in the world :  
Thine own countenance is mirrored in his ;  
Bestow upon him all that thou hast thyself in thy treasure-house !”

Then Adam drew him and pressed him on his breast,  
And poured into him the virtue of his own pure heart ;  
Made him certified of his own affection ;  
Imprinted on his brow a fatherly kiss ;  
Blossomed like a rose in the possession of his child,  
And invoked blessings upon him, as the Nightingale on the Rose.

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### JOSEPH.

IN this changeful world—a worshipper of semblances,  
When each one in turn strikes the tymbal of existence,<sup>20</sup>

Each day makes conspicuous some new truth,  
And some name spreads abroad a light through the earth—

If the universe remained conformed to one rule,  
How many secrets would remain unrevealed !  
If the brightness of the sun never became less in the revolving sphere,

The starry mart would never exhibit its riches ;  
 And did winter never depart from the garden,  
 No rose would smile at the aspect of spring.

These words introduce the Poet's account of the succession of Adam's descendants — Seth — Enoch — Noah — Abraham — Isaac and Jacob—to the birth of Joseph, upon whom, of his twelve children, Jacob concentrated his strongest affection. Losing his mother after two years, he is taken in charge by his aunt ; who becomes so devotedly fond of him, that she will not part with him, and resorts to devices for keeping him from his father, and as much as possible to herself. But after a time she too dies, and Jacob can no longer resist his fatherly yearnings to enjoy his son's companionship.

But Jacob was cheered by this event,  
 And closed not his eyes in sleep from the desire to  
 behold him.

He found in Joseph the Kiblah of his affection,<sup>11</sup>  
 And turned away his face from his other children ;  
 In Joseph was centred his every act,  
 To Joseph was limited his whole occupation ;  
 In Joseph alone his soul found repose,  
 By Joseph alone was his eye lighted up :  
 Yes ! whatever place that moon should irradiate  
 To that not even the sun would find an entrance !  
 How shall I describe beauty and alluringness,  
 Which transcended that of Hūri or Peri ?  
 He was a moon in the firmament of graciousness,  
 Which filled with brilliancy the whole universe :  
 A moon, resembling a resplendent sun—no !—  
 A moon, of which that in heaven is but a ray !

What say I? What room for comparison with the sun !  
The sun's flashing beams were, compared with him, a  
delusive mirage.<sup>12</sup>

No "Why" or "Wherfore" will explain his sacred  
lustre,

When from his bright countenance he withdraws the  
veil :

For in him dwelleth calmly He to whom there is none  
like,

And veileth Himself under the name of Joseph.

If then love of him stole unheeded into the heart of  
Jacob,

And fixed itself in his soul, it was not without reason !

Zulaikha, herself the envy of the lovely Hūris,  
Sitting in the far west behind the veil of her modesty,  
From the sun of his countenance caught a spark,  
And became in a dream the captive of his image :

When the pangs of love overpower those who are  
distant,

How can it be far away from those who are near ?

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### ZULAIKHA.

THUS hath said the master of choice speeches, the  
eloquent narrator,  
He who from his treasury of words can produce a  
treasure of expression,

That in the Western Land [Mauritania] lived a renowned king,  
 Whose royal tymbal beat to the name of Timus,  
 Possessed of all that is befitting sovereign authority,  
 So that not a wish of his heart remained unsatisfied ;  
 His head gave to the crown prosperity,  
 His foot exaltation to the steps of his throne ;  
 Orion, by the grace of Heaven, girded himself in the support of his armies,  
 And victory cleaved with firm grasp to his sword.  
 A lovely daughter was his, by name Zulaikha,  
 Whom he prized beyond aught else in the world ;  
 Daughter—no ! rather a star from the constellation of heaven—  
 A brilliant jewel from a royal casket.  
 Her perfection could not be comprised within the limits of description,  
 I can but essay an attempt to portray her.  
 Like her own tresses I must descend from head to foot;  
 My soul must be enlightened from the reflection of her own countenance ;  
 From her own sweet ruby lips I must draw her portrait,  
 If I am to repeat what I know of her qualities.

Her stature was of the grace-created palm-tree,  
 Which raiseth its head in a garden of delights ;  
 And which, copiously watered from a royal stream,  
 Exalteth itself like a cypress on some broad river.

Even the wise man might be entangled in the snare of  
her tresses,  
Than which not musk itself exhaled a greater fragrance.  
Oft did the comb nicely divide the hair,  
Which elegantly adorned the crown of her head ;  
So that the musk-bag burst with passion,  
For there was no employment for musk here.  
Why should I further make mention of gold,  
For in the ankle-ring it lay at her feet.<sup>13</sup>  
One while she walks proudly in the presence-chamber  
of the palace,  
In the gold-shot robes of Egypt and Syria ;  
Another while she reclines coquettishly on the sofa,  
In the beautiful brocade of Rūm and China ;  
On every new day on which beams a ray,  
She arrays her person in a new vestment ;  
She crowns not her head twice with the same tiara,  
Presenting, like the moon, every day a new phase.  
She allows not the grandes the favour of the foot-kiss ;  
Reserving that privilege for the skirt of her garment.  
Tall cypress-formed maidens move airily about her,  
Peri-faced attendants minister to her wants,  
And a thousand Hūri-born damsels, youthful as herself,  
Stand before her day and night to do her service.  
Never yet had a burden weighed upon her heart,  
Never yet had a thorn lacerated her foot,  
Never yet had she loved, or had a lover,  
Never yet admitted a passion to the heart.  
She slept thro' the night as sleeps the fresh narcissus,  
And bloomed in the morning, like the smiling rosebud,

With silver-like dolls [young girls], yet tender in years,  
 Or with graceful gazelles in the courts of the dwelling,  
 Her mind thoughtless of the deceitfulness of the  
 changeful sphere,

She had not a care beyond her sports :  
 So was she cheerful and gay at heart,  
 And her soul was free from every sorrow,  
 As to what the coming days might bring to vex it,  
 Or what might be born from the womb of the nights.

### ZULAIKHA'S FIRST DREAM.

A NIGHT it was, sweet as the morning of life,  
 Joy-augmenting like the days of youth !  
 Fish and fowl rested from motion,  
 Business drew its foot within the skirt of its garment.  
 Within this pleasure-house, full of varieties,  
 Nought remained open save the eye of the star.  
 Night—the thief—robbed the sentinel of his under-  
 standing,  
 The bell-ringer stilled the tongue of the bell ;  
 The hound wound its tail round its neck like a collar,  
 And in that collar stifled its baying ;  
 The bird of night drew out its sword-like feathers,  
 And cut off its tuneful reed (*i.e.* its throat) from its  
 morning-song ;<sup>14</sup>  
 The watchman on the dome of the royal palace

Saw in imagination the drowsy poppy-head,  
 And no longer retained the power of wakefulness—  
 The image of that poppy-head called him into  
 slumber.<sup>15</sup>

The drummer no longer beat his tymbal,  
 His hand could no longer hold to the drum-stick.

The Muezzin from the minaret no longer cried,  
 “Allah ! Allah ! the Ever-Living !

Roll up your mattresses, ye nightly dead, and neglect  
 not prayer !”<sup>16</sup>

Zulaikha, of the sugar-lips, was enjoying the sweet  
 slumber

Which had fallen on her soft narcissus-like eyes :<sup>17</sup>

Her head pressed the pillow with its hyacinthine locks,  
 And her body the couch with its roseate burthen.

The hyacinthine locks were parted on the pillow,  
 And painted the roseate cheek with silken streaks ;

The image-seeing eye was closed in slumber,  
 But another eye was open—that of the soul :

With that she saw suddenly enter a young man—

Young man, do I say ?—rather a spirit !

A blessed figure from the realms of light,

Beauteous as a Hūri, borne off from the Garden of  
 the Seventh Heaven,

And had robbed trait by trait of each beauty, excel-  
 lence, and perfection,

Copying, one by one, every alluring attraction..

His stature was that of the fresh box-tree ;

The free-cypress in its freedom was a slave compared  
 with his ;

His hair from above hung down like a chain,  
And fettered, hand and foot, even the judgment of the  
wise ;

From his brow shot so resplendent a flash of light,  
That sun and moon bent to the ground before him ;  
His eyebrows, which might have been a high-altar for  
the saintly,

Were an amber-scented canopy over the sleeper's eyes ;  
His face was as the moon's from its station in Paradise ;  
From his eyelashes darted arrows to pierce the heart ;  
The pearly teeth within the ruby lips  
Were lightning flashing from a roseate evening sky ;  
The smiles of his ruby-lips were sweet as sugar—  
When he laughed, his laugh was the lustre of the  
Pleiades ;

The words of his mouth were sugar itself.

When this vision rose before the eye of Zulaikha,  
At one glance happened that which needs must happen :  
She beheld excellence beyond human limits,  
Seen not in Peri, never heard of in Hūri.

From the beauty of the image and the charm of its  
perfection—

She became his captive, not with her one but with a  
hundred hearts ;

Fancy made his form the ideal of her mind,  
And planted in her soul the young shoot of love.

## SILENT SORROW.

ON the morrow, when the raven of night had taken its upward flight,  
And the cock was crowing its morning carol,  
And the nightingales had ceased their soul-moving chant,  
And had withdrawn from the rose-bush the veil of the rose-bud,  
And the violet was washing its fragrant locks,  
And the jessamine was wiping the night-dew from its face,  
Zulaikha still lay sunk in sweet slumber,  
Her heart-look still fixed on her last-night's altar ;  
Sleep it was not—rather a delightful bewilderment—  
A kind of insanity from her nocturnal passion !

Her waiting-maids impress the kisses on her feet,  
Her damsels approach to give the hand-kiss ;  
Then she lifteth the veil from her dewy tulip-cheeks,  
And shaketh off the sleep from her love-languishing eyes ;  
She looketh round on every side, but seeth not a sign  
Of the roseate image of her last night's dream.  
For a time she withdrew like a rose-bud into herself ;  
In the grief of not beholding that slender cypress-form,  
She would have rent the clothes off her body to pieces,  
Had not shame withheld her hand in the presence of others,  
And restrained her foot within the skirt of patience :

So she kept the secret tight within her bosom,  
As in a ruby-mine the hard stone encases the ruby ;  
And though she was gulping down in her heart the  
    rose-red blood,

She showed not outwardly an action of emotion.  
Her lips recounted her stories to her maidens,  
But her heart, whilst she recounteth them, is full of  
    lamentations ;

Her mouth to her companions talketh sweetly as sugar,  
But her heart, like the sugar-cane, is full of hard knots ;  
Her tongue to her friends still telleth its tale,  
But a hundred sparks flash from the wounds of her  
    passion ;

Her looks fall on the figures of rivals,  
But her heart remaineth fixed on the only beloved one.  
No longer were the reins of her heart in her own hands,  
For wherever she was, she was with the heart-stealer.

No longer now hath she a wish beyond her friend,  
Nor except with her friend had she any rest.  
If she sayeth a word, to her friend she sayeth it ;  
And if she formeth a wish, from her friend she  
    seeketh it.

A thousand times riseth to her lips the desire of her  
    heart,

That night would come to that day of weariness—  
The night which cometh so agreeably to lovers—  
The night which keepeth the secrets of lovers :  
Therefore all the day the night is their desire ;  
For this guardeth the veil, and that uplifteth it.

When night came she turned her face to the wall of  
sorrow,  
She stooped her back like a crooked lyre ;  
She strung her harp with the chords of tears,  
And tuned it in concord with her own heart's sadness ;  
She rent her bosom with its tuneful wailings,  
And runneth through every note of sighs and lamentings ;  
She setteth her friend in fancy before her face,  
And poureth out from her lips and eyes words and  
pearly tears :

“ From what mine dost thou come, thou pure gem,  
That hast given me this power of scattering jewels ?  
Thou hast stolen my heart, but told me not thy name,  
Nor left me a sign of the spot where thou dwellest !  
I know not of whom I can ask thy name !  
I know not whither to go to inquire thy habitation !  
If thou art a king, what is thy name ?  
If thou art a moon, what is thy station ?  
Forbid it, that another should become captive like me,  
For I have no longer in my hand either my heart or  
my lover !

I saw a vision which has broken my sleep,  
And drawn out pure blood from heart and eyes ;  
Now I no longer know what sleep is,  
My heart is consumed by a perpetual glow !  
How is it that, as when thou castest water on fire,  
Thou too dost not become warm and agitated !  
I was a rose from the rose-bed of youth,  
Moist and fresh as from the Fountain of Life ;  
No rough wind had ever blown on my head,

Never had a thorn punctured my foot ;  
 With a single soft glance thou gavest me over to the  
     wind,  
 Thou hast planted a thousand thorns in my couch !  
 A body a hundred times softer than a rose-leaf,  
 How should sleep visit it on a bed of thorns ?”

So all the night long she passed in moanings,  
 Uttering her complaints to the vision of her friend ;  
 But when the night was gone, to avoid suspicion,  
 She washed the tears from her blood-suffused eyes ;  
 On her lips, still moist from the cruel struggle of the  
     night,

She impresseth deeply the seal of silence ;  
 She maketh her bed gay with the fresh rose-leaves,  
 And enliventh her pillow with the silvery cypress.  
 In such wise passed she her days and nights,  
 Nor changed her habit by a single hair.

### ZULAIKHA'S SECOND DREAM.

HAPPY the heart which Love hath made its abode !<sup>18</sup>  
 Which Love hath set free from worldly cares !  
 He on whom the flashing lightning hath darted so  
     vividly,  
 That it hath consumed the harvest of patience and  
     reason ;

In whom not a trace is left of anxiety about his security,  
On whom a mountain of reproach weigheth but as a straw !

Zulaikha dwindled in a year like the waning moon ;  
In a year she had changed from the full to the new.  
Seated at night in the gray twilight,  
With bloodshot eye, and bowed like its crescent,  
She would exclaim : “ O Heaven, how hast thou dealt  
with me !

How hast thou paled the brilliancy of my sun !  
Thou hast bent like a bow my stately form,  
Thou hast made me a mark for the arrow of rebuke,  
Thou hast given my reins to the hands of an arrogant  
one,  
Of whom I know nothing except his arrogance !  
He hath kindled in my heart the flame of love,  
Yet even in sleep dealeth with me like a niggard.  
He never in my waking hours cometh to sit near me,  
Never permitteth me to see him, even in my dreams.  
A sign that my fortune is wakeful were the sleep  
In which I could behold that world-illuming moon !  
Mine eye no longer reposeth in sleep ;  
Oh, that my fortune would lend me its own sleep !  
For my fortune would show itself awake from its sleep,  
If it brought to me in sleep the vision of my friend ! ”

So she complaineth through a watch of the night ;  
So cometh to her lips the anguish of her soul !  
When suddenly sleep interrupted her fancies—  
No, not sleep, but rather bewilderment ;

And hardly had her body touched her pallet,  
When, lo ! her soul's desire entered from the door.  
The self-same image which before beset her way,  
Entered with an aspect more radiant than the moon.

The moment her sight fell upon the beautiful coun-  
tenance,

She sprang from her couch, and cast her head at his  
feet,

And kissed the ground, exclaiming : "Oh, lovely as the  
rose and graceful as the cypress !

Thou who hast robbed my soul of rest and patience,  
By that Maker who framed thee out of light,  
Who created thee exempt from all defilement ;  
Who gave thee pre-eminence over all lovely things,  
And greater sweetness than the Water of Life ;  
Who made thy form a rose-tree in the garden of souls,  
Thy lips a delicate morsel to meet those of spirits ;  
Who from thy heart-inflaming countenance kindled  
the taper

Which, like the moth, hath consumed my soul :

Who made thy musky locks a noose,

Every hair of which entangleth me in its fetters ;

Have mercy, I pray thee, on a love-sick maiden,

Open thy sweet ruby-lips to give me an answer !

Tell me, with this heart-captivating perfection,

Who art thou ?—From what family descended ?

Art thou a sparkling jewel ?—From what mine comest  
thou ?

Art thou of royal birth ?—Where is thy palace ? "

And Joseph replied : “ I am of mortal lineage,  
Of the race formed of earthly dust and water : <sup>19</sup>  
If thou makest a claim upon me as a lover ;  
If thou art sincere in what thou sayest,  
See that thou keep true to thy love and thy promise,  
That thou remain unmarried in mutual affection.  
If I have inflicted a wound on thy bosom,  
Think not that mine is free from a wound also ;  
For my heart in sympathy is fettered in thy snare,  
And I too am marked with the self-same wound.”

When Zulaikha perceived this gentle bearing,  
And heard this tender language from his ruby-lips,  
The mad demon again took possession of her mind,  
Her soul, like the moth, fell again into the flame ;  
She tore her clothes as one teareth a rose-bud,  
She poured out on the ground her heart’s blood, like  
the tulip’s ;  
Now in her passion she lacerateth her face,  
Now in yearnings rendeth her locks, hair by hair.

Her attendants gather round her and endeavour to soothe her, but she repulses all their efforts. They report her condition to her father. He consults his wise men, and they prescribe a charm, practised in the East, to restrain her free action. Then she bursts into fresh lamentations :

“ Ah, would but favouring Fate lend me its assistance,  
I would fetter his foot in this chain of gold ;  
Then might I gaze upon his face as long as I would,  
And in gazing upon him my dark day would once more  
be bright !

But what am I saying?—This delicately-nurtured being,  
 On the instep of whose foot every grain of dust  
 Would weigh like a mountain, pressing out his life,  
 Tho' he hath crumpled up the carpet of my happiness,  
 How could I choose so to burthen his soul?  
 How pain his precious ankle with a chain?  
 Sweeter were a hundred swords to my sorrowing heart  
 Than that a thorn should pierce even his garment!"

Then she fell with the wounds in her distracted breast,  
 As falleth to the ground the wounded bird;  
 For a time became the sharer of unconsciousness,  
 And again returned to her former condition;  
 Again, under the spell of her insane mind,  
 Commenceth anew the tale of her sorrows;  
 One while smiling, she bursteth again into lamentings;  
 Now appeareth dying, and now to live again:  
 So every moment she changed from state to state,  
 And continued another year in the same condition.

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### ZULAIKHA'S THIRD DREAM.

COME, Love! full of charms and fascination,  
 Whose business is, now peace, now war!<sup>20</sup>  
 Who one while makest the wise man a madman,  
 At another time makest the madman wise:  
 When thou tiest up the tresses of the Peri-faced maiden,

The prudent man falleth into the snare of folly ;  
But if thou untiest the band from her tresses,  
The lamp of consciousness bursteth out in full  
splendour.

Zulaikha, one night, impatient and distracted,  
Sat the twin-born of woe and the spouse of sorrow ;  
Draining to the dregs the cup of anguish,  
From the burnings of love she could find no rest.  
She tore the coif from her amber-scented hair,  
In the frenzy of her passion cast dust upon her head ;  
Bent in supplication her fair cypress-form,  
And making of her tongue a melodious lyre,  
Poured forth the deep anguish of her grief-stricken  
heart,  
And burst into an address to the unseen friend :  
“ O thou, who hast robbed me of my reason and  
tranquillity,  
And destroyed the peace of my happy days ;  
Thou hast caused my woe, but wilt not share it !  
Thou hast stolen my heart, but givest me no return !  
I know not thy name, that I may repeat it continually !  
I know not thy dwelling, that I might wander round  
it for ever !  
Once I was full of smiles, sweet as sugar to the taste ;  
Now I am as the sugar imprisoned in its cane !  
Once a fresh rose-bud, which my passion for thee  
Tinted with the blood which flowed from my heart ;  
Now, like a flaunting full-blown rose,<sup>21</sup>  
Forth I have come from the veil of my bashfulness,

Never shall I say, ‘I am dear to thine eyes ;’  
Ah, that I might be counted the last amongst thy maidens !

Where would be the harm, wert thou kind to thy maiden—

Wert thou to free me from the bonds of misery ?  
Oh, may never one be bathed in blood, like me ;  
Become, like me, dishonoured amongst the people !  
The heart of my mother is saddened by this union ;  
My father feeleth disgraced by his alliance with his child ;

Even my attendants, wearied with my service,  
Bid me farewell, and leave me to my loneliness !”

Such was her discourse with her heart and soul’s idol ;  
In such condition she remained till sleep overpowered her ;

And when the opiate from its cup had sealed up her eyes,  
Then again in her sleep cometh the marauder of her sleep,

In form more beautiful than I am able to portray ;  
For what more to say than I have said, I know not !  
With cries and tears her hand clingeth to his skirt,  
And her eyelids pour forth her heart’s-blood at his feet :  
“O thou, who, in the suffering which the love of thee  
hath caused me,

Hast banished tranquillity from my heart, and sleep  
from mine eyes,

By the spotlessness of Him who hath created thee  
spotless,

Who hath selected thee from the beautiful things of  
both worlds,  
Shorten, I beseech thee, the term of my anxieties—  
Give me to know thy name and thy city ! ”

And Joseph replied : “ If that will content thee,  
Know that I am Prince of Egypt, and that Egypt is my  
place ;

In Egypt I am a counsellor of the King of Egypt,  
And he hath given me in Egypt high dignity and  
principedom.”

When Zulaikha heard this account of her beloved,  
Thou wouldst say, that one a hundred years dead was  
again alive :

His speech came to her like a refreshing draught,  
Bringing strength to her body, patience to her soul,  
and reason to her mind.

Then she ran hurrying to her attendants, and exclaimed:  
“ O ye, who have sympathised with me in my distress,  
Carry to my father the glad tidings of my happiness ;  
Set free his heart from the burthen of sorrow :  
Tell him, that reason and consciousness are come back  
to me ;

That the stream whose waters were dried up is flowing  
again.”

Now she once more openeth her casket of words,  
And beginneth to talk again about every city.  
She would speak cleverly of Syria and Rūm,

And when she mentioned Egypt her words were sweet  
as sugar.

She would end with rehearsing the story of the  
Egyptians,

That she might have occasion to utter the name of  
Egypt's Prince :

But when she had taken this name upon her tongue,  
She would glide from her feet like a falling shadow ;  
From her clouded eye would descend a torrent of  
sanguine tears,

And the voice of her lamentation would ascend to the  
skies.

Such by day is her employment, such by night ;  
And when this is not the subject, she lapseth into  
silence.

### THE AMBASSADORS.

The beauty and attractions of Zulaikha are so noised abroad,  
that ambassadors from powerful princes on all sides crowd to her  
father's court to demand her hand in marriage. But none come  
from Egypt, and Zulaikha is deeply disappointed.

“ Is no one amongst them a messenger from Egypt ?  
The love of the Egyptian hath bowed me down !  
My heart draweth me mightily towards Egypt !  
If there is no messenger from Egypt, what availeth it ?  
The breeze which riseth from the land of Egypt,

---

Which bloweth into my eyes the dust of Egypt,  
Is a hundred times more precious than the wind  
Which is laden with musk from the deserts of Tātāry."

But no messenger is there from Egypt, and Zulaikha will listen to no other. So her father is compelled to dismiss them, with the proverbial excuse—"Who comes first has the first right," and to plead the anterior claim of Egypt.

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#### THE MESSENGER AND THE DEPARTURE.

Zulaikha, sick through hope deferred, falls into her old dejection, and her fond father, in his anxiety and perplexity, determines to offer her in marriage to the Grand Vizier of Egypt. With this view, he selects a trusty and discreet messenger, and sends him on his mission. The Grand Vizier, in great delight, accepts the offer, but excuses himself for not returning with the messenger to fetch his bride, on the ground of his duties and the requirements of his office, the King, his master, not allowing him a term of absence. Her father, nevertheless, decides to send her, and prepares a magnificent dowry, and a suitable retinue of attendants and companions.

For Zulaikha herself he provideth an elegant litter,  
Or rather, the model of a bridal chamber :  
A sculptured apartment of sandal and aloes-wood ;  
Its well-compacted boards overlaid with gold ;  
Its roof studded with gems, like the pavilion of Jemshīd;  
Its golden dome, like the ball of the sun ;  
Within and without covered all over

With golden nails and with pendants of jewels,  
And hung all around with brocade and cloth-of-gold,  
In heart-captivating colours and lovely figures.  
They place Zulaikha in this bridal chamber,  
And, with a thousand endearments, set her forward  
towards Memphis :  
The beautiful litter, borne on wind-footed dromedaries,  
Went swiftly as the rose-leaves before the spring-tide  
wind.

Zulaikha, with heart reconciled to Fortune,  
Hopeth soon to reach the end of her journey at  
Memphis.

Soon will the morning dawn on the night of gloom ;  
Soon will the pain of separation come to its ending !  
Thoughtless how many a black night was yet to be—  
How many a year's travel ere the dawn of that morning !

By the bright day, through the darksome night,  
They hurried on, till Memphis was nigh at hand ;  
Then they sent forward a swift messenger,  
To announce the news before their arrival.  
He was to seek the nearest road to Memphis,  
And inform the Grand Vizier of Egypt :  
“ Lo ! now a sudden fortune descendeth upon thy  
head !  
Rouse thyself, if thou wouldest give it a worthy  
reception ! ”

## DECEPTION.

The Grand Vizier hears with great delight of the near approach of his bride, and goes out with a large retinue to find a suitable resting-place on the journey. There he causes to be erected a magnificent pavilion for her reception. Zulaikha is anxious to behold the object of her dreams, and the nurse, to gratify her, makes a small slit in the curtain. But, says the Poet :

This ancient sphere is but a cup-and-ball juggler,  
Quick of foot to discover means of deceiving men :  
She bindeth hope round the heart of the dejected,  
And then, with hopelessness, severeth the tie !  
She showeth at a distance the fruit of our desire,  
And then grieveth us by preventing us from reaching it.  
No sooner had Zulaikha peeped through the rent,  
Than from her breast was wrung forth a sorrowful  
sigh :

“Ah ! woe is me ! what wonderful fate hath befallen me ?  
This is not the man I have seen in my dreams,  
In searching after whom I have suffered so much  
misery !

This is not he who stole from me reason and under-  
standing !

Who gave over to distraction the reins of my affections !  
This is not he who told me his secret,  
Who from insanity brought me back to consciousness !  
My gentle fortune hath turned to harshness ;  
The morning-splendour of my star is dimmed with  
misfortune !

I planted date-palms—they have come up brambles ;  
 I scattered the seeds of love—their produce is affliction.  
 I had hoped from my rose-garden to gather roses—  
 My garment is pierced with the pricks of their thorns.  
 I am a thirsty man amidst the sands of the desert,  
 Who hurrieth about on every side in search of water ;  
 My tongue, through dryness, cleaveth to my lips,  
 My lips are bleeding with the feverish pastures.  
 Suddenly I seem to see water in the distance :  
 I hurry towards it, stumbling and rising,  
 I find in the hollow, in the place of the water,  
 From the glare of the flashing sun, a sandy salt plain !”<sup>12</sup>

And so she continues her moan, symbolising her desolation by other images. Then she exclaims :

“ For Heaven’s sake, O Fate, have pity on my sufferings !  
 Open before my face a door of mercy !  
 If thou wilt not give into my grasp the skirt of my friend,  
 Let me not become the captive of another !  
 Suffer not dishonour to rend my garment !  
 Allow not my hand to sully my vesture !  
 I have pledged my faith to the object of my heart,  
 That with a hundred struggles I would watch o’er my casket ;  
 Consume not with grief one who hath lost all power of hand and of foot,  
 Give not over to the serpent the disposal of my treasure !”<sup>22</sup>

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So she prolongeth her lamentations deeply into the night,  
And each eyelash is tipped with a blood-stained tear ;  
From her wounded heart and soul she poureth forth  
her distress,  
And grovelleth in the dust in the extremity of her anguish.

Then the bird of mercy came on the wing,  
And a secret angel answered the complaint :  
“ Oh, comfortless one, lift up thy face from the earth,  
For out of thy perplexity will come deliverance.  
The Grand Vizier of Egypt is not the goal of thy desires,  
But except through him thou canst not reach the goal ;  
Through him thou wilt behold the beauty of thy friend,  
And through him wilt attain the object of thy wishes.  
Be not affrighted in thy intercourse with him,  
For from him thy silver casket will remain in safety.”

She is conveyed by the Vizier wlth great distinction to Memphis, and is lodged luxuriously and with every attention in his palace. But nothing consoles her in her separation from her friend. She is still restless and unhappy, and continues her lamentation.

Such was her condition by night, such by day ;  
So passed her months, and so her years.  
When she feeleth her heart straitened in the house,  
She rusheth 'out into the open corn-fields.  
One while she would erect her tent in the desert,  
And there pour out the sighs and moans of her wounded bosom ;

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At another she would hurry, like the torrent of the valley,

With weeping eyes, to the banks of the Nile,

And mingle her tears with its waters,

And throw over the stream the garb of her mourning.

So she spendeth her life, day after day,

Her eye directed on the path of expectation :

By what road will her friend arrive ?

When will he rise on her like sun or moon ?

Come, JAMI, let us fulfil her desire,

Let us bring from Canaan the Moon of Canaan ;

Zulaikha in her heart is cherishing hope ;

Her eye is fixed on the highway of expectation ;

The pain of expectation hath passed beyond measure,

Let us offer the remedy—the union with her friend.

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#### THE BEGINNING OF THE BROTHERS' ENVY.

WHILST Joseph exalted his head in beauty,

He became dearer and dearer to the heart of Jacob ;

He kept him in his eye like the pupil of his eye,

And closed his eyes to the other brothers.

He so preferred him to his special favours,

That every moment their envy increased more and more.

There stood a tree within the court of his dwelling,  
Augmenting delight by its freedom and beauty,

Clothed in green like the brethren of the Oratory,  
 And, like them, ever moving in the ecstacy of devotion.<sup>23</sup>  
 It stood rooted in the soil of stateliness,  
 And cast on the ground the shadow of luxuriance ;  
 Every leaf was a tongue uttering praises,  
 Like one who keepeth reciting, “In the name of God!”  
 The boughs climbed higher than the pinnacle of the  
 roof,

And angels nestled like birds in its branches.

With every son which the Lord gave him,  
 From that tree, gladsome as the Sidrah-tree of Paradise,<sup>21</sup>  
 At the same moment sprouted out a fresh shoot,  
 Which waxed stronger and stronger as he grew in  
 stature ;

And as each arrived at the age of manhood  
 His father would give from it a green staff into his hand,  
 Except to Joseph ; for to the greatness of his destiny  
 A staff from that tree he deemed an unworthy present :  
 He was a sapling in the garden of spirits,  
 To whom a staff of wood was all too common.

But Joseph is not content to be so passed over, and the ambitious and presuming youth beseeches his father to pray to God to grant him a staff from the Sidrah-tree itself—

Which, from the season of youth to that of old age,  
 May yield him support wheresoever he may be,  
 And give him on the field of exercise or combat  
 A marked superiority over all his brethren.

The prayer is granted to Jacob’s earnest and humble supplication, and the angel brings the sought-for boon, which, of course, only increases the jealousy of the brothers.

## JOSEPH'S DREAM.

JOSEPH was one night sleeping in the sight of Jacob,  
 In whose sight he was dearer than his own eyes ;  
 His head rested on his pillow in sweet sleep,  
 And a soft smile played about his pleasant ruby-lips ;  
 But that soft smile on that candied lip  
 Filled with agitation the soul of Jacob.  
 And when Joseph awoke, like his fortune,  
 And opened his moist sleepy eyes, Jacob said :  
 “ O thou, whose sweetness shameth the sweetness of  
     sugar,

What was the meaning of that honied smile ? ”  
 And Joseph replied : “ I saw in my dream  
 The sun and the moon and eleven brilliant constel-  
     lations,

Who with one accord joined to magnify me.”

His father commands him not to reveal what he had seen in his dream to his brothers—it could only augment their envy and hatred. But he will not be advised ; he tells it to one, who tells it to another, till all know it ; as says the Poet :

Thou hast heard that every secret which passeth  
     beyond two,  
 In a little time becometh a throng on the tongue of  
     everybody.

The wise man hath said : “ Those two are the two lips ;  
 To pass aught beyond them is not well advised.  
 Many a secret which hath escaped from the two lips  
 Hath raised a blood-feud between brave spirits.”

Well said the thoughtful utterer of sage maxims :  
“ Let him who would keep his head in safety keep his secret !  
When thou hast freed the wild bird from the bars of its cage,  
Thou wilt never be able to bind its foot with thy hand again.”

When the brothers had heard the dream, they not unnaturally burst out into indignant exclamations :

“ What !—doth he desire that we, clear from his darkness,  
Should fall down to the ground and worship before him?  
And not we alone, but father and mother also ?  
This self-glorification must not be so valued :  
*We* are our father’s traffickers—not he ;  
*We* are our father’s well-wishers—not he ;  
Whilst it is day, *we* keep his flocks in the field ;  
When it is night, *we* are the guardians of his dwelling ;  
If he have enemies, *we* are the strength of his arm ;  
In the circle of his friends, *we* are its shining jewel !  
Come, let us find a cure for this matter ;  
In every way possible let us compass his ruin :  
The thorn which sprouteth up to bring with it mischief,  
It is better to root out ere it become a tree.”

## ARTFUL COUNSEL.

WHEN a difficulty springeth up before an intelligent man,

So that by that difficulty his business is hindered,  
He uniteth with his own the intelligence of another,  
Who may give him his assistance in solving the difficulty.

If his house is not sufficiently lighted by one taper,  
He kindleth another taper to add to its brightness.  
But this word applieth to the right-seeing only—  
To those who sit exalted in the seat of rectitude :  
Apply it not to the crookedness of those who love  
crookedness,

For from two crooked things cometh only increase of  
crookedness.

When Joseph's brothers were assembled together,  
In order to deliberate on Joseph's affairs,  
One of them said : “ He hath caused the blood of our  
envy to flow,

We must use our cunning to make his flow also.

When thou hast got the power, shed thine enemy's blood,  
For in shedding his blood thou wilt escape from thine  
enemy :

When he is slain, thy secret remaineth hidden,  
For from the slain never voice cometh near.”

The second spoke : “ This way were to walk in the  
way of the faithless,

That we should think of slaying a guiltless man.  
We may spur on the steed of punishment,  
But not to the extremity of slaying—we, who are of  
the Faithful !  
Our end will be obtained by banishing him from this  
region,  
Rather than by killing, or smiting, or murdering him.  
It were better to cast him forth, far from his father,  
Into some dreadful valley—secluded and abandoned ;  
Some wilderness, where is naught but wild beasts and  
pitfalls,  
Save foxes and wolves, all of good and evil ;  
Where his drink will be only the tear of despair,  
And his bread be only the disc of the sun ;  
No shade over him save the darkness of the night,  
And no bed under him save the lancets of thorns :  
When he hath abided thus only a few days,  
He will doubtless come to his death, but die of himself ;  
Our swords will not be tinged with his blood,  
And we shall be free from his wiles and enchantments.”

A third said : “ This mode of killing is quite unlawful !  
What kind of killing can be worse than this ?  
For to yield up the soul under the dagger in a moment  
Is surely better than to die of thirst or famine.  
It were best, far or near, in the place where we are,  
To seek out a well, deep and narrow,  
Into which we may cast him, with every indignity,  
Down from the seat of exaltation and glory :  
Perchance there may come thither some caravan,

Which may stop to rest itself awhile at this resting-place,  
 And some one may lower a bucket into the well,  
 And draw up him instead of water.  
 He may adopt him for his own son, or take him as a slave,  
 And, rejoicing in his booty, carry him away :  
 So all his tie to this place will be cut off,  
 And calamity will not come on his account to us.”<sup>25</sup>

### DECEITFUL REQUEST.

The above suggestion is approved of by the rest, and in the morning the brothers repair to their venerable father, and, kneeling before him with seeming respect, urge him to allow their brother Joseph to return with them to the wilderness :

“ Already we feel the wearisomeness of the house,  
 And long to return to the open fields.  
 If thou wilt suffer us, it is the wish of our hearts  
 To go back to-morrow for some days to the wilderness.  
 Our brother Joseph—the light of our eyes—  
 On account of his tender years hath been little there  
 with us ;  
 What if he were to accompany us on the way,  
 And cheer our spirits by his companionship on our  
 journey ?  
 Night and day he remaineth lost in a corner of the  
 house ;

Send him forth with us to ramble and disport himself !  
Sometimes we will roam with him through paths of the  
desert ;

Sometimes we will wander with him o'er the hills and  
the mountains ;

Sometimes we shall draw the milk from the sheep ;

Sometimes we shall quaff it with delighted lips.

We will mark out for him a play-ground on the verdant  
sod ;

We will trace him a path to a bed of tulips ;

To one place we will lead the roes to pasture,

In another we will tear to pieces the strength of the  
wolf.

Perchance by these means his temper will be cheered,  
And his mind be set free from the anxieties of home.”

But Jacob replied : “ How can I approve of what ye  
are saying ? —

It would fill my soul with deep anxiety.

I should be in terror lest ye should sit down neglecting  
him —

Through inconsideration should overlook his condition ;  
Lest in this old calamitous wilderness  
Some gray wolf should fix his sharp teeth  
In that tender body, and tear it to pieces —  
Tear to pieces his body, but my very soul ! ”

At last, however, they force from him a silent but foreboding  
acquiescence, assuring him that —

They are not such spiritless creatures

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That ten of them cannot master a single wolf—  
“ Not merely the wolf, but the courageous lion  
Would in our grasp be contemptible as foxes.”

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### THE WELL.

ALAS ! for this deceitful sphere, which every day  
Casteth into the pit some heart-enlightening luminary !  
The gazelle, feeding in the pastures of the soul,  
It delivereth into the claws of the devouring wolf !  
When Joseph was given over into the fangs of those  
wolves,

Heaven cried : “ Behold ! wolves are carrying off a  
lamb ! ”

Whilst they still showed themselves in the eyes of their  
father,

They robbed one another to prove their affection :  
One would carry him on the tip of his shoulder ;  
Another would embrace and bear him in his bosom ;  
But no sooner had their feet touched the skirts of the  
desert,

Than they stretched forth upon him the hand of the  
oppressor,

And cast off their burthen from the shoulder of com-  
passion,

Down amidst the thorns and the hard pebbles.  
Now he standeth on the thorns with naked foot,

And pricks and splinters lacerate his feet ;  
Now without a shoe he treadeth the stony way,  
And teareth his silver hand to pieces on the rock ;  
The sole of his foot, which rivaleth the rose,  
Maketh roseate the thorns and stones with its blood.  
Lingereth he behind those hard-fisted ten,  
One would smite him with a wound on the cheek ;  
Hurrieth he forward, another, with a torrent of blows  
on the neck,  
Would beat him black and blue, like the face of a  
criminal ;  
And walketh he along with them side by side,  
They would drag him by the ears on one side and the  
other.  
Did he in tears hang on any one's skirt,  
In anger he would tear open the collar of his garment ;  
Did he fling himself weeping at any one's feet,  
He would place with laughter his foot upon his head ;  
Did he utter his woes in the voice of lamentation,  
No instrument would reply with accordant notes.

Besmeared with blood, or lying in the dust,  
From a bosom torn to pieces with a hundred sorrows,  
“O father,” he exclaimed, “where art thou ? where  
art thou ?  
Wherefore art thou so careless of the welfare of thy  
child ?  
Come, and look at the sons of thy handmaidens—  
How they are fallen away from the Faith and from  
understanding !

See what they are meditating in their hearts against  
the cherished one of thy bosom ;  
How they are repaying the claims of thy kindness !  
The rose, which bloomed in the garden of thy soul,  
On which dropped down the rain of thy affection,  
Is so faded from thirst under the scorching heat,  
That it no longer retaineth either colour or moisture :  
A sapling, delicately nurtured in Paradise,  
And planted in the flower-border of the palace of life,  
Hath so fallen to the ground under the wind of tyranny,  
That it is totally overgrown with thorns and brambles !  
The moon, which illumined thy night with its light,  
Which seemed so far removed from the darkness of the  
spheres,  
Is obscured by the scowling heavens to such a degree,  
That it is fain to ask for a ray from even the new moon.”

But his lamentations naught avail him : he is dragged away to  
the well.

There he once more entreateth for mercy from their  
injustice,  
And reneweth in such wise his wailings and supplications,  
That if they could have been heard by the rock,  
From his burning grief it would have melted like wax ;  
But as the sharp note became sharper still,  
Their stony hearts became still stonier.

He is plunged into the well ; but the angel Gabriel descends  
to him from Paradise, brings him a wonderful amulet to sustain  
his fortitude, and comforts him with an assurance, that his pitiless  
brethren will hereafter come to his presence to sue for his  
pity and forgiveness.

## THE CARAVAN.

The narrative then proceeds to describe, almost in the words of the 12th surah of the Korān, how, a day or two after, a caravan of merchants returning to Egypt stop to repose near the well ; how they go to draw water, and how, to their great surprise and admiration, they find Joseph, radiant with grace and beauty ; how the brothers, who have been on the watch, appear and claim him as a slave whom they are punishing for his stubbornness ; how they sell him for a small sum to the leader, Malik ; and how the caravan finally departs on its homeward journey.

## THE KING OF EGYPT.

WHEN from his distant journey Malik approached  
Egypt,

The news was spread abroad amongst the Egyptians :  
“Malik arriveth to-day home from his journey,  
Accompanied by a slave of Hebrew race—  
A resplendent moon in the zenith of beauty,  
A perpetual monarch in the kingdom of attractiveness.  
Never hath heaven with its thousand eyes  
Looked on a portrait like him in the picture-gallery of  
the world.”

When the King of Egypt heard this report he was greatly disturbed, and refused to believe it.

“The land of Egypt is the garden of beauty !  
Whoever saw lovelier than the roses of this garden ?

A rose which hath grown in the garden of Paradise  
Would sink to the earth in shame before them ! ”

Then he exclaimed to the Vizier of Egypt :

“ Up, and go meet this caravan on the way !

See with thine own eyes the moon of beauty,

And bring him to our court with all expedition.”

The Grand Vizier set his face towards the caravan,  
But hardly had he cast eyes on that heart-lulling coun-  
tenance,

Than it so nearly robbed him of himself,

That in his ecstacy he almost bent down in adoration.

But Joseph raiseth up his head from the ground,

And permitteth not such an act of worship in his  
presence :

“ Let not thy head be bowed down before any one,

Save Him who set thy head on the neck of supplica-  
tion.”

Then the Grand Vizier delivers his message to Malik ; but Malik entreats him to suffer them to repose a few days from the toils of their journey, that Joseph may not appear before the King under any disadvantage. The Vizier returns, and reports this request to the King, who immediately issues his command, that all the beauty of Egypt should be selected and brought together to depreciate the boasted pre-eminence of Joseph.

Meanwhile Malik takes every care to enhance the value of Joseph, and amongst other means sends him to refresh and purify himself in the waters of the river ; and, under the title of THE BATHING IN THE NILE, follows a lively description, but somewhat too figurative to be quite intelligible to those who are not familiar with Oriental imagery, of the bathing and its effects.

## INTELLIGENCE.

ZULAIKHA all this time had no conception  
That but two or three stages lay between her and  
Joseph ;  
Yet had she some tokens of it in her secret heart,  
And her bosom was scarred with the yearnings of  
affection.

She knew not whence those yearnings arose,  
Which she sought with all her strength to quiet.<sup>26</sup>  
She would go forth into the fields, in order that there  
She might dislodge from her heart what followed her  
in the house :

There she would spend many a weary day,  
Trying to bear patiently her heavy sorrow,  
And find there the means of cheerfulness and pleasure ;  
But every moment only added to her grief.  
Then, having watered the ground with her tears,  
Again she would feel the longing for her home,  
Again mount her camel, and seat herself in her litter,  
Again resume her journey, and return to her house.

In returning home, however, she passes the King's palace,  
where she sees an immense multitude assembled, and looking  
out from her litter, and beholding Joseph himself, whom they  
have brought to present to the King, she falls immediately into  
a swoon.

The bearers hurry the litter forward,  
And bear her to the privacy of her secret chamber.  
Where, having remained for a time shut-up,

She returneth to herself from her state of unconsciousness.

Then said the Nurse : “ O light of my soul,  
Wherefore come these sighs from thy burning heart ?  
What hath turned thy sweet lips to moanings ?  
Why hast thou fallen into this bitter unconsciousness ? ”  
And she answered : “ Dear mother, what shall I say ?  
For every word I utter will be my torment !  
The slave-boy whom thou sawest in the press,  
Of whose arrival thou hast heard at Memphis—  
That is he who hath become the Kiblah of my soul,  
The ransom of my life—my life itself !  
He it is whose lovely countenance showed itself in my  
dream,  
He it is who hath robbed my distracted mind of patience ;  
It was for love of him that I came to this country—  
For his sake that my heart’s desire was to behold this  
city ;  
Who made me a wanderer from house and home,  
And, wandering thus, hath left me destitute.  
All the suffering which for years thou hast seen me  
endure,  
The fever of which hath robbed me of all repose,  
All was the desire of beholding his face—  
The passion to look upon his bewitching figure.  
To-day my load hath become heavier than a mountain,  
To-day I know not how matters will go with me ;  
What hall my moon will light up with its rays—  
Whose chamber the taper of his cheek will illumine ! ”

The nurse has no consolation to supply than this :

“Thou hast long borne thy condition with patience,  
Trust then to nothing save patience to-day,  
It may be that hope will dawn out of patience—  
That the sun will yet break out from the black cloud!”

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### THE SLAVE-MARKET.

Joseph is brought to the slave-market and is put up to auction, and excites an immense competition to obtain one who is endowed with so many excellencies. But Zulaikha cannot bear the idea of losing him. She pours out all her treasure, and persuades Potiphar to go to the King, who wishes to purchase him, and make his request, that, in reward of his long services, he will permit him to become the purchaser, and adopt him as his son. The King gives his consent, and so Joseph is introduced into Potiphar's house, to the great content of Zulaikha, who expresses her satisfaction in very animated and beautiful language :

“Am I, O Heaven, awake or asleep,  
That my soul hath obtained my soul's desire?  
In my dark nights however could I hope—  
That one day would dawn upon me this auspicious  
morning?

The moon of victory hath broken upon my night,  
My night-and-day grief and mourning are come to an  
end!

Once my own tenderness was my sole companion,  
Now it is but right that I confess the tenderness of  
Fate!

Who in this abode of sorrow is so happy as I am ?  
 Who, after such a withering, hath bloomed again, like  
 me ?

For I was like a fish deprived of water,  
 Palpitating in the drought on the arid sand,  
 When from the cloud of benignity poured down a  
 torrent,  
 Which bore me back from the sand into the sea of  
 preservation.

I was as one who hath lost his way in the darkness  
 of the night,

Whose life-breath in his bewilderment is come to his lip,  
 When a beaming moon hath risen in my horizon,  
 And showed me the path to the valley of felicity.

Can I regret a casket of jewels,  
 When a mine of jewels is come to my hand ?  
 What are jewels beside the wares of the soul ?  
 Whatever it be, be it given for a friend !  
 For some dead fossils I have bought a soul—  
 In Heaven's name, could I have bought anything  
 cheaper ? ”

#### BAZIGHA'S DAUGHTER.

BUT not from the eye alone germinateth love ;  
 Oftentimes this fortune chanceth through words :  
 Beauty entereth her bridal-chamber through the ear,  
 And robbeth the soul of rest, and the mind of under-  
 standing.

A high-born and wealthy Princess of Egypt hears the report of his attractions, and resolves to behold them for herself. Accordingly she repairs to Memphis, inquires his esidence, and on seeing him is distracted, and exclaims :

“ O thou who art surely the soul of excellence,  
Who hath adorned thee with this perfection of beauty ?  
Who hath lighted-up thy temples like the sun ?  
What cunning artist hath portrayed thine image ?  
What gardener hath exalted thy cypress-like stature ?  
Whose compass hath rounded the arch of thy brow ?  
Who hath supplied thy fresh roses with moisture,  
And nurtured in his garden to so much loveliness ?  
Who hath taught thee thy graceful walk ?  
Who hath given to thy lips their eloquent speech ?  
Who opened thy languishing eyes to see the light,  
And roused thee to wakefulness from the sleep of non-existence ? ”

And Joseph, when he had listened to what she said,  
Poured forth from his sweet fountain these soul-refreshing words :

“ I am the work of that Workman,” he said,  
“ With a single drop from whose ocean I am quite content.

The heavens are but a dot of His perfect pen,  
The earth but a single bud from the garden of His beauty ;

The sun is but a speck from the light of His wisdom,  
The sphere but a bubble from the ocean of His power ;  
From atoms of the universe He hath created for us  
mirrors,

Which cast back to each of us the reflection of His countenance ;  
 His loveliness is free from the suspicion of defect,  
 Though it be hidden behind the screen of His mysterious veil ;  
 Whatever to thy sharpened eye appeareth to thee of good  
 Is—if thou pierce deeper—but the reflex of His countenance :  
 If thou see but the reflex, haste to the source,  
 For before the source the reflex hath no lustre !  
 God forbid thou shouldst remain at a distance from the source !  
 For if the reflex come to an end, thou wilt be left without light :  
 To the reflex is given no long duration,  
 Not much is to be trusted the colour of the rose !  
 Dost thou wish for duration, look to the source !  
 Wouldst thou rely on the promise, go on to the First Cause !  
 Often doth a something puncture the heart's veins,  
 Because one while it is, and another it is not.”

When the wise maiden had listened to these deep words,  
 She rolled up the mattress of her love for Joseph,  
 And said : “ When first I heard a description of thee,  
 The desire to behold thee stamped itself on my heart :  
 With this desire I instantly set forth,  
 My head becoming feet to search for and find thee.  
 When I looked upon thy face, immediately I fell down

And longed to yield up my life at thy feet ;  
But thou hast strung for me secrets precious as jewels,  
Thou hast thrown up for me a jet from the Fountain of  
Light ;  
Thou hast parcelled out for me to a hair the words of  
truth,  
And thou hast thyself warned me from seeking thy  
love.  
Thou hast removed the veil from the face of my hope ;  
Thou hast shown me the way from the atom to the sun.  
Now is unclosed to me the door of the mystery ;  
Now I perceive that to till the field of thy love were  
an illusion !

Now that mine eyes are opened to the truth,  
I at once abandon my vain passion.

God reward thee, that thou hast opened mine eyes,  
That thou hast made my spirit the companion of spirits !  
Thou hast broken off my heart from a strange affection,  
And hast changed my halting-place into an abiding  
sanctuary.

If each hair of my head were turned into a tongue,  
I would unite them all to rehearse thy praises.

How shall I string for thee the pearls of my gratitude ?  
How shall I rehearse a hair's-breadth of thy kindness ? ”  
Then she biddeth him farewell, and leaveth him,  
And departeth, freed from the ferment of passion.

Returning home, she builds for herself a little House of Piety on the banks of the Nile, and renouncing for the future all worldly pomp, and clothing herself in mean raiment, she dedicates herself entirely to works of charity ; and, adds the Poet,

When her pious life came to an end,  
 She resigned it sweetly with the courage of a hero :  
 And think not that she resigned it in vain ;  
 Resigning it, the face of the beloved-one beamed upon  
 her.

Learn, O my heart, manliness from this woman !  
 Learn, like her, to sorrow with a genuine sorrow !  
 If thou hast not such sorrow, grieve that thou hast it  
 not ;  
 If thou mournest not thus, become a mourner !  
 Thy life is ending in the worship of semblances ;  
 From semblances thou hast never escaped for a mo-  
 ment :  
 But every moment taketh something from the fairness  
 of the semblance,  
 Which Time keepeth changing from one form to  
 another.  
 Therefore plant not for ever thy foot in the same stony  
 way ;  
 Sit not for ever on the self-same bough ;  
 Choose thy nest above all time and space,  
 And build it aloft in the palace of reality !  
 Reality is unity—semblance is thousand-fold :  
 Seek not for unity in the multiplication of semblances.  
 Numbering is ever connected with disjunction,  
 Therefore let ONE be thy fortified city :  
 When thou hast no longer strength against the multi-  
 tude of thine enemies,  
 It is well to escape from their grasp into thy fortress.

## LOVE'S SERVICES.

Joseph being thus brought into the dwelling of Potiphar as his slave, and into intimate daily intercourse with Zulaikha, it is only natural that, with her previous feelings towards him, she should bestow upon him every care and attention. A passage in the Korān, indeed, which the story in the main incidents pretty strictly follows, intimates that Potiphar himself enjoined this upon her.<sup>27</sup> It is equally natural that, under such circumstances, her passion should increase ; for, as the Poet says,

When the love-sick fixeth his heart on the beloved,  
Nevermore can his condition be one of rest.  
If he holdeth not in his hand the ready-money of her  
presence,

He will caress the fancy which is imaged in his bosom ;  
But the heart's-blood will still trickle from his heart,  
Till the fancied image appeareth before the eye.  
When the tearful eye hath obtained this portion,  
Then followeth the thought of kisses and embraces ;  
And if the kiss and the embrace be also granted,  
Then is entwined with the grant the dread of separation.  
In love there is no such thing as felicity ;  
In love no such thing as the satisfaction of life !  
Its beginnings have their source in a bitter fountain,  
Its ending is self-inflicted death.<sup>28</sup>

## LOVE REFUSED.

Zulaikha can now no longer command her passion, and more and more throws herself in his way.

Zulaikha now seeketh the remedy of his presence,  
But Joseph draweth himself aside from her company ;  
Zulaikha poureth blood-stained tears from her eyes,  
But Joseph fleeth from the sight of her tears ;  
Zulaikha's breast is scarred with many a heart-burning  
wound,

But Joseph, not the more stirred, retaineth his tranquillity ;

Zulaikha fixeth her eyes on that favoured countenance,  
But Joseph declineth his to the instep of his foot ;  
Zulaikha regardeth him with glowing looks,  
But Joseph sealeth his eyes, and will not see them.

At last her sorrow reached such an extremity,  
That, in brief space, she could no longer sustain herself.  
She fell into the autumn of grief and misery,  
The rose of her cheek faded into the yellow tulip ;  
The crowd of her anxieties overburthened her soul,  
Her cypress-form was bowed beneath the pressure ;  
The lustre vanished from her ruby-lip,  
The taper of her countenance lost its brightness ;  
She no longer passed the comb through her amber  
hair,

Only with clenched palm she tore it from its roots ;  
She no longer turned her face towards the mirror,

Never directed it save towards her knee :  
Since all the world was dark in her eyes,  
Why any longer tinge them with the surmah !  
And if with the surmah she should try to darken them,  
Her tears would wash away the surmah from her eyes !

Then from a bosom wounded with sorrows  
She would open the lips of reproach against herself :  
“ O thou whose condition is become thy disgrace,  
Wherefore this passion for a gold-purchased slave ?  
Thou who art a monarch on the throne of sovereignty,  
Why play at love with thine own bondsman ?  
Seek for thy beloved a king like thyself,  
For a king-born princess is worthy of a king !  
Yet stranger still the arrogance that upholdeth him  
From bowing down his head in a presence like thine !  
If the women of Egypt should learn thy condition,  
How many hundred times with their censures would  
they add to thy sufferings ! ”

So said she—but that Only-one  
Had not so fixed his dwelling in her heart,  
That she was able in such wise to eject him from her  
bosom ;  
Nay, from such speech she but increased her affliction !  
Yes ! when a loved one hath thus mixed himself with  
our souls,  
It is not possible for the soul to snap asunder the link ;  
A moment may cut off the soul from the body,  
But to the beloved it remaineth steadfast for ever.

Well said one sick with the scars of love :  
“The perfume may forsake the musk, and its bloom  
the rose,  
But it is not within the compass of the possible  
That the loving soul should forget what once it hath  
loved.”

#### QUESTIONINGS AND ANSWERINGS.

A prey to her passion, and finding it unanswered, Zulaikha now sinks into hopeless despondency. The Nurse, full of sympathy for her distress, questions her more closely about its cause, reminding her that the object of her affection is no longer a dream and at a distance, but is constantly near her and in her service. Zulaikha replies :

“Oh, my dear mother, is it possible  
That thou still knowest not my entire secret—  
That thou art still ignorant what presseth on my heart ?  
What advantage have I from this life of the world ?  
True, he standeth before me, ready in my service,  
But the service he offereth is no service at all !  
True, he is never at a distance from me,  
But never are his looks bent upon me !  
One cannot but weep in sorrow for that thirsty-one  
Who liveth on the brink of the stream, and may not  
drink of it !  
When my face is lighted-up by the taper of beauty,

He turneth his away, and fasteneth it on his feet :  
And yet I mean not to complain of this,  
For fairer is his foot than is my face.  
When I fix on him a penetrating eye,  
His forehead sheweth only the semblance of folds :  
And yet reproach for this would not be right in me,  
For in whatever cometh from him no fault is to be  
found !”

And so she continues in the same strain, till the Nurse exclaims :

“ Better the forced separation of the lovely,  
Than a union fraught with so much of bitterness and  
distraction !  
Hard, indeed, to bear is the pain of separation,  
But a union like this bringeth calamities without  
number !”

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#### THE NURSE.

Assured of the sympathy of the Nurse, Zulaikha gives entire sway to her passion, and sends her as a messenger to make known to the object of it the state of her affections. But in vain ; they are promptly and even sternly repelled :

“ O versed in secret business,  
Be not a contriver of wiles for my deception !  
I am Zulaikha’s gold-purchased slave—  
Many are the favours I have received at her hands ;

The bloom and brightness of my person are her work ;  
My heart and spirit are due to her faithful nurture ;  
Were I to pass my life in recounting her benefits,  
I could not discharge my obligations for what she  
hath done for me.

Therefore must I bow my head to the letter of her  
commands,

Therefore must I stand ever ready in her service :  
But tell her that she must not conceive of me the  
thought

That I can ever be diverted from the orders of my  
Lord ;

That from the evil suggestions of rebellious passions  
I could ever set foot in the sanctuary of her modesty.  
The Vizier hath bestowed upon me the name of son ;  
He hath entrusted to me the charge of his whole  
household ;

I am a bird to which he hath given its seed and water ;  
How, then, could I be disloyal to him within his own  
dwelling ?

The Holy-One to every different nature  
Hath assigned diversities of labour and tillage :  
One formed of unsullied clay is unsullied in deed ;  
The child of impurity can only be impure ;  
A dog is not born of a man, nor a man of a dog :  
Wheat cometh not from barley, nor barley from wheat.  
I hold in my breast the mystery of Israel,  
I have kept in my heart the knowledge of Gabriel,  
And if I be worthy of the office of a Prophet,  
My only claim to it is derived from Isaac.

I am a rose with hidden secrets in its core,  
Which blossomed in the garden of the Friend of God.  
God forbid that I should do a deed  
Which should draw me aside from the way of my  
people !

Say to Zulaikha, she must banish this passion,  
And hold me exculpated, and her own heart ;  
For I rest my hope in God the Pure,  
That I shall still be kept clean from the sin of  
impurity ! ”

#### THE EXCULPATION.

Zulaikha, though discouraged by the report of the Nurse, is impelled to make one more effort in person ; he answers her with his tears. She asks him why he weeps, and he replies :

“ Because I am heart-broken with sorrow !  
Never hath any one’s love brought happiness to me !  
When an aunt desired to tread with me the paths of  
affection,  
They uttered my name with the epithet of “ thief ; ”  
When my father held me dearer than my brethren,  
He planted for me in their souls the sapling of  
jealousy :  
They cast me from his neighbourhood far away,  
And threw me abandoned on the land of Egypt.  
And now every heart-beat is fraught with cruel fears

Of what your love is to bring upon my head !  
 Yes ! very jealous is the Prince of Love<sup>29</sup>—  
 Love's dominion will endure no partnership.  
 In this high office, beginning is ending,  
 No one will he ever associate with himself !  
 Hardly hath the cypress exalted itself in its gracefulness,  
 Than he humbleth to nothing the shadow at its foot ;  
 Hardly hath loveliness lighted up the face of beauty,  
 Than he burneth up its harvest with the lightning of  
 jealousy ;  
 Hardly hath the sun reached the height of the whirling  
 sky,  
 Than he precipitateth it swiftly downward to its setting ;  
 Hardly hath the moon filled her mould with light,  
 Than he grieveth and afflicteth her with her waning  
 into darkness,”

Zulaikha still presses her request to be deemed “the lowliest  
 of his maidens.” He answers :

“ My Mistress, I am your bondsman,  
 Bound as a slave to do you service ;  
 Aught save service is out of my province,  
 Enjoin me only what becometh a servant ;  
 Ask not from your servant that he become your master,  
 Make him not by such graciousness ashamed of himself !

Who am I, that I should become your familiar friend ;  
 That I should partake with the Vizier of the same  
 table !

It was quite meet that the monarch should put to death  
the slave  
Who dipped his finger in the same salt-cellar.  
Better that you should lay upon me some other duty,  
In the discharge of which I might pass my days.  
I desire not to withdraw my head from your service ;  
With all my power I would repay my obligations.  
It is by service that slaves have become free,  
By service that they have been gladdened with the  
deed of manumission ;  
The heart is made joyful in the performance of good  
services,  
But never can the undutiful slave become a freed-  
man ! ”

But Zulaikha will not listen to his request, and he escapes from  
the interview to busy himself with his customary employments.

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#### THE FALSE ACCUSATION.

Zulaikha, undiscouraged by his repulses, still continues to force  
him into interviews, and contrives various schemes with the de-  
sign of seducing him from his allegiance to duty. In a moment  
of weakness she nearly prevails ; but he impetuously flies from  
her presence. Then, believing that he has betrayed her secret,  
she accuses him to the Vizier.

The Vizier when he heard these words  
Could not rest a moment in the same place ;

His heart lost all self-possession,  
And he turned his tongue into a dagger of reproaches.  
He said to Joseph : “ When I had weighed my jewels,  
And emptied my treasury to pay thy purchase,  
I received thee afterwards to the relation of sonship.  
And raised thee to a high place to show thee my  
esteem ;  
I gave Zulaikha to be thy companion,  
I made her maidens handmaidens to thee ;  
My slaves bore thy ring in their ears,  
And were to thee true and faithful servants ;  
All my wealth I entrusted to thy keeping,  
And in nothing did I cause thee a single uneasiness.  
It is not the rule of reason what thou hast done !  
God forgive thee the evil thou hast committed !  
In this cloister of the world, full of calamities,  
Kindness only should be the reward of the kind !  
My benefits thou hast rewarded with ingratitude and  
rebellion ;  
Fed at my table, thou hast turned away thy face, not  
acknowledging the favour ;  
Thou hast eaten of my salt, and hast broken the salt-  
dish ! ”

In vain he asserts his innocence ; Zulaikha confirms her accusation with an oath, and the Vizier summons an officer and consigns him to a prison.

## THE SUCKLING.

WHEN the sergeant had secured the person of Joseph,  
And had conveyed him to that doleful prison,  
His heart shrank under the weight of his misery,  
And he turned upward to Heaven the face of secret  
supplication :

“ O Thou, who art versed in hidden mysteries,  
Who hast knowledge to penetrate every obscurity,  
In whose mind truth and falsehood are clearly dis-  
tinguished,  
Who knoweth but Thou how to unravel this great  
perplexity ?

Since Thou hast enlightened me with the light of Thy  
truth,

Suffer not the suspicion of a lie to rest upon me :  
Raise up at my prayer a witness in my favour,  
That my sincerity may shine forth bright as the  
morning ! ”

And the prayer is granted, for a babe in the arms is endued  
with voice, and exclaims :

“ Beware, Vizier, and proceed more slowly ;  
Be cautious, and be not in haste to punish,  
For Joseph is not deserving of punishment,  
No ! rather is Joseph worthy of kindness and pity ! ”

But Zulaikha renewes her attempts, and is again repelled. Then  
her passion is changed into anger, and she contrives once more  
to have him thrown into prison, having first caused him to be led

through the streets and exposed to every kind of contumely. But the Orientals have a notion that beauty of countenance and vicious dispositions are inconsistent with one another, and when the people behold his exceeding comeliness, they refuse to believe his guilt.

But the crowd which came forward to witness the sight  
Exclaimed : “ God forbid !—ah, God forbid !

That from that beautiful face should proceed evil  
actions,

That that charmer of hearts should inflict a heart-  
wound !

An angel he is with an angel’s purity,

From an angel come not the deeds of Satan.

The beautiful face withdraweth its foot from vicious  
habits,

And well said that wise and handsome man,

That every one in the world who is endowed with  
beauty

Hath dispositions far better than his face ;

That the countenance of every one whose nature is  
ugly,

Covereth dispositions still uglier than his countenance ;  
So that from the unlovely can come naught of good-  
ness,

And from the lovely nothing of evil.”

So when that living heart entered the prison,

Thou wouldest say it was as though the soul had  
returned to a dead body :

An ebullition of joy broke forth in that abode of misery,

And a shout of delight burst from the prisoners,  
At the arrival of that image of brightness and beauty ;  
All the enchain'd rattled their chains,  
The shackles of their feet became fetters of inclination,  
The chains of their necks, collars of happiness ;  
The melancholy of their hearts was exchanged for  
gladness ;

The mountain of grief pressed lightly as a straw.  
Yes ! whatever place entereth a heavenly Hūri,  
That place, were it hell, would become a paradise ;  
Wherever appeareth the blooming face of a beloved  
one,

Were it a furnace, it would become a bed of roses.

When Joseph reached the dwelling prepared for him,  
He spread on the ground the carpet of devotion,  
And, as was his custom, bowed himself down,  
Turned his face towards the altar of adoration ;  
Then seated himself manfully in the resting-place of  
patience,

Thankful that he had escaped the snares of women.

To no one in the world happeneth an affliction,  
That from the affliction cometh not an odour of mercy :  
Even the hard lot of the prisoner, overwhelmed with  
misery,  
An odour of mercy can render easy !

## REPENTANCE.

WONDERFUL is it, how, in this old blue-canopied pavilion,

The race of Adam is so wanting in consideration !

Its habit is not recognition of benefits,

Its nature it is to know nothing but unthankfulness :

Although he hath passed a life of prosperity,

He acknowledgeth not its value till it remaineth no longer.

Many is the lover who scoffeth at separation,

Believing that he hath tasted of love to satiety ;

But as soon as Destiny hath kindled the fire of separation,

His body dwindleth away like a taper, and his soul is consumed in the glow.

Whilst the prison became to the captives in the prison  
A rose-garden from the presence of that smiling rose-bud,

Zulaikha, whose dwelling that incomparable cypress

Had rendered gayer even than the rose-garden,

Found, when the cypress had vanished from the garden,

The garden itself darker than the prison :

She too in heart became a captive in its hold,

And in the separation her affliction was doubled.

For what affliction can be worse than his,

Who seeth the place of the charmer deprived of the charmer ?

What comfort is left in that bower of roses,  
When the rose is departed, and the thorn only re-  
maineth?

The spine of the thorn in a rose-bower without roses  
Can be followed only by the wail of the nightingale!

Deprived of the sight of the beloved object, Zulaikha abandons herself to utter despair, and attempts to destroy herself. The Nurse affectionately interposes with tender endearments and exhortations to patience, which are received as such counsels usually are.

Then the Nurse kissed her hands and her feet,  
And from the bottom of her heart pronounced a bles-  
sing :

“ May thou be set free from the pangs of separation ;  
May nothing remind thee of separation more !  
Bethink thee—how long wilt thou lose thy self-pos-  
session ?

Resume thy reason !—how long wilt thou be unwise ?  
My sorrow for thee filleth my heart with blood ;  
Who hath ever done as thou doest now ?  
Listen to me, for I am old in experience :  
Endurance only can order such matters as this !  
By impatience hast thou fallen into this fire and fever—  
Pour water on the flame from the cloud of patience.  
When the rough wind of calamity bloweth on thine  
head,

Thou shouldst not, like a straw, fly before it ;  
Better draw thy foot within thy skirt,  
And remain, like the mountain, rooted in thy place.

Patience bringeth with it the fruit of hope ;  
Patience bringeth with it the happiness of perpetuity ;  
Patience layeth the foundation of victory,  
Is the firmest step for mounting to felicity ;  
By patience the rain-drop in the shell becometh a pearl ;  
By patience the mine is filled with gems and rubies ;  
By patience the ear of corn cometh from the seed,  
And from the ear of corn the grain which nourisheth  
the life ;  
By patience of nine months an atom in the womb  
Becometh a moon to irradiate the world."

The perturbed heart and soul of Zulaikha  
Were soothed by the words which fell from the Nurse ;  
In garments rent from the collar to the skirt,  
She drew her slipper in patience within its border ;  
But the patience which the lover seemeth to exert,  
Whilst the wise counsellor is uttering his words,  
As soon as his counsels sink into silence,  
Endeth, and the lover forgetteth every letter.

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#### THE VISIT TO THE PRISON.

WHEN the lover's day is changed into night,  
The night but maketh the lover's glow more glowing  
still ;  
Separation hath turned his day into darkness,

Its darkness is increased by the darkness of the night ;  
The day by its sorrow is become black,  
The night heapeth up blackness on blackness.

When the night draweth nigh to the impatient Zulaikha,  
It cometh to her at last fraught with anguish ;  
Far from the stealer of her heart, and separated from  
the holder of her soul,

The night is without a moon, and her house without a  
light ;

When the face of the beloved one emitteth not a ray,  
A hundred torches will not illumine the dwelling.

The anxiety of her heart never suffered her eye to  
slumber,

And forced from her eyelids blood-stained tears.

“I know not,” she would exclaim, “how this night  
it fareth with Joseph !

Who is this night the surety for his service ?

Who will stretch out his feet on his pallet ?

Who will lay his head comfortably on his pillow ?

Who will kindle the lamp to light up his couch ?

What hand of kindness will smooth down his cushion ?

Who will unclasp the girdle from his loins ?

Who will read him stories to lull him to sleep ?

Hath the air of that place agreed with him, or not ?

Hath that net yet tamed him like a bird, or not ?

Doth the rose of his cheek still retain its brilliance ?

Do his hyacinth-locks still keep their lustre ?

Hath that air not borne away the brilliancy of the rose ?

Hath that air not withered the lustre of the hyacinths ?

Doth his heart still fold itself up like a rose-bud?  
Or, like the rose, hath it expanded itself to pleasure?"

Urged by such feelings, she cannot repress her desire to see how he is, and summons the Nurse to accompany her to the prison.

She beheld him from a distance kneeling on the prayer-carpet,

Like a flashing sun drowned in light;

Now, like a taper, standing erect,

And casting the light of his face on the prisoners;

Now bowing his stature, like the crescent moon,

And throwing on the carpet the rays of his countenance;

Now, with head on the ground, asking pardon for error,

Like a tender rose-branch under the night-wind;

Now prostrated in acts of humiliation;

Now sitting resigned, like the lowly violet.

After watching him for some time from an obscure corner, she at last addresses him :

"O thou, the lamp and eye of all that is amiable,  
O heart's desire of all the unhappy !

Thou who hast kindled the fire of love in my breast,

Hast consumed my body from head to foot,

Never hath thy presence thrown water on the flames !

Never hast thou quenched the fever of my soul !

Thou hast lacerated my bosom with the sword of  
tyranny,

And I see thee careless of the sorrow it has wrought.  
Hast thou no pity to bestow on my sufferings—

On me so pitiable, and alas ! rejected ?  
Every glance of thine giveth me a fresh grief :  
Would to God, my mother had never borne me !  
Would to God, that, when I was born,  
No nurse had ever cast a shade over my head ;  
That she had refused me my portion of the pure milk ;  
Or vindictively mixed the milk with poison ! ”

So spake Zulaikha, discovering her condition,  
But not less did Joseph retain his own ;  
Not a hair’s breadth did he approach her nearer ;  
Or, if he did, he betrayed not a sign.

At dawn, when the kettle-drum soundeth in the palace,  
And the Muezzin proclaimeth the morning-call,  
And the hound curleth his tail about his throat,  
And stoppeth his breath from the baying of the night,  
When the cock, raising his neck from his pleasant sleep,  
Tuneth his pipe, and uttereth his shrill cry,  
Zulaikha gathereth together, and tucketh up her  
garment,  
Kisseth respectfully the threshold; and departeth home-  
ward.

So long as her moon sat in the loneliness of his prison,  
So long thitherward would she go to and fro :  
This running backwards and forwards was the food of  
her soul,  
This coming and going was her sole occupation ;  
No one’s inclination to visit the flower-garden could be  
stronger

Than was the inclination of that broken-hearted one to  
visit that prison ;  
And in truth he whose friend is a prisoner,  
Where but in the prison can he find a resting-place ?

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### THE TERRACE.

Unable to see him herself, she sends a favourite servant to report upon his state, and to take him all kinds of delicacies and comforts :

And when the trusty maiden returneth from the prison,  
She lavisheth upon her a hundred caresses :  
One time would lay her cheek on the sole of her slipper,  
At another would impress on her eyes a hundred  
kisses ;

“ For this is the eye which hath looked upon his face,  
And this is the foot which hath reached his dwelling-  
place :

If I am not permitted to press kisses on his eyes,  
Or place my cheek on the sole of his shoe,  
I will kiss once at least that eye  
Which sometimes hath looked upon that beautiful  
countenance ;

I will place my cheek on the sole of that shoe  
Which once hath travelled in his direction.”

Then would she inquire concerning his condition,

And concerning the grace of that Fortune-favoured countenance :

“ Had not that face been worn by his sufferings ?  
Had no knot perplexed his circumstances ?  
Had that air not withered the rose of his cheek ?  
Had not that ground injured his body ?  
Had he eaten, or not, of the dainties she had taken ?  
Had he remembered, or not, the friend who had given  
him her heart ? ”

And then, after many replies to her questions,  
She hurrieth from the spot, with blood-stained eyes.

On the roof of her palace was a covered gallery,  
Whence could be seen the roof of the prison ;  
In this gallery she would stay, sitting alone,  
Closing the door against all her people.

“ Who am I, that I should look upon his blooming countenance ?

Enough for me, that I see his roof from mine !  
Not worthy am I to gaze upon those features—  
Let me be satisfied to behold his walls and his gate !  
In every place where my moon is sojourning,  
Is not his dwelling-place the Garden of Eternity ?  
Its roof containeth the capital-stock of felicity,  
When it overshadoweth so brilliant a sun ;  
From that doorway issueth head-exalting happiness,  
To come forth from which my cypress hath bowed its  
head !

Though favoured by Fortune is that threshold,

Which hath so kissed the foot of him who hath captured my heart,

Well would it be with me were my body cut to pieces,  
Member by member, by the sword of his affection ;  
Could I throw myself headlong from the window  
To fall before the feet of that brilliant sun !

Thousands of times I envy the ground  
Over which that graceful form walketh so elegantly ;  
Which has been perfumed by the tucks of his garment,  
Which has been honoured by his fragrant person ! ”

Such, in brief words, was her life till night,  
Such her behaviour, such her soliloquies ;  
At night, her comfort was a visit to the prison,  
By day, to gaze upon it from her terrace-gallery.  
For Joseph had so fixed his abode in her heart,  
That for him she became a stranger to the world and  
to herself.

Lost to herself in thinking of him,  
She washed from the tablet of her heart good and evil.  
However her maidens uttered their voices,  
She returned not to the consciousness of what was  
about her ;  
She would say to her maidens, in season and out of  
season :

“ I pay no longer attention to myself ;  
Seek not from me attention to your words :  
Ye will have to shake me before ye speak,  
For only by shaking will ye bring me to myself.  
And then perhaps I may open my ears to listen :

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My heart is only with my prisoner in his prison,  
And this is the cause of all my distraction."

And she falls ill.

Thou too, JAMI, come wholly out of thyself,  
And enter thou into the blissful eternal dwelling !  
Thou knowest, I know, the way to that happy mansion,  
But happiness cometh not from so much sluggishness !  
Turn away thy foot from the snare of the sluggish,  
And set it toward the joyful land of non-existence !  
Once thou wast not, and it was no loss to thee ;  
Be so again to-day, and it will be to thy gain.  
Seek not thy well-being in selfish indulgence,  
For such mad passion will profit thee nothing.

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### THE Two OFFICERS OF THE KING.

WHOEVER is born of his mother under a happy star,  
Its brightness cleareth away even the darkness from  
the night ;  
He goeth to a field of thorns, it becometh a bed of roses,  
And he giveth perfume to the roses like the musk of  
Tartary ;  
He passeth like a cloud over the thirsty fallows,  
And his approach changeth them into a smiling  
paradise ;  
Like the wind, when it bloweth over the fresh garden,

His face kindleth up the lamp of every rose-bud ;  
 He entereth the prison, it becometh pleasant and  
     joyous,  
 And he freeth the prisoner from his burthen of sorrow.

These lines introduce the section of the Poem in which are described the benevolent ministrations of Joseph amongst the prisoners, in soothing their griefs, healing their diseases, and interpreting their dreams. Here he meets with the two disgraced servants of Pharaoh, the Butler and the Baker, whose story, following the narrative in the Korān, is almost identical with that in the Bible, from which it is evidently copied. He interprets their dreams, telling the one that he will be hanged, and beseeching the other, when he is restored to his office of Cup-bearer, as he will be, to mention his hard case to the King, and to obtain his deliverance ; a request which, when restored, he quite forgets.

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### THE KING'S DREAM.

THERE is many a curious lock, to open which,  
 When the key is lost, the way appeareth not :  
 But when the attempts of the most skilful have been  
     baffled,  
 When in face of the difficulty sight and thought have  
     devised nothing ;  
 When the cunning hand hath not been ready,  
 And even the clever-handed hath found no means to  
     open it,

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Suddenly and strangely it openeth itself,  
And discloseth the deposit—the object of our wishes.  
When Joseph had freed his heart from its own dis-  
guises,  
And cut the tie which threaded its schemings,  
There remained nothing for him but to take refuge  
with God,  
Who in our adversities is ever our stay :  
Delivered from selfishness and want of understanding,  
The grace of the Divine Wisdom took him by the hand.

Here follows the account of Pharaoh's dreams of the seven fat and the seven lean kine, and of the seven full and thin ears of corn, as told in the Korān and the Book of Genesis. He interrogates his wise men and counsellors, but they are unable to explain their meaning. Then the Cup-bearer remembers Joseph, and informs the King that there is one confined in the prison, who had interpreted his dream, and could probably interpret the King's. At the King's command, he hastens to Joseph, and receives from him the interpretation of the seven years of plenty and the seven years of famine ; and is immediately sent back to bring him in person to the King's presence, who remarks :

“Sweet as sugar are the words which come from a friend,  
But sweeter is it still when we hear them from himself.”

But Joseph declines to obey the order, saying :  
“Why should I go to the King,  
Who me, the friendless—the faultless one—  
Hath kept confined for years in the prison,  
And left me despairing of all signs of mercy ?

If he desireth that from this house of sorrows  
 I should step forth, let him first command  
 That the women of Memphis, assembled like the  
     Pleiades,  
 Should lift up the veil which covereth my actions,  
 And plainly declare what they have seen in me,  
 What is my crime, and wherefore they have led me on  
     the way to a prison ;  
 Then may the mystery be cleared up before the King,  
 And it may be seen that my garment is pure from  
     perfidy :  
 No ! it is not my habit to give way to sinful thoughts,  
 It is not my habit to have a thought of treachery !  
 In that house treachery never came from me,  
 Nothing came from me but truth and rectitude ;  
 For rather would I grub for treasure in a mine,  
 Than become a traitor to the household-couch ! ”

When the King has received this message, he orders all the women of Memphis to be assembled, and demands from them their reason for accusing Joseph. The women reply :

“ O Fortune-favoured Monarch—  
 May thy throne and thy crown be ever prosperous !  
 Never have we seen aught but purity in Joseph,  
 Never have we seen aught but honour and nobility ;  
 The pearl is not more pure within its shell  
 Than is that soul of the world pure from suspicion.”

And Zulaikha also was seated there,  
 Her tongue freed from falsehood and her soul from  
     malice,

And purified by the discipline of love  
From every deceit which was hid beneath a veil.  
The brightness of rectitude showed wisdom to her heart,  
And, like the clear morning, she spake out the truth.  
She said : “ Joseph is guiltless of a crime ;  
It was I who lost my way in the pursuit of his love ;  
I it was who first sought his society,  
And, when he refused it, drove him from my presence ;  
My injustice it was which threw him into prison,  
My own misery it was which brought him to misery ;  
And when my misery had passed all limits,  
I made his condition as miserable as my own.  
For all the injustice done him through my injustice  
Now am I bound to find a remedy ;  
And whatever favours a beneficent King may confer,  
Joseph is worthy of such a hundred-fold.”

When the King heard these nicely-weighed words,  
He expanded like a rose, and smiled like a rose-bud ;  
He made a sign that they should bring him out of  
prison,  
And conduct him to that delightful palace-garden-house.  
“ He is a blooming rose from the garden of grace,  
The rose-garden befitteh a blooming rose better than  
a prison ;  
He is a favoured king in the realm of spirits,  
He ought to have no seat, except a throne.”

The narrator now goes on to describe how Joseph, released from prison, is received with the greatest honour by the King, who demands from him what it will be best to do during the

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years of plenty and famine, listens to his counsels and plans, appoints him his Grand Vizier, and gives him full power to administer the affairs of the kingdom. Potiphar, thus deprived of his rank and authority, pines away and dies ; and Zulaikha retires into solitude, and falls into premature old age, blindness, and decrepitude ; but after a time, unable to bear her distance from Joseph, she returns to the city, and builds herself a hut surrounded with reeds, whence she can hear the sound of his horse whenever he passes to and fro : and this is her sole remaining solace and occupation.

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### THE TRUE FAITH.

NEVER is the melancholy lover content,  
His avidity increases hour by hour :  
Not a moment doth he rest in the same desire,  
Every moment his wishes rise higher and higher ;  
If he scenteth the Rose, he longs to see it,  
If he seeth it, he cannot but pluck it !<sup>30</sup>  
Zulaikha now sitteth perpetually in the way,  
Pierced with the yearning to behold his countenance ;  
At night she boweth her head to the ground before the  
idol  
Whom it has been her custom all her life to worship,  
Exclaiming : “ O thou who hast been the shrine of my  
soul,  
Before whose perfection I have ever prostrated myself  
in obedience ;  
Look with thine eye upon my reproach,

Restore to mine eyes the power of vision !  
From him how long shall I remain separated ?  
Grant me to behold his face, though it be but from a  
distance !

Fulfil this desire, if thou canst do so ;  
When thou hast fulfilled this desire do with me what  
seemeth to thee best ;

Keep me no longer in this soul-piercing sorrow,  
In this miserable condition hold me not longer !

What life is this, than which not to be were better !  
Better were it to me to tread the path of non-being !”

So she speaketh, and casteth dust upon her head,  
And maketh the earth all wet with her tears.

When the sun, like a king, ascended the throne of the  
east,

And the neighing was heard of Joseph’s charger,  
Zulaikha would come forth in the guise of a beggar,  
And would take her place in his narrowest path ;

Hold up her hand like the petitioner for justice,  
And pour out from heart and soul her sighs and groans.

But from the loud cries which rose to the sky,  
When the sergeants proclaimed, “Clear the way,”

And from the noise which struck the ear on every side,  
From the neighing and stamping of the road-clearing  
steed,

No one amidst the tumult noticed her condition,  
Though it was such as might make one cry, “God  
have mercy !”

Thus, with a heart broken in pieces,  
A despairing wanderer from the valley of joy,

She went away, her soul heaving glowing sighs,  
And withdrew her foot to her own sorrowful home.  
There she brought out the stony Image, set it before  
her,  
And, opening her lips to quiet her pain,  
Exclaimed : “ O stone !—vessel of my dignity and  
honour,—  
Stone, which hath been the stone in my every path,  
By which the way to happiness hath been barred to  
my heart—  
It is fitting that my heart should have felt thy weight.  
When I prostrated myself in adoration before thee,  
I struck into the road which led to sin ;  
When, weeping, I sought my desires from thee,  
I washed my hands from the desire of both worlds.  
Now, O stone, I will free myself from thy weight,  
And break with a stone the jewel of thy power.”

She spake, and with the blow of a heavy stone,  
Broke, like the Friend, the Image to pieces ;<sup>31</sup>  
And whilst she eagerly sprang to break it,  
In the act of breaking she regained her purity.

When she had completed this work of idol-breaking,  
She washed her eyes with tears and her heart with  
blood,  
Humbled herself, and rubbed her face in the dust,  
And in the court of God the Pure uttered her lament :  
“ O Thou to whom love is due from all Thy subjects,  
Idols, and idol-makers, and idol-adorers,

Did not a reflection from Thee fall upon the idol,  
Who would bow down before an idol in worship ?  
When Thou hast touched the idol-maker with Thy love,  
And thereby moved him to idol-sculpture,  
The man falleth down prostrate before the idol,  
For, worshipping the idol, he thinketh that he worshipe-  
peth God.

When, O God, I turned my face to an idol,  
In that I committed, O God, an offence against myself !  
In Thy mercy, O God, forgive the offence ;  
I have committed a sin, pardon my sinfulness !  
Because I have trod so often the paths of sin,  
Thou tookest away from me the jewel of sight,  
Now, since thou hast scattered the dust of my sin,  
Give me back that which Thou tookest from me,  
In order that, freed from the scars of my sorrows,  
I may still gather a tulip in the garden of Joseph !”

When the Ruler of Egypt returned by the way,  
Again she placed herself in his path, and, renewing her  
lamentations,  
Began : “O Thou Holy One, who didst make the King  
a slave,  
And didst abase his head to meanness, and weakness,  
And hast placed on the head of a poor and needy slave  
A royal crown of dignity and glory !”  
When these words found a place in the ears of Joseph,  
His mind was disturbed with awe and reverence,  
And he said to his chamberlain : “This reciter of  
praise

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Who hath deprived my soul of strength and firmness,  
Bring her to my private chamber of audience,  
Bring her within the circle of my most trusted intimates,  
That I may question her as to every point of her condition,  
That I may question her as to her unhappiness and happiness ;  
For that recital of praise hath so moved and disturbed me,  
That I remain astonished that it hath left so strange an impression ;  
Unless some deep calamity have laid hold on her garment,  
How have her words so strangely impressed me ? ”

A hundred lives for the ground trod by that sagacious Prince,  
Who by a sigh, by a look, can discriminate  
Between the clear morning light of the genuine petitioner  
And the false story of those who have left the right way !

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#### THE RENEWAL OF YOUTH, AND THE MARRIAGE.

The chamberlain brings the petitioner to Joseph’s Palace. He inquires what she wants, and orders him, if she be poor, to give her relief. She refuses to declare what is the object of her petition except in a personal interview. Being admitted, she

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makes herself known, and, in answer to his compassionate inquiries, what has reduced her to that miserable condition, tells him that it is her affection for him, and conjures him to comply with her earnest requests. Moved with pity at her sad state, he swears by the Prophets that he will do everything for her which he can, and is permitted to do. First she requests that she may be restored to her former condition. He prays that what she desires may be granted, and, in answer to his prayer, she recovers her pristine youth and beauty. Then he demands what further she requests, and she supplicates him to consent to their union ; and, whilst lost in thought, he is deliberating whether he shall say, Yes or No—the angel Gabriel is commissioned to inform him that the espousals have been already sanctioned in heaven, and that the marriage is decreed to take place. It is accordingly forthwith proclaimed, and is celebrated, in the presence of the Court, with great pomp and rejoicing.

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### THE VICTORY OF LOVE.

THE Lover, whose desire is fixed on a true love,  
Will at last obtain the title of Beloved :  
Whoever trod the path of sincere love  
That in the end did not become the Beloved from the  
Lover ?

Zulaikha was a faithful devotee of love,  
For to love she had given up every moment of her life.  
In infancy, whilst she was still occupied with her games,  
Her game she would ever call the game of love.  
If she placed two dolls before her,

She would name them the Lover and the Loved ;  
As soon as she knew her right hand from her left,  
And how to rise up and sit down,<sup>32</sup>  
In that dream which a kind fate sent her,  
She became a captive in the net of Joseph.  
She banished from her heart her affection for her own  
country,  
And resolved on the journey to the land of Egypt ;  
From her own city she repaired to the city of Joseph,  
Not drawn of her own accord, but, attracted by him.  
Her youth she passed in visions about him,  
In hopes of union with him it came to an end ;  
In old age her yearning was still towards him ;  
And blind, her longing was still in her blindness to  
behold him.  
And when from old age she was restored to youth and  
sight,  
Her passion for him was ever the same ;  
And in wishes for him she lived whilst she lived,  
And so long as she lived, she lived enchain'd in her  
love.  
And when he saw that her affection was boundless and  
sincere,  
The soul of Joseph was infected with a like passion,  
And became so inflamed with the warmth of her love,  
That he felt, as it were, ashamed of its warmth.  
Her blandishments so beset his path  
That he could not remain an hour at rest without her ;  
He was ever seeking to content her wishes,  
And was ever pressing lips to lips and heart to heart.

Thus, set at rest in her earthly affections, Zulaikha feels her heart strongly drawn towards divine ones ; and Joseph, perceiving her inclination and her devotion to her new Faith, builds her a beautiful Prayer-house, and when it is completed, tenderly takes her by the hand, conducts her to it, seats her on a throne, and thus addresses her :

“ O thou, who by every kind of kindness  
Hast made me ashamed to the Day of Resurrection,  
In those days when thou still namedst me a slave,  
Didst erect in my name a palace of wonders,  
Yellow and red, with gold and rubies,  
And didst adorn it with every ornament possible—  
I likewise, in gratitude for all thy bounties,  
Have now raised to please thee a House of Adoration :  
There rest, and show thy thankfulness for the divine  
beneficence  
Which hath showered its gifts on every hair of thy  
head.  
He lifted thee out of poverty to make thee rich,  
From the weakness of old age He restored thee to  
youth ;  
To the eye from which light was gone He gave light  
again,  
And opened to admit thee the door of His mercy ;  
And after a life in which thou hast tasted of every  
grief,  
In thy union with me He provided the antidote.”

So Zulaikha, through the grace of God,  
Sat down upon the decorated throne of sovereignty,

And in the privacy of that retired dwelling  
Was content in the attachment of Joseph and the  
bounty of the Lord.

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### THE LONGED-FOR DEATH.

ALAS, the pity!—when the happy traveller  
Hath laid down his burthen at the vestibule of greeting,  
Hath clasped Fortune like his beloved in his embrace,  
And hath utterly forgotten the anxieties of separation;  
When his heart hath shaken off the dust of sorrow,  
And he looketh to spend the days of his life in gladness—.

Then riseth suddenly the breeze of vicissitude,  
And the simoon of separation doeth its work:<sup>33</sup>  
A rude intruder bursteth into the pleasure-ground,  
And breaketh off the fair branch from the tree of our longings.

Zulaikha, having obtained the desire of her heart,  
And found rest to her soul in her union with Joseph,  
Continued to live in cheerfulness and gladness,  
Lived in freedom from soul-felt sorrows.  
Long was the term of her days of enjoyment,  
Forty years passed over her in that felicity;  
That fertile palm-tree produced successively  
Child after child, children's children;

Nor was there a wish for earthly good in her heart  
Which was not fulfilled in the tablets of hope.

As Joseph one night bowed down his head before the  
altar,

And the robber sleep fell suddenly upon him,  
He beheld his father seated with his mother,  
With face like the sun veiled in light,  
Who cried to him : “ O son, be aware that the day  
Of the far separation is swiftly approaching ;  
Sign away with indifference water and clay,<sup>34</sup>  
And set thy foot in the pleasant places of the heart and  
the soul.”

When Joseph again awoke from that sleep,  
He repaired from the altar to the side of Zulaikha,  
Announced to her the message delivered in his dream,  
And explained to her its accordance with his own de-  
sire of departure :

Then he sank deep in her heart the image,  
And left glowing in her soul the anguish of separation.

But Joseph came out from the circle of his business,  
And his desires were turned more and more towards  
the regions of eternity ;

He set forward his foot from the narrow passage of  
worldly lusts,

To tread a larger way towards the dwelling of  
mysteries.

He withdrew his earthly goods from the monastery of  
mortality,

To lift up the hand of prayer towards the imperishable  
sanctuary :

“ O Thou who listenest to the supplications of the  
needy,

Who settest a diadem on the head of the exalted,  
Who hast placed upon my head a crown of fortune,  
Such as Thou hast never bestowed even on the most  
fortunate,

My heart is estranged from this transitory kingdom,  
It is weaned from the ambition of worldly dominion ;  
Freed from myself, conduct me in Thy paths,  
Issue Thy royal mandate for the kingdom of Eternity !  
They who have done good—who have trod the road of  
Faith—

Have come nigh to Thee and taken the first stations :  
O take me out of the number of those who are loiterers,  
And let me be amongst the first to hasten to Thy  
banquet !”

No sooner did Zulaikha hear the mysterious secret,  
Than a severe wound struck her to the heart ;  
She knew at once that this prayer from him  
Would quickly receive its visible accomplishment ;  
For not an arrow could part from that bow  
Which in the very bending would be slow to reach the  
mark.

Then she retreateth to her closet narrow and dark,  
And unknotteth from each other her night-black tresses,  
Scattereth dust upon her head in the pangs of separa-  
tion,

And rubbeth her blood-stained face upon the earth.  
Deserted by joy, the companion of grief and trouble,  
The tears gush forth from her eyes as she exclaimeth :  
“ O Thou that relievest the sorrows of the sorrowing,  
Who appliest the balsam to the lacerated breast ;  
Thou who fulfillest the heart’s-hope of the hopeless,  
And extricatest him who seemeth fast inextricably ;  
Who bringest the keys which unlock the closed gates,  
And bindest the bandage on the broken heart ;  
Who givest deliverance to the forsaken in the dungeon,  
And makest lighter the pangs of separation ;  
I am captive in the thoughts of my own heart,  
And strangely bewildered in my own acts !  
I have no strength to bear my separation from Joseph :  
Oh ! with his life take my life from my body !<sup>35</sup>  
Without his beauty I desire not life,  
And no continuance in the dominion of existence ;  
The sapling of life were leafless without him,  
Life everlasting were death without him !<sup>36</sup>  
By the canon of faithfulness it would not be just  
That I should be in a world where he is not !  
If he is not made the companion of my way,  
Oh, take me away first, and him afterwards !  
I wish that I may never sit apart from him ;  
Nor look upon a world not beautified by his beauty !”

So she passed her time in weeping and wailing,  
Nor called the night night, nor the day day ;  
For to him who has his heart straitened with sorrow,  
His day and his night will seem of one colour.

## THE DOUBLE DEATH.

THE next day, in the early morning,  
 When the beauty of the dawn filled all hearts with  
     gladness,  
 Robing his breast in regal vesture,  
 He was issuing from his dwelling, intending to ride,  
 When, as he was placing his foot in the stirrup,  
 Gabriel called to him : “ Make no haste !  
 The life-destroying sphere will give no promise  
 That thou wilt place in thy stirrup another foot ;  
 Snap the bridle of hope and security,  
 And draw forth thy foot from the stirrup of life ! ”

When Joseph’s ear received this joyful message,  
 In his gladness he forgot all desire of life,  
 He shook from his skirt every wish for kingly rule,  
 Summoned to his presence one of the heirs of his  
     power,  
 Seated him in his own place as ruler of the country,  
 And bequeathed to him in his will his own great deeds.

Again he said : “ Call hither Zulaikha,  
 And bring her to receive my last adieu ! ”

They replied : “ Weakened by the hand of sorrow,  
 She lieth prostrate in the midst of dust and blood ;  
 Her soul hath no strength to sustain this burthen :  
 Leave her to herself to bear it as she can.”

He said : “ I fear that the scar of this misery  
Will remain on her heart till the Day of Resurrection ! ”  
They replied : “ God can bestow resignation upon her ;  
In resignation she will find a strong cord.”

There lay an apple in the palm of Gabriel,  
Which had added an ornament to the Garden of  
Eternity ;

He placed the apple in the hand of Joseph,  
And he scented its spirit, and yielded up his soul.  
In its perfume he recognised the Garden of Eternity,  
And, attracted by its perfume, hastened to the Garden.

When, in smelling the apple, Joseph’s soul had  
departed,  
A sound of lamentation arose from all who were  
present ;

Voices of wailing went up on high,  
And the cry was re-echoed from the azure vault.

Zulaikha inquired : “ What meaneth this tumult and  
uproar ? —

Heaven and earth are full of clamour, what meaneth  
it ? ”

They answer : “ Alas ! that high-gifted Prince  
Hath turned his face from the throne to the bier :  
He hath bid adieu to his narrow cell of earth,  
And taken up his abode on the summit of the  
unearthly Palace.”

When she heard this account, her mind departed,  
And the bright light of reason was lost to her body ;

And in the horrors of these words that graceful  
cypress  
Fell, like its shadow, three days upon the ground ;  
And when on the fourth day she awoke from that  
sleep,  
The hearing of it took her again out of herself.

Thrice was she three days out of her mind,  
And lost to herself from the burning wound in her  
bosom ;

And when on the fourth she returned to herself,  
Again her first question was to ask after Joseph.  
She found no mark of his head on the pillow,  
Not a trace of his coffin in the moving world ;  
They gave her back no intelligence but this,  
That they had hid him in the earth like buried treasure.

In her distraction she rends her hair, and tears her cheeks,  
and lacerates her body, and then sinks into melancholy wailings.

“Oh, where is Joseph ?—Where he, the ornament of  
his throne ?

He, the bounteous purveyor for the wants of the  
needy !

When he mounted his steed and departed hence,  
Intent on reaching the eternal kingdom,  
So great was his haste to begin his journey,  
That it was forbidden me to give him the foot-kiss in  
the stirrup.<sup>37</sup>

When he went forth from this mansion of sorrow,  
Why was I not present to witness his departure ?

I saw not his head laid on his pallet ;  
I gathered not the dew from the face of that wild-rose ;  
When that rough wound pierced his body,<sup>38</sup>  
I offered not my bosom as a wall to lean against !  
When they opened the ground as a bed to slumber in,  
And hid him in the earth like a pure gem,  
I swept not the spot above and beneath him,  
And slept not, according to my heart's wish, in his  
embrace !

Alas ! and alas ! for this ruinous blow !

Alas ! and alas ! for this soul-eating sorrow !

Come, desire of my heart, and behold my desolation,  
Behold my oppression from the cruelty of heaven !  
Thou didst sever thyself from me, and rememberédst  
me not,

And didst not gladden me by a single look !

That was not the affectionate custom of friends,

That was not the faithfulness due to the faithful !

Thou didst leave me like one cast out of thy heart,  
Thou didst leave me encompassed with blood and  
dust !

Woe is me, thou hast broken a thorn in my heart,  
Which will never come forth save out of my clay.

Nor hast thou taken thy journey to a place

From which he who maketh it hath ever returned :  
Therefore it is better that I take my flight hence,  
And, at one soaring, soar upward to thee !”

She spoke, and ordered her litter-bearers to come,  
And adorned the litter in her own way,

And tottered forth from that house of mourning,  
And took the road to Joseph's last goal ;  
But there she saw no sign of the pure pearl,  
Save a little hillock of bare dank earth.

She throws herself down on the mound, and in her desolation again abandons herself to a wild lament, but in language and figures which, however familiar to an Oriental, would be not quite simple and intelligible to a Western reader ; and then the narrator proceeds :

It is the custom with mourners overwhelmed with their wretchedness

To scatter on the coffin blackened almonds :<sup>39</sup>

But, separated as she was from the coffin, the miserable woman

Only threw two black almonds on the grave,

Cast her blood-besprinkled face to the earth,

Kissed the ground in her misery—and yielded up her soul.

When her companions beheld her condition,

Their cries and lamentations went up to the skies ;

And every sigh she had breathed for Joseph,

Two hundred-fold they breathed over her.

But when the wailing of the harp was somewhat deadened,

They folded up their sleeves to wash the body ;

They washed it with torrents of tears from their eyes,

Like a rose-leaf moistened with a springtide shower ;

Like a bud which shooteth from a twig of jessamine,

They wrapped it round in a shroud of green,  
Made clean her face from the dust of separation,  
And placed her in the grave at the side of Joseph.

Fate has not always given to loving souls  
To find in death the society of the beloved !<sup>40</sup>  
But the narrator of this sweet story,  
Who hath the account from the old of former days,  
Sayeth thus : That on the opposite bank of the Nile  
To that on which was buried the holy body of Joseph,  
Arose an outburst of drought and pestilence,  
And in the room of prosperity a crowd of calamities ;  
So that at last they came to the resolution  
To place his remains in a coffin of stone,  
And, when they had smeared every crevice with pitch,  
To sink it midway to the bottom of the Nile.<sup>41</sup>

But see here the deceitfulness of the faithless spheres,  
Which even after her death separated her from Joseph !  
I know not what spite they harboured against them,  
That they would not suffer them to rest beneath the  
earth,  
But drowned the one in the sea of natation,  
And abandoned the other, lip-thirsty, in the desert of  
separation.

Well said the foot-sore Pilgrim of Love,  
Who now resteth from all its gains and losses,  
That “Love, when it hath been purchased at a high  
price,  
Hath no more to do ever after with repose :

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It rendeth even the shroud which envelopeth the lover,  
Though he himself be slumbering beneath the sod."

Well for the lover, who, in the pangs of separation,  
Bore such a soul to his beloved in the secret chambers  
of souls !

Yet let no one say that he, in his winding-sheet,  
Attained the magnanimity of that lion-hearted woman,  
Who closed fast her eyes to all love but his,  
And after that cast down upon his grave the ready-  
money of her life.

A thousand blessings on her, body and soul !  
And in the spirit-world may her eye be brightened by  
the sight of her beloved !

Two sections, one entitled, COMPLAINT TO THE STARS, OR FATE ; the other, ADMONITIONS TO HIS SON, though containing very beautiful passages, are omitted here, not having much connection with the story.

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#### THE POET'S ADDRESS TO HIMSELF.

TURN thy face, JAMI, towards the acts of the ripened ;  
Proceed no further in those of the still immature !  
For what is ripeness ?—'Tis to become free ;  
To fall prostrate to the dust of self-negation.  
Dost thou not see, in this rust-discoloured pavilion,

How the fruit in its immaturity sticketh to the branch ?  
When it changeth to ripeness, how it falleth of itself,  
No longer wounded by the stones of mischief-seeking  
boys ?

Take thy food at the table of the perfected,  
Escape from the roughness of the stone-throwing un-  
seasoned ones.

Tear up by contentment avarice from its roots ;  
Break off by trustfulness the bough of eager wishes.  
Choose thy dwelling in the city of good-intent ;  
Build thy nest in the sequestered abode of the Anka ;<sup>42</sup>  
Use not thy tongue in commendation of the weak,  
And endure not for a loaf the ignominy of the base ;  
Turn away thy foot from the great ones of the kingdom,  
And show to the strong-handed of the world the nape  
of thy neck.

See how, through the changes of the four seasons,  
The world revolveth ever in the self-same circle ;  
Behold how similar is the last spring to that of to-day,  
Behold how the revolution of one autumn resembleth  
another ;  
And how, between two summers and two winters,  
In this constitution of things discrimination is im-  
possible !

I know not wherefore, on this round orb,  
This ever-repeated condition should make thee joyful ;  
For though in change is a mixture of enchantment,  
Yet a restless change is wearisome to our nature.

Leave then that which damageth, and take thought for  
that which profiteth ;

Turn thy face from thy being to when thou shalt cease  
to be ;

Free thine inner soul from the business of the busy,  
Cleanse it from the foul machinations of the Ghoul ;<sup>43</sup>  
Teach not the spell of love to ignoble minds,  
Light not up the lamp for the eye blind as night.

Let thy spirit keep watch over inconsiderate words :  
The condition of a wayfarer requireth watchfulness ;  
To a soul which walketh not in the path of vigilance,  
The lengthening of a brief existence would be of no use.  
The taper of life goeth out with a puff,  
If but the exhalation of a sigh rise to the brain of the  
intellect.

Youth bringeth only darkness to thy dwelling,  
Old age only illuminateth thy day of action !

The obscurity of blindness and distance is come to an  
end,

And a fringe of hoary hair hath brought with it the  
light :

In that obscurity thou never sawest thy desire accom-  
plished ;

Try to accomplish it in the rays of this light.

It may be that this desire may bring thee to a place  
Whence thou mayest perceive a portion of the truth !

But what comeliness at last will white hairs give thee,  
If they give thee not also a white countenance ?<sup>44</sup>

If of that colour thou art at heart ashamed,

Go ! dye them, like the black-headed, with indigo !

For old age on thy head is melting snow,  
And thy tears like snow-water will pass away also.  
Enter thou weeping on the path of supplication,  
And with snow-water wash out the blackness of thy  
heart,  
But knowest thou not how to wash out the blackness  
from thy heart ;  
I know not in truth how blackness can profit thee !

Throw away thy reed, for it is held by a tremulous hand !  
Tear the sheet, for thou canst fill it only with vain  
babblings !

The lamp of thought hath lost its brightness,  
The gardens of poesy are all unwatered ;  
I see not now in these once happy bounds  
Aught in thy hand save a raven's claw :<sup>45</sup>  
Thinkest thou with this to strut about like the peacock ?  
Why seek escape from the dungeon which imprisoneth  
thee ?

Freedom is to escape from delusion and conceit ;  
From the coupling of rhymes and the inditing of poems.

Where is NIZAMI ?—Where his soul-alluring lays ?—  
The delicate refinements of his subtle genius ?  
He hath now taken his place behind the veil,  
And all save himself have remained outside it.<sup>46</sup>  
Since he hath withdrawn himself we have received no  
portion,  
Save from the mystic words which now he hath taken  
with him.

But no one understandeth those mystic words save  
him who approacheth God,  
Into whose sound heart hath entered the Divine.  
But he hath escaped from these narrow bye-ways,  
To journey at large towards the sacred Temple,  
And, terrified by the captives taken in the snare,  
Reposeth under the skirts of the Throne itself.

In thine own side findest thou not such a heart,  
What if thou wert to turn thy side away,  
And lean it against that of some tried man,  
And thou too take thy place in the circle of the tried ?  
Well said one whose heart was a treasure-house of  
wisdom :

“The season of fasting is the winning of bread.”  
The aged woman oft faileth in piety,  
Because her youthful blandishments were weakness  
and imperfection.

If thou art a true man, take a heart in hand,  
For with men of deeds this only is a deed :  
Such a heart as that which I have above described,  
And, describing it, bored a jewel and disclosed its secret.  
Seek a thorough man on whom to lean thy side,  
For this is indeed to take a heart in hand.

## CONCLUSION OF THE WORK.

PRAISE be to God, that, in spite of Time,  
This soul-alluring story hath reached its end.  
My mind, wearied with stringing pearls,<sup>47</sup>  
And oppressed by the solicitude of finding rhymes,  
Now flingeth away the scales from the hand of  
reflection,  
And sitteth down with idle arms from weighing its  
couplets :

Leaneth its back against the wall of leisure,  
Falleth from the path of roughness into that of easiness,  
Lifteth up the head of heaviness from the knee,  
And lightened is my heart from its secret burthen !

My reed—the horseman with the inky fingers—  
Which hath made all the stages from Abysinnia to  
Rūm,<sup>48</sup>  
Hath left in Rūm the traces of his arrival,  
And communicated to the present tidings of the future ;  
That he may repose awhile, hath descended from his  
steed,  
And thrown himself at full length on the bed and the  
day-couch.  
No longer is his head bent down by the hand of the  
scribe,  
No longer is the hand of reproof directed to the pen-  
knife ;  
The inkstand, become a flask of musk from Cathay,

By the aid of the reed spreadeth perfume around it ;  
 The mouth of the flask is sealed with wax—  
 It is time that the mouth of the flask be so sealed ;  
 The leaves, no longer scattered, are saved from  
     dispersion,  
 And have drawn the foot within the skirt of concord ;  
 Two hundred leaves, as of roses, are there, under one  
     cover ;  
 Oh, like roses, may the demand for them be fresh  
     every moment !  
 And oh, may their binding be a bond of perpetuity !

See here, a book, written with the pen of Truth,  
 Signed with the name of a Lover and Beloved,  
 Like a sugar-eating popinjay, I rest well-pleased,  
 When I name to thee the names of JOSEPH and  
     ZULAIKHA.

By Heaven ! it is a smiling garden in the new spring,  
 Compared with which the Garden of Irem is a rough  
     field of thorns !<sup>49</sup>

Every story in it is a verdant pleasure-ground,  
 And in every pleasure-ground peepeth out a rosy face ;  
 Within it bloom a thousand fresh roses,  
 And hundreds of narcissuses drowsily languishing ;  
 Glades of meaning, branch within branch,  
 Figures bold and sweet as the lusty melody of birds ;  
 Every line like musk on a sheet of camphor,  
 Or gleam of light quivering at the foot of the tree ;  
 Every letter resembling a pure fountain-head,  
 From which welleth out bubbling a rill of meaning :

See on every side how each rill from the fountain  
Swelleth into a stream full of waters of pleasantness !

Happy the wayfarer whom a lucky fortune  
Hath led to the brink of that Beautiful River !  
A look on its waters will wash out sorrow from his heart,  
Will cleanse away the dust from his afflicted bosom ;  
From his soul will extract the mysteries of faith :  
He will draw out the hand of piety from the folds of  
his garment ;  
From the billowy ocean of the Divine mercies  
Will crave to apply a drop to his thirsty lip ;  
And when he holdeth in his grasp the fresh roses,  
He who laid out the garden will not be forgotten.

After recording the date of his book and the number of the pages, the poet exclaims :

LORD ! may the man who hath traversed the road of  
Love,  
And laid down his burthen at its several stations,  
Be blessed in the union with his bride within the secret  
chamber,  
And may her skirt and bosom be pure from the approach  
of contamination !

Then, after invoking a blessing on the Sultan Hussain Mirza Baihasa, the Pillars of his kingdom, and his learned Vizier, Mir Ali Shier,<sup>50</sup> the patron of the Poet, he concludes :

And now, that thou hast ended thy words with a  
blessing,

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Let thy tongue, JAMI, utter to thyself a parting counsel :  
Do no dark deed like thine inky reed ;  
Wash clean thy book with tears from reddened eyes ;  
Use thy reed only in the service of the Beneficent ;  
Fold up thy sheet against all deluding passion ;  
Inflict on thy tongue the punishment of silence,  
For silence is better than aught that thou canst utter.



## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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1 "Musk"—see Hāfiẓ, Note 40, p. 503.—"From Kāf to Kāf," that is, from one end of the world to the other. It was formerly believed by Mohammedans (and doubtless is still, by the uneducated classes) that the world was a plane of circular form, surrounded, as by a vast ring, by mountains called Kāf, composed of green chrysolite, the reflection of which causes the greenish (or blueish) tint of the sky.

2 "I like not that which sets": an ejaculation of Abraham, according to the following passage from the Korān (ch. vi.) :

Remember when Abraham said to his father, "Takest thou images as gods?"

And when the night overshadowed him he beheld a star. "This," said he, "is my Lord;" but when it set he said, "I love not gods which set."

And when he beheld the moon uprising, "This," said he, "is my Lord;" but when it set he said, "Surely, if my Lord guide me not, I shall be of those who go astray."

And when he beheld the sun arise he said, "This is my Lord; this is the greatest;" but when it set, he said, "O my people, I share not with you the guilt of joining gods with God! I turn my face to him who hath created the heavens and the earth."

3 The extraordinary pleasure which the Persian nightingale seems to take in fluttering about and smelling at the rose is perpetually alluded to by the poets, and has given rise to the well-known fable of "The Loves of the Nightingale and the Rose." Darwin describes it in his *Botanic Garden*.

4 The attraction of the Moth to the Candle has given rise to a similar fable.—See Sadi, pp. 323 and 326.

5 It is said that the Lotus, or Nile water-lily, raises its head from the water every morning at the appearance of the sun, and sinks it again beneath it at sunset.

6 See Hāfiż, Note 3, p. 497.

7 See Hāfiż, Note 10, p. 499.

8 Joseph, as has been mentioned in the first Note on Hāfiż, is considered in the East as the perfection of youthful beauty.

9 Thus Milton also represents the Archangel Gabriel as instructing our great progenitor, that—

Love is the scale  
By which to heavenly love thou mayst ascend.

*(Paradise Lost.)*

10 The opening and closing of each successive day is announced in the camp and at the gates of Oriental Princes by the beating of the tymbal, or great kettle-drum.

11 The Kiblah is the spot on which the temple of Mecca stands, and towards which every Mussulman must turn his face when he prays. The High Altar in every Mohammedan mosque must also turn in the same direction.

12 We have no word in English to express exactly the Arabic word in the original—*Sarab*; and the French word *Mirage* does not quite express it either. It is that white mist, or vapour, which is so frequent in the sultry sands of the Arabian desert, and which, at a distance, resembles an expanded lake, but vanishes as you approach it. It is therefore a common emblem of disappointed expectation. It occurs in the Hebrew of Isaiah xxxv. 7, and is rendered in the authorized translation—“And the parched ground shall become a pool.” It should rather be

—“And the sultry vapour shall become a real lake.” See a lively description of it at page 558 of the present work.

13 An allusion to the gold and silver rings with which the Oriental women adorn their ankles—a custom known also to the Jews.

14 The Bird of Night hides its head under the feathers of its wings, which the Poet compares to swords ; and then, pursuing the new image, represents the swords as cutting off the throat of the bird, and reducing it to silence.

15 A fanciful image to mark the drowsiness of the sentinel, who, half-asleep, sees in the cupola a resemblance to the head of the poppy, which lulls him into deeper slumber.

16 Roll up your sleeping rug : an allusion to the call which is made by the public crier in Mohammedan countries five times a day from the minarets, to remember the prayer appointed by the Law : “God is the greatest—There is no God but God—Mohammed is the Prophet of God.” These five calls are all in the same words, except the one which immediately precedes the rising of the sun, to which is added : “Prayer is wholesomer than sleep—Prayer is wholesomer than sleep, which makes men like the dead.”

17 The Persian Poets often compare the eyes of their mistresses to the Narcissus, to which they apply the epithets, sleepy, softly languishing (“The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul”), and “intoxicated” (the *ebrios ocellos*, of Catullus). This last epithet may have arisen from a name which they give the flower—“the golden goblet.”

18 Compare Tibullus, l. 2. eleg. 1, v. 80 :

Felix cui placidus leniter afflat amor ;  
and Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, c. 31 :

Che dolce piu, che piu giocondo stato, &c.

19 We created man of dark loam moulded : The Jins we had before created of subtle fire.

And the Lord said unto the angels : “ Verily, I create man of dried clay, of dark loam moulded.

And when I shall have fashioned him, and shall have breathed of my spirit into him, then fall ye down and worship him.”

And the angels bowed down in worship, all of them, all together,

Save Eblis : he refused to be with those who bowed in worship.

“ O Eblis,” said God, “ wherefore art thou not with those who bow down in worship ?”

He said : “ It becometh not me to bow down to man, whom thou hast created of clay, of moulded loam.”

He said : “ Begone thou hence ; thou art a stoned one [that is accursed], and the curse shall be on thee until the day of reckoning.”—Korān, xv.

20 In amore haec sunt mala : bellum ; pax rursum. (*Terent.*)

21 Compare Catullus in the well-known passage : “ Ut flos in septis,” and the imitation of it by Ariosto, c. i. : “ La ver-ginella è simile alla Rosa,” &c.—A French poet, quite in the spirit of the Persian, sings :

“ Pour garder l’ éclat du matin,  
Le bouton se tient sous sa feuille,  
Tandis qu’ en decouvrant son sein,  
La rose pâlit et s’ effeuille.  
Des charmes qu’ au jour on expose  
Ainsi se passe la fraîchure :  
Oter je voile à la pudeur  
N’ est pas effeuiller la rose ?

22 According to Oriental belief, buried treasure is watched over and protected by serpents and dragons.

23 Laurus erat tecti medio in penitralibus altis. (*Virgil.*)—

Clothed in green, and like them, ever moving : alluding to the religious dance of the Dervishes, usually clad in green, which is meant to imitate the “Dance of the Spheres.”

24 The Sidrah, or Lotus-tree : the name of a wonderful tree in Paradise, on which sits the angel Gabriel, and under the shade of which repose the Hūris. It is the tree of Life and Wisdom ; and from its wood were cut the tables which God gave to Moses on Mount Sinai. (See Korān, liii.)

25 For the story of Joseph, which the Poet adopts, see Korān, xii.

26 *Wallenstein* : Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.

*Countess* : What, dost thou not believe, that oft in dreams a voice of warning speaks prophetic to us ?

*Wallenstein* : There is no doubt that there exist such voices.  
—Schiller’s *Wallenstein*, Act 5, Sc. 1. (Coleridge.)

27 And he who bought him—an Egyptian—said to his wife : “Treat him hospitably ; haply he may be useful to us, or we may adopt him as a son.” (Korān, xii.)

28 O Love ! what is it in this world of ours  
Which makes it fatal to be loved ?—

Byron—*Don Juan*, iii. 2.

A heavy price must all pay who thus err,  
In some shape ; let none think to fly the danger,  
For, soon or late, Love is his own avenger.

*Ibid.* iv. 73.

29 These verses seem to be founded on a passage in the Traditions of the Prophet : “Did I find,” said Saad, “anyone with my wife, assuredly I would run him through with my sword.” When this was reported to the Prophet, he said, “Why are ye astonished at Saad’s jealousy ? I am more jealous than Saad ; and God is more jealous than I.”

Eifersuchtig sind des schiksal's mächte, voreilig jauchzen greift  
in ihre rechte.—Jealous are the powers of fate : o'erhasty shouts  
of joy usurp their rights. (*Schiller.*)

Non piace ai sommi Dei  
L'aver compagni in terra.

(*Guarini—Pastor Fido.*)

- 30 But who can view the ripened rose, nor seek  
To wear it?—Byron—*Childe Harold*, C. iii. St. 11.

31 The Friend : that is, the Friend of God—Abraham, who, when he abandoned his father's faith and acknowledged the true God, broke in pieces the images of his people.

“ I will certainly lay a plot against your idols after ye have retired and turned your backs.”

So he broke them all in pieces, except the chief of them, that to it they might return. They said : “ Who hath done this to our gods? Verily I say he is one of the unjust.” They said : “ We heard a youth make mention of them ; they call him Abraham.”—Korān, xxi.

32 The Persian expression for the rules of good-breeding, etiquette, politeness. (See Vuller's *Pers. Lexicon*, voce *Nishasten.*)

33 Simoon (*poisonous*), the name of the hot suffocating wind which blows in the regions of middle Asia.

34 “ Water and clay :” that is, the corporeal existence.

35 Auferat hora duos cadem. (*Ovid.*)

Helas ! si votre main puissante  
Voulait favoriser jusqu' au bout deux mortels,  
Ensemble nous mourrions. (*La Fontaine.*)

36 If death consort with thee,  
Death is to me as Life ! (*Milton.*)

37 Hei mihi ! discedens oscula nulla dedi. (*Ovid.*)

38 Nec vulnera lavi veste tegens. (*Virgil.*)

39 In Persia, when a beloved person dies it is the custom (according to the *Farhang-i Shuri*) to colour almonds with indigo and throw them on the body.

40 They died together, undivorced by death. (*Young.*)

Saul and Jonathan, lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their deaths were not divided. (2 Sam. i., 23.)

41 This resolution was come to in order that Joseph's body, equally removed from each bank, might bestow an equal benevolent influence on both. The historian Tabari relates, that Joseph foretold that hereafter would arise a Prophet, by name Moses, who would conduct the children of Israel out of Egypt back to Canaan, and charged them, in his will, that when they departed they should carry his body with them and lay it by his father's; and that Judah, in obedience to this charge, enclosed it in a marble coffin, and sank it in the Nile. Another tradition says that he was buried in a catacomb, but that the entrance, after a time, was covered by the shifting sands of the desert, and that by the bursting of an embankment of the Nile, the place was overflowed with water, and changed from a field of the dead into a lake of the dead; but that an Egyptian woman, who dwelt near the place, gave information which led the people to draw off the water, when the block which barred the door of the catacomb was found, and the coffin was recovered.

42 See Hāfiẓ, Note 59, p. 505.

43 A kind of hobgoblin, a man-devouring demon (a *loup-garou*, a man-wolf), sufficiently familiar to the readers of the "Thousand and One Nights."

44 "Red and white," according to Persian ideas, are symbolical of good fortune and felicity; "black," of ill-fortune and unhappiness. "A white foot" is one who brings good tidings;

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"a black face," one whose deeds are evil. "White-faced" means the possessor of character, reputation, and virtue.

45 I see that in the field of poetry only a dry bough remains; only a raven's claw, as it were, in thy hand.

46 See Preliminary Notice of Nizāmī, pp. 105-7.

47 "Stringing pearls"—the Persian expression for composing poetry.

48 From "Abyssinia" (for Mauritania, the native country of Zulaikha) to "Rūm;" by which latter name are designated, all the land under the Turkish rule, comprising Canaan and Egypt, the countries of Joseph.

49 The Rose-Garden of Irem is constantly alluded to by Persian poets as the perfection of gardens.—See Hāfiẓ, Note 7, p. 498.—The curious reader may find an account of it by a Persian author in the Oriental Collections, edited by Sir Wm. Ouseley, vol. iii. page 32.

50 This distinguished man, for some time the Grand Vizier of the Sultan Hussain Mirza, and through life his familiar and cherished friend, was equally celebrated for his munificence and his genius. He built, or repaired, it is said, 370 edifices of all kinds, and was not only the liberal patron of learned men and poets, but himself took a foremost place amongst them. In more advanced years he retired from public life, and gave himself up entirely to his literary tastes, and the composition of his works, of which he left a very considerable number in prose and verse, and on various subjects.

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## APPENDIX.

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### SUFISM ; OR THE DOCTRINES OF THE MYSTICS OF ISLĀM.

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THE following remarks on the leading doctrines of the Sufī sect of philosophers—the Mystics of Islām—from a review of Mr. J. W. Redhouse's metrical translation of the First Book of the *Mesnevi* of Jelālu'-d-Dīn, Er-Rūmī, published in the *Glasgow Herald* of April 25th, 1881, will perhaps render the more obscure passages of the poetry presented in this work somewhat more intelligible to the mere general reader.

IT is a common notion in Europe that all the poetry of Muhammadan countries is simply erotic and bacchanalian, and characterised by extravagant conceits and absurd metaphors. Hāfiẓ is styled by Europeans the Anacreon of Persia, because the subjects of his gazals are love and wine and flowers. But there is more in Oriental poetry than meets the ear; for beneath the literal meaning lies a deep, esoteric, spiritual signification—the love that is celebrated by Hāfiẓ is not human passion, but divine love. And as in the Song of Solomon, wh.ch orthodox theologians admit is in a literal sense an epithalamium on the marriage of the sage King of Israel and the Princess of Egypt, the reciprocal love between the soul of man and the Deity is mystically shadowed, so is it in the beautiful poem of the loves of *Laylā* and *Majnūn*, by the great Persian Nizāmī. To properly understand and appreciate the finest Oriental poetry it is necessary to possess a thorough knowledge of dervish-doctrine, or

Sufism, of which the leading idea is a mystical union of man with the Creator, through love for Him. For Sufism has found its ablest exponents in the poets of Islām, and especially in the great poets of Persia—in the *Mesnevi* of Jelālu'-d-Dīn; the *Mantuku'-t-Tair* of Feridu'-d-Dīn Attar; the *Bustān* of Sa'dī; the *Gulshān-i Rāz* of Sa'du'-d-Dīn Mahmūd Shabistarī; the gazals of Hāfiẓ, &c. “Under the veil of earthly love and the woes of temporal separation, they disguise the dark riddle of human life and the celestial banishment which lies behind the threshold of existence, and under the joys of revelry and inebriation they figure transports and ecstatic raptures.”

Briefly stated, the fundamental doctrine of the Sufis—the Mystics of Islām—is that God is diffused throughout all creation; the soul of man is *of* God, not *from* God, an exile from Him; the body is its prison-house, and life in this world is its period of banishment from God—its home and its source. Before the soul was exiled, it had seen the face of Truth, but here it merely obtains a shadowy glimpse, which “serves to awaken the slumbering memory of the past, but can only vaguely recall it; and Sufism undertakes, by a long course of education and moral discipline, to lead the soul onward from stage to stage, until at length it reaches the goal of perfect knowledge, truth, and peace.” According to dervish-doctrine and practice, there are four stages through which the soul must pass before it reaches its highest—its perfect condition. The first is *nāsut*, or humanity, in which obedience to the orthodox law—due observance of the rites and ceremonies of religion—is necessary. Secondly, *tarikat*, or “the way” in which the disciple attains capacity or potentiality; now quitting forms of religion (having risen above them), and

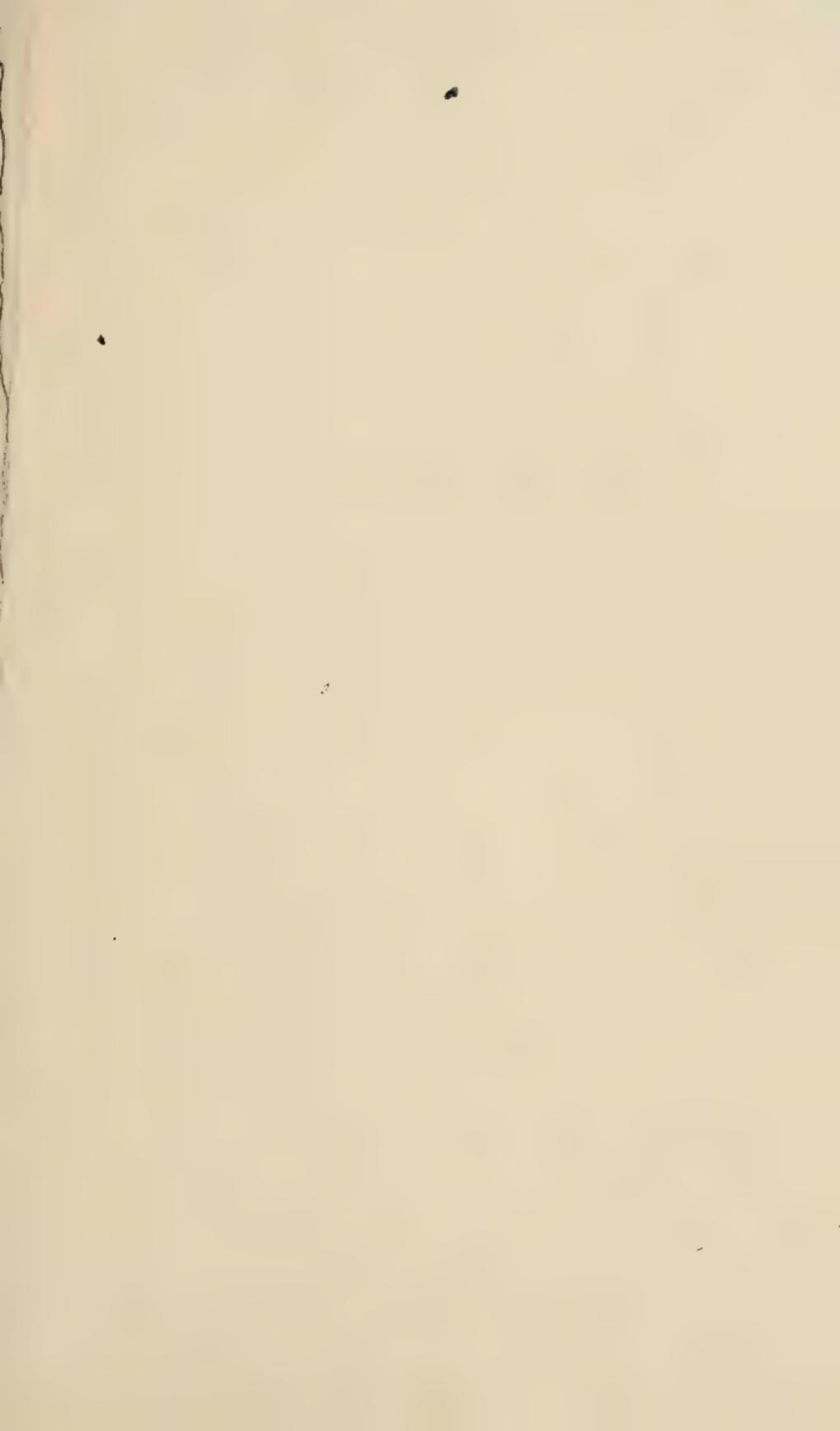
adopting spiritual adoration in place of corporeal worship. This stage, which admits the disciple within the pale of Sufism, is only attained by great piety, virtue, endurance, and resignation to the divine will. The third stage is ‘*arūf*, knowledge or inspiration ; and the fourth and last, *hakīkat*, or Truth itself—union with the Deity is now perfect and complete. The Sufi disciple from the first places himself under the guidance of a spiritual instructor, to whom he must in all things be submissive—passive as clay in the hands of the potter, or, to employ the Sufi phrase, as the corpse under the hands of the imām. The dignity of spiritual director—*Khalifa*, as the teacher is designated—is not to be obtained without long-continued fasting and prayer, and by complete abstraction from all earthly things ; for the *man* must *die* before the *saint* can be *born*.

Such, in outline, is the doctrine of the Sufis, which differs but little in essentials from that of Buddhism, or from the teachings of Pythagoras, and those of the mystics of modern Europe. Indeed there are many points of resemblance between the mysticism of the Sufis and that of certain sectaries in England during the 17th century, who are so wittily satirised in Butler’s *Hudibras*; whose boasted “inward light” is there styled, “a dark lanthorn of the spirit.” Thus the Sufis, like these sectaries, talk of “love to God,” “union with God,” “death to self and life eternal in God,” “the indwelling in man of the Spirit,” “the nullity of works and ceremonies,” “grace and spiritual illumination,” and so on. The sensual Paradise, with its jewelled mansions and its beauteous hūris, described in the Kurān, is to the Sufis a mere allegory of course ; in like manner Law, in his “Serious Call,” got rid of the material heaven so minutely

described in the Book of the Revelation of St John. In short, Sufism may be termed the religion of the heart, as opposed to formalism and ritualism.

Muslim poetry, especially that of Persia, is more or less tinged with dervish-doctrine ; the parallels are carefully and skilfully maintained between external and sensuous objects and the internal and spiritual emotions of which they are supposed to be the emblems. Therefore, to understand, even partially, the sweet odes of Hāfiẓ, it is necessary to know that by *wine* is meant devotion ; *sleep* signifies meditation on the divine perfections ; *perfume* represents hope of divine favour ; *zephyrs* mean outbursts of grace ; *idolators*, *infidels*, and *libertines* are men of the purest faith, and the *idol* they worship is the Creator ; the *tavern* is the cell where the searcher after truth becomes intoxicated with the wine of divine love ; the *wine-seller* is the spiritual director ; *beauty* is the perfection of the Deity ; *curls* and *tresses*, the infiniteness of His glory ; *lips*, the inscrutable mysteries of His essence ; *down on the cheek*, the world of spirits who surround the Creator's throne ; a *black mole* is the point of indivisible unity ; *wantonness*, *mirth*, and *inebriation*, religious ecstasy and perfect abstraction from all mundane thoughts, and contempt for all worldly things. Read with this key to the esoteric meaning, the gazals of Hāfiẓ are no longer anacreontic and bacchanalian effusions, but ecstatic lucubrations on the love of man to his Creator.

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